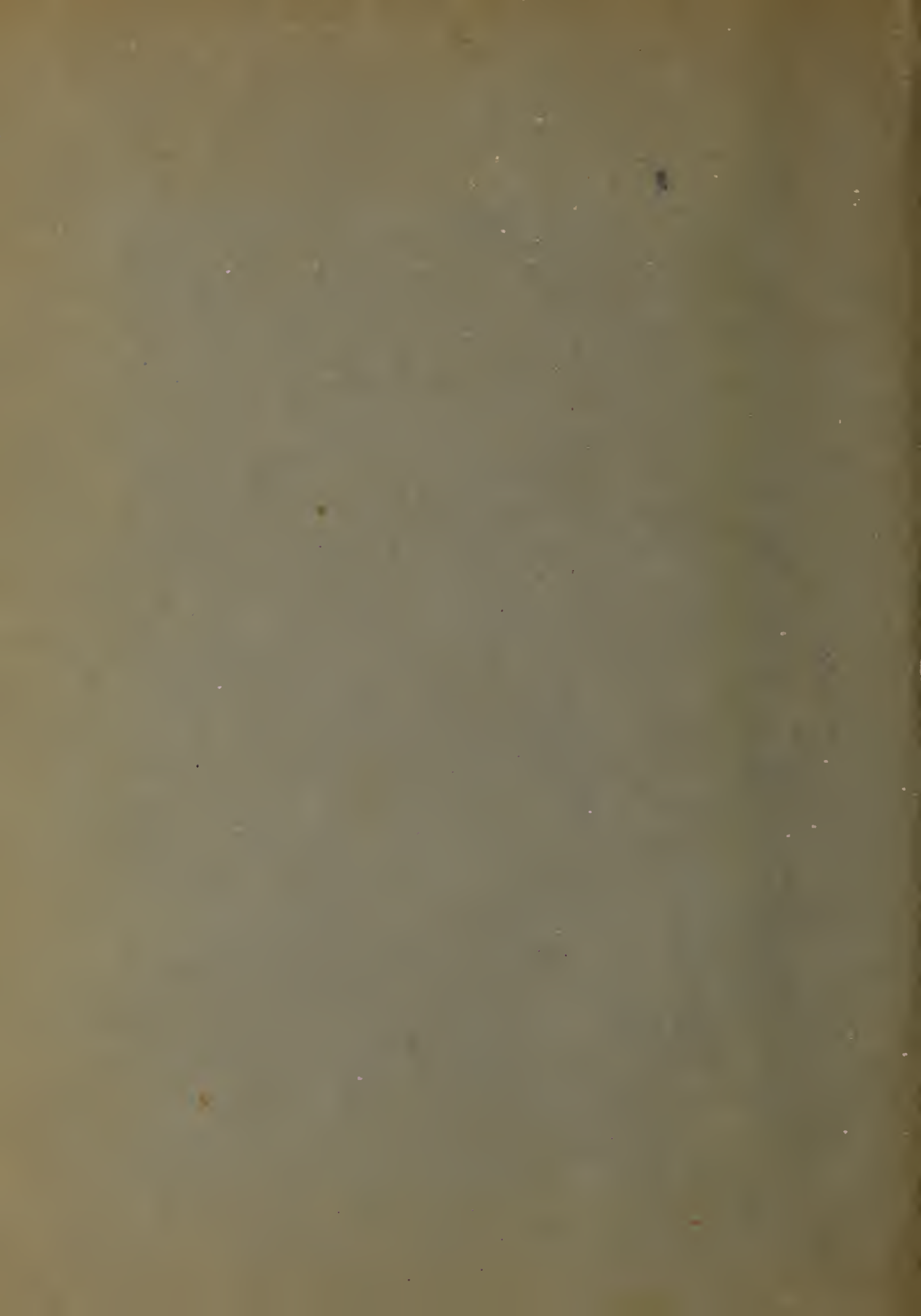


Matpurri

1914











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Potpourri
Vought

Sixth Edition
1914

Louisiana State Normal School



MISS RUSSELL


Dedication

To her whose daily life has been
A rose-sweet sacrifice, a sacred hymn
Of praise and service rendered unto Him,
Through leading those who latest left His hand
All through the sun-bright fields of Childhood land;
In guiding little feet along the wonder-strand;
Who taught our arrogance to see
How "not in utter nakedness" they be,
But come from God in "trailing Clouds of Glory":
To her we give our gratitude and humble praise,
And dedicate this record of our bright school-days.



In the Mouth o' May

Foreword

 O US who serve our Alma Mater in this wise—
To harvest up a little, gleaner-wise,
Of that full life that flows, a rolling tide,
And bind it 'tween these covers to abide
Awhile and keep the old days fresh
And hold your hearts in Alma Mater's golden mesh—
Will be a grateful sense of happy pride,
If sometime in life's busy, onward stride,
You pause and find in Potpourri
A breath of unchanged, fragrant memory—
Of smile, or tear, a happy look, a clasp of hand,
A pulse of fellowship, a joke half planned,
A school-day victory, a youthful sorrow,
Light philosophies that changed with every morrow—
Southern moonlight, pines, or roses,
And school-day friendships bright as posies—
If one line or stroke can have the pow'r
To bring you back to the old life for an hour;
And when you note the faults—lack of splendor, of effulgence—
Grant to us, we pray, your kind indulgence.



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E. HESTER

Esprit de Corps

When you see a bit of purple and white somewhere, you say, "Why that's the Normal colors," and then you go on. What has it meant to you? Has it been a glimpse of color that reminded you of so many credits in Science, so many in Language, or so many in Art? Or has it been a token of something sacred and high that has been a beautiful part in your life? Has it been a sudden glow to your heart, a sudden light to your eye, a sudden feeling of love and companionship with those who have toiled beside you, whose struggles and triumphs have been yours, when you all were striving toward a high ideal, and when you were all trying to place beautiful and shapely blocks in your house of life?

It ought to mean to you that you are a unit in a whole that is made up of youthful human-life and that is marching bravely forward. It ought to be an inspiration to you as the battle-flag to the soldier. In after years, when you see by chance the old colors, they will give you a thrill that is as sweet and deep as youth. If you have felt the genuine spirit and lived up to it, it will come back to you in after years as rich as the wine of life.

This is as truly a part of your life as any time that has been or will be. Give it the best that is in you. It is worthy of it, and unless you do, you are not worthy of it. Don't just stay at the Normal; *live* at the Normal with the Normal folks.



GOVERNOR L. E. HALL



HON. T. H. HARRIS



PRESIDENT V. L. ROY



HON. N. C. BLANCHARD



HON. J. L. BRYAN



HON. SWORDS LEE

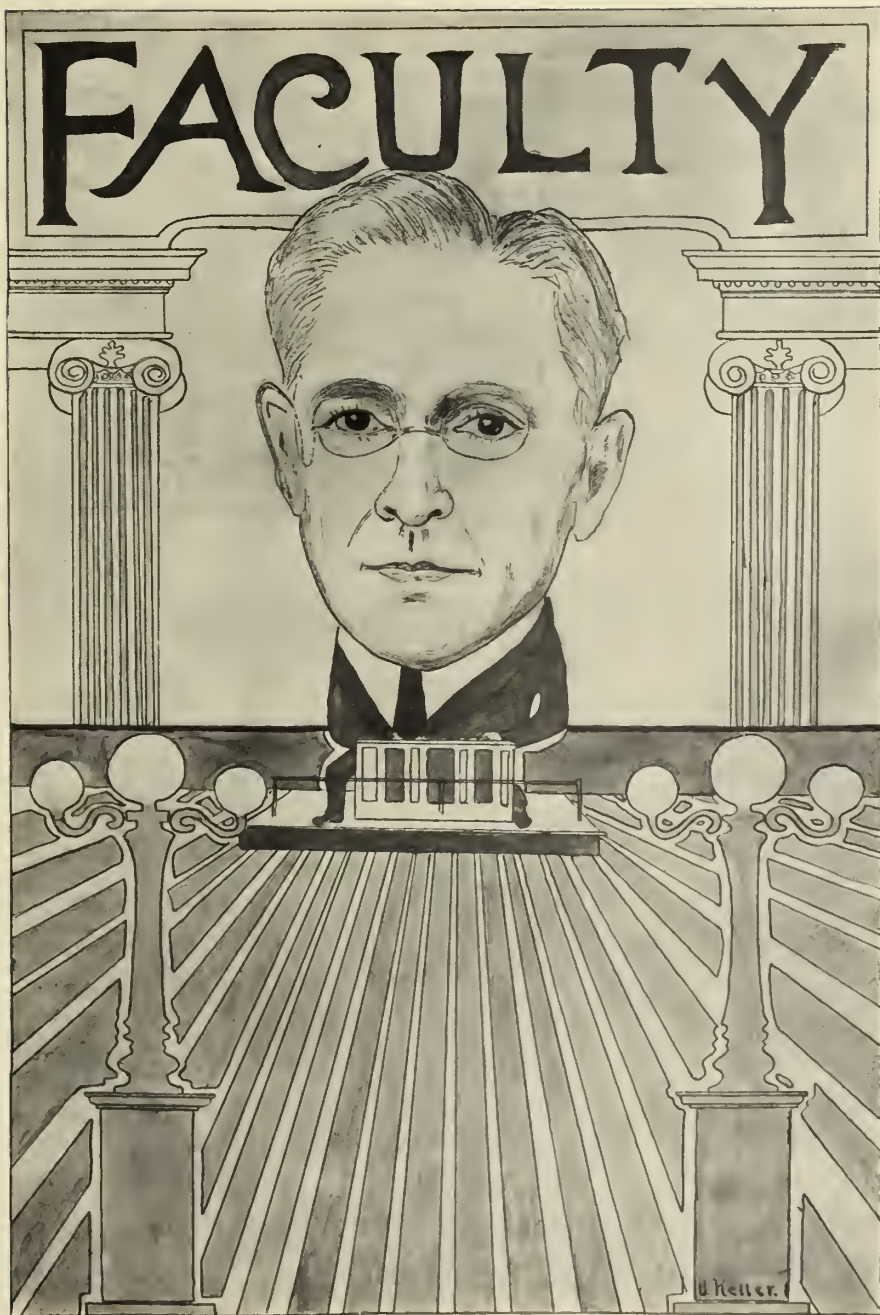


HON. BEN R. MAYER



DR. L. FOURGEAUD

BOARD OF ADMINISTRATORS.





SOME SULUBRITIES WE HAVE MET.

The Faculty

MR. ALFRED D. ST. AMANT
Civics, Economics.

MR. PETER THOMPSON HEDGES
Mathematics.

MR. FRANCIS G. FOURNET
Physics.

MR. ARCH MILBURN HOPPER
Manual Training.

MISS SCHARLIE RUSSELL
Librarian.

MISS DEAN E. VARNADO
History.

MR. GEORGE W. WILLIAMSON
Biology.

MISS MARGARET W. WEEKS
Domestic Science.

MRS. LYDA BAILEY
Drawing, Domestic Science.

MR. J. C. MONROE
Auditor.

MR. JOHN WESLEY BATEMAN
Head of Rural Training Department.

MRS. HENRY HAWKINS
Matron.

PRESIDENT V. L. ROY

MISS HELENA L. MESSERSCHMIDT
Physics.

MR. LEON A. DAVIS
Chemistry.



—MORE SULUBRITIES.

The Faculty—Continued

MISS GRACE BORDELON
Fifth Grade Critic Teacher.

MISS AMELIA GAULDEN
High School Critic Teacher.

MISS VIRGINIA HULSART
Third Grade Critic Teacher.

MISS BESSIE V. RUSSELL
First Grade Critic Teacher.

MISS BESS A. GRAHAM
Fourth Grade Critic Teacher.

MISS MARTHA FELTUS
High School Critic Teacher.

MR. C. C. WHISENHUNT
Head of Training Department.

MR. J. E. GUARDIA
Principal High School.

MISS GUSSIE NELKEN
Seventh Grade Critic Teacher.

MISS EDNA LEVY
Sixth Grade Critic Teacher.

MRS. MARY GUILBEAU
Second Grade Critic Teacher.

MR. S. C. CLAMAN
Psychology, History of Education.



—AND YET MORE SULUBRITIES.

The Faculty—Continued

MR. H. W. STOPHER
Public School Music.

MISS MAY PHILLIPS
Art.

MR. H. L. PRATHER
Athletic Director.

MRS. L. C. McVOY
Head of English Department.

MRS. LILLIE M. KEANE
Trained Nurse.

MISS ISABEL HALLANGER
Piano.

MRS. HELEN YATES-MARTIN
Voice.

MRS. M. V. WILDESEN
Secretary to President.

MISS NOELIE HART
French.

MISS MABEL C. MOORE
English.

MISS ORRA CARROLL
English.

MR. J. C. SOTH
Registrar.

MR. J. BROWNE MARTIN
Director School of Music.

MR. R. W. WINSTEAD
Latin.



FROM MY STUDY WINDOW.

CLASSES



Idealists

FALL CLASS OF NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

OFFICERS

President.....	Jessie Goldman
Vice-President.....	Cyril Cooke
Secretary.....	Mary Poole
Poet.....	Stella Cage
Historian.....	Thelma DeGraffenreid
Artist.....	Florence Hamilton
Faculty Representative.....	Thelma DeGraffenreid
Class Representative.....	Jessie Goldman

CLASS ROLL

Lula Bailey	Cyril M. Cooke	Hannah Klaus
Annie C. Bains	Thelma DeGraffenreid	Hazel B. Leonard
Emma Bains	Laura Fuller	Belle Locke
Sadie Barlow	Rose E. Sandoz	Mabel Maricelli
Mathilde Broussard	Jessie Goldman	Biford Mixon
W. H. Burns	Florence L. Hamilton	Mary A. Poole
Stelle Bisland Cage	Edna Keller	Julia Rogers

MOTTO: "To Make the Ideal Real."

FLOWER: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

COLORS: Dark Blue and Gold.



IDEALISTS—CLASS OF FALL 1913.

A Visit to Fair Japan

One stormy night during the fall term, the good ship *Pleasure* bore as her passengers the Idealists, who were journeying afar to the quaint little country of Japan where they were to be received and entertained by their schoolmates, the Arcadians.

After days of squally weather, Japan was reached, and the Idealists were met and ushered into a Japanese home of no mean proportions. Here Lady Wistaria and her sister, Lady Peachblossom, smiled winsomely, and Lady Blue Water-Lily looked archly from out almond-shaped eyes while she flirted from behind her fan with Mr. Burns, a distinguished American guest.

The guests roamed at will through the apartments, and were conducted into a garden where under the shadows of a wistaria-laden pagoda, they sipped punch and listened to the weirdly beautiful strains of Eastern music, furnished by the band. There under the boughs of the cherry tree, the Japanese ladies served their guests as they sat on mats and cushions, with ices as cold as the snows that lie on Mt. Trigigama's breast, and with cakes as delicately tinted as the rose leaves of their garden.

As the clock struck Ju (ten), the last Sayonaras were said, and the guests bade farewell to Japan.

They who had been guests became so interested in the picturesqueness of this island over the sea, that shortly after this they presented the Japanese opera, "Lady O'San-u-San."

The Idealists

Somewhere, at sometime, and somehow in the annals of dear old L. S. N., was discovered a group of individuals known under the name of Idealists. Idealists! what a great name for such a few unimportant Normal students! And yet, in the course of our existence, we learn that little things often become big things. Still, even this was an aspiration too high for the Idealists, for alas! great numbers was not their destiny. So, out in the great sea of learning these few set sail, all courageous and hopeful, with merely a handful of sailors to fight the battles and reap the benefits of an educational voyage.

Weak was the ship, scant was the ammunition, overpowering was the tempest, but humbly and bravely did our crew face the danger. And just as in every other voyage in the world, there were moments of pleasure and moments of pain: the former, few in number, perhaps, but of indelible variety to the minds of men; the latter, many and difficult to overcome, yet making wonderful heights attainable. Consequently, after overcoming many dangers and fortifying themselves with this wonderful experience, our brave little crew reached the light-house and awoke one morning to find themselves sailing in the Gulf of Trials (Practice-teaching). These were wonderful waters, indeed, but treacherous at times, for the wind occasionally blew quite fiercely. Staunch and true, still was each member of our crew and when at last we sailed from the Gulf of Trials to the beautiful, much spoken of, long-desired Lake Hope (Eleventh Term), our hearts were indeed gladdened.

Ah, yes! gladdened, although the danger was not entirely passed, for were we not still traveling on water?

Fortunately, grit and determination sailed with us, and these friends, accompanied by little Miss Gray Matter, seldom fail to meet success.

Here again we battled, but with lighter hearts this time, and finally awoke one morning to find ourselves safely and surely on shore! "Names posted!"

Ah! Gentle Readers, who of you know the feeling of a crew standing on solid earth again after being with the mighty waters for months? Alas! None better than the sailor himself, (Normal Graduate), I am sure.

However, the sensation is a mighty one and a feeling much to be desired; for a voyage such as this turns a leaf in the book of life which may be read far more pleasantly in after years.

Remember, sailors, the sea is large and the Gulf of Trials rough, but sailing on the Lake Hope is the most wonderful thing in the world. So prepare yourself and set sail. Gratifying, indeed, is the arrival in port.

"Thou, too, sail on, Oh Ship of State!" Now, gentle readers, we trust that our little voyage may be a beacon to your pathway, and that the Idealists may be remembered as having helped on life's journey. CYRIL COOKE.

Class Stones

1 B	Emerald
1 C	Bluestone
2 A	Madstone
2 B	Cobblestone
2 C	Keystone
3 A	Grindstone
3 B	Whetstone
3 C	Sandstone
4 A	Blarneystone
4 B	Tombstone

Arradians

WINTER CLASS OF 1913-14

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....	Claude Dupree
Vice-President.....	Albert Kelso
Secretary.....	Ruth Caldwell
Treasurer.....	Joe Farrar
Poet.....	Mary Reaves
Historian.....	Geneva Stuckey
Class Representative.....	Geneva Stuckey
Faculty Representative.....	Joe Farrar

MOTTO: Esse quam videri.

FLOWER: Violets.

COLORS: Gold and Purple.

The Arradians



CLAUDE C. DUPREE.....S. A. K.
Crichton, La.

*"Formed on the good old plan, a true, brave,
downright honest man."*

JOE FARRAR.....M. C. C.
Lillie, La.

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he
knew."*



MAUDE GAIDRY.....M. C. C.
Montegut, La.

"A good, reliable worker, she."

GUSSIE RUTH CALDWELL . . . S. A. K.
Athens, La.

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose."



GERALDINE M. DAUSSAT . . . E. L. S.
Houma, La.

"The glass of fashion, and the mold of form."

CATHERINE LEIPER . . . S. A. K.
Ludlington, La.

*"The slow wise smile . . .
Seemed half within and half without."*





JULIA GUILLOT.....M. C. C.
Plattenville, La.

"Still waters run deep."



MINNIE HALL.....E. L. S.
Stonewall, La.

*"Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love; day with light."*



THOMAS HARVEY.....M. C. C.
Almadane, La.

*"Sunny tempered, and one of nature's noble-
men."*

ELMA KELLER.....M. C. C.
Plaquemine, La.

"A true heart, worthy of our love."



ALBERT KELSO.....M. C. C.
St. Martinsville, La.

"That he takes things easy, we must agree."

VIDA KENNON.....E. L. S.
Dubberly, La.

"Well-deserved popularity."





MINNIE LEE ODOM.....E. L. S.
Curry, La.

"Ever to be gentle."



ROWENA NICK.....S. A. K.
New Orleans, La.

*"She makes us forget our troubles with her
talk and contagious laugh."*



MINA KING.....S. A. K.
Amite City, La.

"A jolly word, a pleasaut smile."

MARY SUSAN REAVES.....M. C. C.
Bastrop, La.

*"She is popular because she is kind, noble,
and true."*



ANNIE RICHARDSON.....S. A. K.
Clinton, La.

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

GENEVA STUCKEY.....E. L. S.
Boyce, La.

*"Tis the taught already that profit by
teaching."*





NELLIE GRAHAM.....E. L. S.
Coushatta, La.

"A very gentle heart, and of good conscience."



HUBERT GRENEAUX.....E. L. S.
Natchitoches, La.

"A man whom we all like."



FELECIE GUIDRY.....M. C. C.
Houma, La.

"Not as bashful as she looks."

DOROTHY PETRIE.....S. A. K.
Monroe, La.

*"A girl she to all folks dear;
For her success there is no fear."*



LETITIA PETRIE... ..S. A. K.
Monroe, La.

*"Unswerving, perseverance, ambition, and
loyalty are hers beyond a doubt."*

FLORENCE SHORT... ..M. C. C.
Winnsboro, La.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."





BLANCH WEIL.....S. A. K.

Alexandria, La.

"A girl of perpetual smiles."



ESTHIER WILSON.....S. A. K.

Houma, La.

"Mathematics for me, and the rest for you."

SIDNEY CALLOWAY.....S. A. K.

Natchitoches, La.

"The world doesn't tremble at my approach—but then."

MRS. EVELYN POLK.....M. C. C.

Wilson, La.

"Sober, bright, and industrious."

The Song of the Arcadians' Electrolier

I LIGHT the trail of students frail,
From city, farm and dale;
I shed bright rays on the lonely ways
Of the ones who try and fail.
From my golden beams flows light that streams
Like the light-house out at sea,
And the light that shines through shadowy pines
Makes the Normal home for thee.
Those who made and those who gave
Me to the Normal hill
Will never forget nor ever regret
Their grateful deed and will.

I light the way for all those who stay,
From shades of dusk till dawn;
For those who passed, they may travel fast;
But Alma Mater's lawn
Will hold the sign of their student line,
That is shedding home-like cheer;
And glim'ring light put darkness to flight
For many a night and year.
Aye, I wait near Normal gate,
A monument of fame!
For on my breast, in marble impressed,
I bear a glorious name!

RUTH CALDWELL.

The Arcadians' Gardens

Beware, oh Navigators, of what you plant in your gardens! Take this advice from an Arcadian, who, one evening while breaking the top crust on her rows, heard the following conversation:

Mr. Bateman: "So you want to see the Arcadians' gardens, Mr. Roy? Now, as we pass along, just look on each stake and you will see to whom each garden belongs. That is the great beauty of systematic organization."

Mr. Roy: "Oh, Bateman, don't you suppose that after I have taught these young people School Administration that I know their characteristics well enough to pick out each one's garden? Remember that truth, 'By their fruits you shall know them'? Let me tell you the owner of each garden as we come to them. Now, this cabbage on our right belongs to Joe Farrar. Did you ever see such a big head? But (feeling the cabbage) there is something in it. Now, look at those red-top beets. They are the first thing that I saw as I came along. But they, like their owner, Miss Stuckey, are well worth while."

Mr. Bateman: "Mr. Roy, I hate for you to see this next garden. I simply couldn't get the young lady to make her rows straight. Why, they start out about three feet wide and gradually get smaller until they fairly approach zero as a limit."

Mr. Roy: "Now, that just shows how little appreciation you have of child's nature. I would give Miss Wilson 'P plus' on that garden, for she is just making a practical application of what Mr. Hedges taught her of the Theory of Limits in Calculus."

Mr. Bateman: "Perhaps you are right, Mr. Roy, but here is what I call a 'P plus' garden. Look at this corn. Why the ears are so big that they fairly stick out on each side."

Mr. Roy: "Yes, that is good corn. Greneaux is splendid in that line. His corn is quite characteristic of him in its growth, too."

Mr. Bateman: "Here is a bed of parsnips. Now, that shows up well. They belong to Miss Nick. You know parsnips is a vegetable very few people like until they are well acquainted with it, but having known it become very fond of it. Now, so many people have the idea that lettuce can not be grown in winter. Just look at this! Did you ever see any look fresher and greener?"

Mr. Roy: "That *is* fresh and green. Is that Miss Kennon's garden?"

Mr. Bateman: "Oh, no. That belongs to a member of the One B Agriculture Class. It was so fresh and green I could not keep from showing it to you. How do you like these peppers? I am going to tell you the owner, for you

never would guess. I did not know myself until one day in my class, this young lady—Miss Reaves—was as fiery as these plants of hers."

Mr. Roy: "Is that so? I thought I heard one of the girls say the other day that you had planted the peppers yourself. Miss Reaves is all right, though."

Mr. Bateman: "Here is a good vegetable, tomatoes, but they have not strength enough to hold up their own weight. Strange that Mr. Kelso should have chosen such a vegetable!"

Mr. Roy: "Oh, here are some potatoes, a vegetable which unlike others is always ready for you when you call upon it. I know that must be Miss Letitia Petrie's garden. Am I right?"

Mr. Bateman: "Yes. This is the last of the gardens, Mr. Roy. How do you like them?"

Mr. Roy: "Well, Mr. Bateman, I think the Arcadians' gardens are fine. There is such a variety, and you know that variety is the spice of life. One thing I like especially is that there is not a blade of cocoa to be seen anywhere. That, I believe, is the worst enemy they could have. Their harvest will be good, too, for are we not told, 'As we sow, so shall we reap'?"

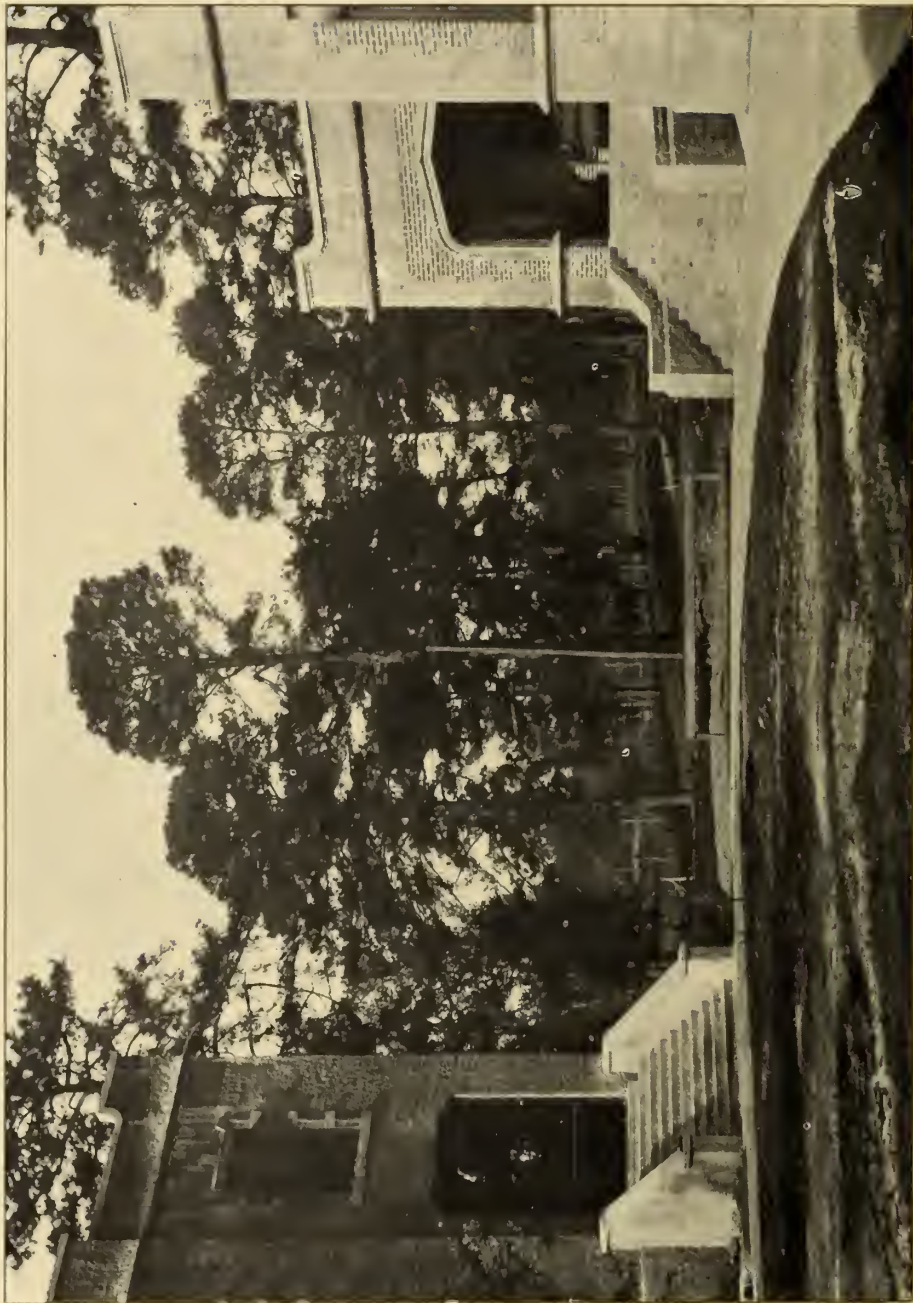
DOROTHY PETRIE.

(A member of the staff remarks: "Since Miss Dorothy's garden is not mentioned, we presume that hers must have been omitted from the exhibition, because of the copious amount of cocoa!")

Memiors of a Senior

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
As roamed I all around the hill,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of girls who laughed at will;
Besides the gate, beneath the trees,
Giggling and chattering in the breeze
The seniors among them laughed, and they
Outdid the juniors in their glee.
A freshie could not there be gay,
In such a jocund company;
Now oft when on my couch I lie,
In sorrowful, contemplative mood,
There flashes on the inward eye,
This sad remembrance, and I brood
My heart with good intention fills
To help the Freshies through their ills!

DOROTHY PETRIE.



THE PINES BETWEEN.

The Quest of the Perfect Teacher

"There is none perfect, no not one."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Conscience	Geneva
Determination	Rowena
Intellect	Dorothy
Sincerity	Mimmie Lee Odom
Honesty	Nellie Graham
Wit	Kitty
Pokey	Sidney
Cockey	Joe
Vanity	Geraldine
Beauty	Mary
Smiles	Esther
Giggles	Blanche
Youth	Ruth
Timidity	Claude
Complacency	Tom
Persistence	Vida
Sloth	Pat
Serenity	Anna

Other Seekers.

Mina	Maude	Sidney	Mrs. Polk	Florence
Felcie	Julia	Letitia	Hubert	Minnie

PROLOGUE

Once in a land strangely familiar to all, there dwelt a band of workers known as the Arcadians. They lived and moved as with a common purpose, that being to become perfect teachers—teachers in whom there could be found sincerity, helpfulness, devotion, and true craftsmanship. They labored in a school where they were admonished, advised and instructed by teachers who possessed these qualifications in a marked degree, and who continually dwelt upon what would be expected of them. So when they left this beloved place of instruction, they cherished these things in their hearts and pondered over them. Since they thought so constantly and worked so earnestly and devotedly over the question of how best they might become great and noble teachers, it is not at all strange that we should find them seeking that most-to-be-desired person, the Perfect Teacher, that they might learn of her.

SCENE I.

(The spacious hall of a large building; a beautiful view of trees, green hillside, and valley below is seen through the wide open windows.)

CONSCIENCE. (standing by the window, speaking as if to herself): "I wonder why, in such lovely environment, we are not realizing that for which we came!"

BEAUTY: "What is the trouble, Conscience?"

CONSCIENCE: "My dream of last night is haunting me, I suppose."

WIT: "What, a dream? Why, I thought Conscience never slept!"

CONSCIENCE: "Yes, a dream. It seemed that Beauty, our old master, who has so often bidden us be perfect teachers, spoke sternly and sadly to me and said: 'You young people here are allowing yourselves to be led astray by Fads and Fancies. Be more perfect teachers!'"

YOUTH: "But what does it mean by 'more Perfect Teachers'? Are we not developing powers of Observation, Voluntary Attention, Reasoning and Original Expression in those we work with?"

DETERMINATION: "Well, the easiest way to decide the matter is to see what constitutes the Perfect Teacher—not of books alone, for they are but lamps to guide us. Intellect, what characteristics must your teacher have?"

INTELLECT (promptly): "He must be the interpreter and creator of High Art."

SINCERITY: "Yes, but more than that; he must be his brother's keeper."

HONESTY: "Yes, you are both right; but he must know the principles of efficient, economic living."

CONSCIENCE: "Are we agreed in this?"

ALL: "Yes, Agreed."

YOUTH (springing to her feet): "Oh, I tell you what let's do. Let's go and look for this Perfect Teacher!"

CONSCIENCE: "A splendid idea! We'll call for volunteers."

ALL (enthusiastically): "We are ready!"

DETERMINATION: "Grant me permission to call our other associate workers."

CONSCIENCE: "By all means summon them, and in the meantime let us prepare to leave early tomorrow morning."

SCENE II.

(On the hillside at sunrise. All are chattering and preparing to begin the journey. Vanity and Beauty have veils and parasols, etc. Smiles and Giggles have a box of candy and a new magazine to read on the way.)

CONSCIENCE: "Who would undertake to lead this search?"

COCKEY: "Madam, since I understand that efficient, economic living is a necessary trait in this Perfect Teacher, I will guide you to the Land of Practicality, where lives and works the up-to-date Ruralist—however, I think this quest a very foolish one."

WIT (aside to Giggles): "Sure, he thinks he's all right as he is!"

GIGGLES: "Well, Cockey always was smarty."

CONSCIENCE: "We thank you, and will be glad to have you guide us. Come, all. Let's proceed."

SMILES: "Look, yonder comes Pokey and Sloth! They are a fine pair! (Calling) Hurry up, you'll get left, slow poke." (The journey continues for several hours along Model Roads and past farms showing signs of Improved Farm Implements).

BEAUTY: "Where are you going, Vanity?"

VANITY: "Goodness knows! All I know is that I am getting as freckled as a turkey-egg."

COCKEY: "Yonder is the Building of the All-round Education!"

YOUTH (to Pokey, who has just caught up with the crowd): "Come, Pokey; I'll run you a race to the Building." (The seekers enter and investigate. They find a large brick

building with various departments, laboratories, and a room for social purposes, where there are easy chairs and tables with farm magazines).

HONESTY: "Well, we have surely found here every means of efficient living."

DETERMINATION: "Here's a daily program. Now we'll see what they do. (Reading): 'Farm Arithmetic, Gardening, Dairying, Home Government, Spelling, Animal Husbandry, and Botany.'"

INTELLECT: "What! No singing, no literature, no Latin or Art? Let us go on. This won't do."

COMPLACENCY: "Well, it's a pretty good place. A man could surely learn here how to make a good living. Honesty, let us stay and work here."

SLOTH: "Well, I guess I'll have to stay, too; I'm tired."

WIT, to SLOTH: "That's nothing unusual for you."

CONSCIENCE: "I must say I'm disappointed."

COCKEY: "Let somebody else lead; I did the best I could."

CONSCIENCE: "Very well. Sincerity, you spoke of your ideal—the who was his brother's keeper. Suppose you lead us?"

SCENE III.

(The crowded street of a shum district of a big city. Misery and Vice seem to have full sway. In the right stands a large brick building with the doorplate, "The House of Service." A man with a kindly face is seen to emerge from the house and stop a street brawl. The procession of seekers halts at Sincerity's word).

SINCERITY: "Here, my friends, we shall find him who is his brother's keeper. Follow me."

(They enter first an infirmary and dispensary; next, the Crime Department, where a Specialist has in his charge criminals for treatment; then, a room where the people are busy working on the Divorce Question, and on through libraries where Sociological works on the Single Tax, Labor Unions, and Trusts are collected).

SINCERITY (with shining eyes): "Here, truly, dwells our perfect Teacher, for he uplifts humanity."

INTELLECT (gazing about): "This is a wonderful place! If the Greeks and Romans had only preserved their state so—but there is something lacking. There are no works of art, no workers here in Latin and Greek, no music masters. It is very noble to rescue men, but it is wholly futile unless food is offered them. He must have Art or he will die!"

BEATRY: "Quite right, my dear Intellect. Material bread is not enough."

(All stand as if greatly worried, gazing from one to the other).

TRIMITY: "Well, I think this is a noble place. I shall stay here and work on the Labor Question. Literature and High Art are not for me anyway!"

SINCERITY: "Yes, I am, too; for the infirmary there, where the poor children of the city are cared for, has a special charm for me."

SMILES, to GEORGES: "Let's get out of this place. It makes me feel like a funeral!"

INTELLECT: "Come, let me lead you to a place where they work who create beauty. They make life worth living."

SCENE IV.

(One year's time has elapsed.)

(The ruins of an old city. A scholar is seen with note-book, translating the Latin inscriptions on an old monument; artists are studying statues. Through the window of a nearby studio come strains of exquisite music).

INTELLECT: "Look, what joys are here! The Perfect Teacher *must* be among these workers."

GIGGLES, to SMILES: "This is the wrong place for me. I've escaped Latin so far; I can't get into it now!"

(There enters a blind beggar, loathsome and wretched, who beseeches the scholar for alms. The absorbed professor, with an impatient gesture, bids him be gone).

CONSCIENCE (aghast): "Oh, my friends, this scholar cannot be the one for whom we are looking. He has not the spirit of mercy and loving kindness!"

INTELLECT (*sadly*): "I fear so. Can we not make one more attempt before we give up?"

ALL (wearily): "Just one more."

SCENE V.

(Several years have elapsed).

(It is late evening. A weary little procession that has crossed the Desert of Monotony now halts at the foot of the mountain called "Seemingly-Insurmountable.")

CONSCIENCE: "Yonder breaks a light. I feel that we are near the end of our search. A good, hard climb and we'll be there!"

DETERMINATION: "I shall call the roll so that we may know how many are to undertake this last adventure. 'Cockey!'"

COCKEY: "Here!"

WIT: "What's left of me."

"Pokey."

"He got left behind."

"Beauty and Vanity."

BEAUTY: "I am here, but Vanity has left me."

"Persistence."

PERSISTENCE: "Here, but very tired."

"Smiles and Giggles."

"They stopped to laugh at Pokey and got left, too!"

"Youth."

YOUTH: "I am here, but changed sadly."

CONSCIENCE: "Well, climb bravely, and we'll soon be at the end of our quest."

(They climb over sharp stones, up the side of the steep mountain, and halt at a little cottage door, where they knock. The door is opened and a radiant, white-robed figure stands before them).

SHE: "Whom seek ye?"

ALL: "The Perfect Teacher."

SHE: "I am the Perfect Teacher."

ALL (joyfully): "At last our search is ended!"

SHE (sadly): "Ah, but this is No-Man's Land!"

CONSCIENCE: "Then our work is in vain!"

COCKEY: "I knew it was a wild-goose chase all along."

SHE: "Be patient and you shall know. Your quest shall not be in vain. For whatever ye do with an earnest motive, with a broad outlook, that work approaches Perfection. The joy and beauty of it all lies in the Striving."

CONSCIENCE (as they turn away): "Look! How brightly her light shines down this dark mountain pass!"

INTELLECT: "Yes, and farther. It is lighting our way onward in that path we shall tread toward the Perfect Way."

EPILLOGUE.

And it was; in fact, this light ever illuminated their way as they went about their petty human duties, for they, having hearkened to the voice of Duty, became Teachers, not of books, but of *men*, for they had found *Truth*, the *Perfect Teacher*.

LETITIA PETRÆ. History and Prophecy.



TREASURER.



SECRETARY.

Navigators



PRESIDENT.



VICE-PRESIDENT.

Motto: We have crossed the bay—
The ocean lies beyond.

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: Lotus.

OFFICERS.

Earl Deblieux.....	President
Maggie McCasland.....	Vice-President
Sarah Gaunt.....	Secretary
J. H. Alford.....	Treasurer
Ruth Batchelor.....	Testator
Margaret Stirling.....	Poet



C. A. BLANCHARD, M.C.C.,
Bourg, La.

"The multitude is always in the wrong."



KATE COLVIN, M.C.C.,
Lucky, La.

"A heaven of poetry and romance lies around her."



WILL F. DUNKLEMAN, S.A.K.,
Clarence, La.

"A college joke to cure the dumps."



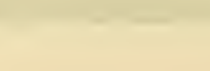
MRS. JULIA COOKSEY, E.L.S.,
Haynesville, La.

*"A radiance gleaming brighter day by day,
A soul of beauty—beautiful always."*



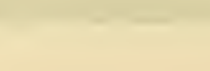
WALTER S. CAMPBELL, E.L.S.,
Luna, La.

"Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues."



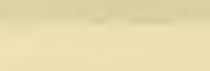
JOHNNYE DAVID, E.L.S.,
Minden, La.

"Music that brings sweet sleep d'ra from blissful skies."



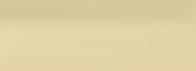
I. D. BAYNE, M.C.C.,
Simsboro, La.

"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts."



ORA BELLE CLINTON, E.L.S.
Clay, La.

"She is armed without; that is, innocent within."





CRICHTON COX, E.L.S.,
Minden, La.

*"I'll put a circle around the earth
in four seconds."*



MARGARET STIRLING, S.A.K.,
Wakefield, La.

*"Poets utter great and wise things,
which they themselves do not under-
stand."*



LETA SHAW, E.L.S.,
Port Arthur, Texas.

"Above the flight of common souls,"



LUCILE KILE, E.L.S.,
Natchitoches, La.

*"To frown at pleasure;
To smile at pain."*



GARLAND GULLY, S.A.K.,
Elm Grove, La.

*"I have a heart with room for every
joy."*



EMMA MILES, S.A.K.,
Delhi, La.

*"Resemblance such as true blood
wears."*



PEARL DUNCAN, E.L.S.,
Jennings, La.

*"A melody preys on my heart that
medicine cannot reach."*



LALON NELSON, E.L.S.,
Gibsland, La.

"A face with gladness overspread,"





RUTH BRYSON, S.A.K.,
Shreveport, La.

*"Virtue is like a rich store best
plainly said."*



ERIN SCAIFE, E.L.S.,
Homer, La.

*"Everywhere in life the true ques-
tion is not what we gain, but what we
do."*



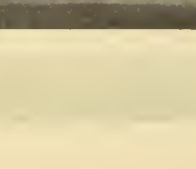
ERLENE COURTNEY, S.A.K.,
Mer Rouge, La.

*"At whose sight all the stars hide
their diminished heads."*



LEOLA BUTLER, S.A.K.,
Liberty Hill, La.

*"A heart of gold bubbling over with
joy."*



HATTIE TALLY, M.C.C.,
Plaquemine, La.

*"Which of the angels sing so well in
heaven?"*

BETTA AARON, S.A.K.,
Pineville, La.
"My heart is ever at your service."

MABEL C. FORD, E.L.S.,
Homer, La.
*"See, Time has touched me gently in
his race,
And left no odious furrows in my
face."*

MILDRED THEIL, S.A.K.,
Franklin, La.
*"To be trusted is better than to be
loved."*





ANITA PRUDHOMME, M.C.C.,
Campiti, La.

"Go thou thy way and I go mine."



HAZEL THIBODAUX, S.A.K.,
Napoleonville, La.

*"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer day."*



LAURA WELCH, M.C.C.,
Robeline, La.

*"Speech is great, but silence is
greater."*



RUTH FORD, S.A.K.,
Alexandria, La.

"A true friend is forever a friend."



CLARA WISE, S.A.K.,
Alexandria, La.

"As good luck would have it."



GERTRUDE POPE, S.A.K.,
Baton Rouge, La.

*"When I was at home, I was in a
better place."*



CROQUETTE JONES, S.A.K.,
Natchitoches, La.

"Hang sorrow; care'll kill the cat."



GLADYS BOURGEOIS, S.A.K.,
Franklin, La.

"Zealous yet modest."



HATTIE KIRTLEY, M.C.C.,

Plain Dealing, La.

*"Title and profit I resign;
The past of honor shall be mine."*



EDWINA E. RAYNHAM, S.A.K.,

St. Francisville, La.

"Golden hair like sunlight streaming."



SADIE BELLE PROTHRO, M.C.C.,

Campiti, La.

*"A sudden thought strikes me—let
us swear an eternal friendship."*



HILDA RACHAL, S.A.K.,

Melville, La.

"A touch of nature's genial glow."



VICTOIRE ANE, S.A.K.,

Houma, La.

"A sculpt of beauty in a mold of clay."



ZOLA COREY, E.L.S.,

Rayville, La.

*"The silence that is in the starry
sky."*



NELLIE MARTIN, E.L.S.,

Minden, La.

*"Making all futures fruits of all the
past."*



FLORENCE BEATTY, S.A.K.,

Lake Charles, La.

*"Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman
who came of decent folks."*





CLAUDE C. MURPHY, E.L.S.,
Grayson, La.

*"I have something to say, but will fit
it with some better time."*



RUTH BATCHELOR, S.A.K.,
Monroe, La.

*"She keeps the palace of her soul
serene."*



JENNIE DEZAUCHE, S.A.K.,
Melville, La.

*"A gentle mind by gentle deeds is
known."*



MAUDE BAILLO, S.A.K.,
Washington, La.

*"What is mind? No matter. What
is matter? Never mind."*



FRANCES ROCHEL, S.A.K.,
Patterson, La.

"Our youth we can have but a day."



LORETTO MARY, M.C.C.,
Brusly, La.

"Noble in thought and in every deed."



LETTIE KIMBRELL, E.L.S.,
Montgomery, La.

*"A kind and gentle heart she has,
To comfort friends and foes."*



RUTH SEAWELL, S.A.K.,
New Orleans, La.

*"Towering in confidence of twenty-
one."*





HARRIET CURRIE, S.A.K.,
Zwollie, La.

*"Those that do teach young babies,
do it with gentle means and easy
tasks."*



MAY McBRIDE, M.C.C.,
Jonesboro, La.

*"In doing what we ought, we de-
serve no praise, because it is our duty."*



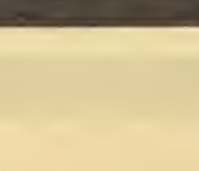
EDNA SHELTON, E.L.S.,
Winnfield, La.

*"There is no art to read the mind's
construction in the face."*



LEXIE L. ALFORD, M.C.C.,
Natchitoches, La.

*"The muses make sweet concord in
her soul; rare gems of love spring
from a heart of gold."*



HETTIE ECKER, E.L.S.,
Natchitoches, La.

*"I wish you all the joy that you can
wish."*

RUTH SEAWELL, S.A.K.,
New Orleans, La.

*"Towering in confidence of twenty-
one."*

MABEL STEINWINDER, E.L.S.,
Lutcher, La.

*"Those who think must govern those
who toil."*

MARIE L. BENNETT, E.L.S.,
Jena, La.

*"Seeking only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet."*





CHARLOTTE NAWADNY, S.A.K.,
Monroe, La.

*"Th. youth! forever dear, forever
kind."*

MILDRED KELLY, M.C.C.,
Winsboro, La.

"A living ray of intellectual fire."

LINNIE ALLINE ALFORD, M.C.C.,
Natchitoches, La.

"The hand that made thee is divine."

DELLA OWEN, M.C.C.,
Waldo, Ark.

*"If she knew an evil thought, she
spoke no evil word."*



OUR PLACE OF LANDING.

The Ocean Lies Beyond

Why is it we're feeling so lonely?
Why is it that every one's sad?
All trips that were planned in the past
Have been with a heart that was glad.
This question is soon to be answered;
Our ships are now seen on the bay,
And the message has come from our captain,
"Be ready to leave here in May."
Soon, friends, we will leave you forever,
Our work on the deep to begin;
This, you know, is a form of promotion
That nothing but duty can win.
So silently from the harbor
We will sail to the wide, wide sea;
With our Navigator's commission
Quite ready for work we will be.
Yet we hate to leave thee, Normal,
All our friends, and, you teachers, so fond,
But now, "We have crossed the bay—
The Ocean lies beyond."

MARGARET STIRLING, *Class Poet.*

Class Will

(For fear of the unexpected, we are making our will early.)

We, the Navigators of 1914, of the Louisiana State Normal, being in sound mind and in good health (praise be the Lord!), and realizing the impossibility of removing from our present abode many of the things now belonging to us, when a kind and beneficent Providence enables us to be removed from this place of tears and tribulations, do hereby bequeath, donate, and otherwise relinquish all claims to the following property, to-wit:

First: To the Climbers of summer, we bequeath all our plans and left-over text books, especially commending to their careful perusal that delightfully interesting "Public School Laws of Louisiana," enjoining them to maintain the dignity and honor of the class, and follow the worthy examples set by us. We relinquish all claims to our dearly beloved pupils of the Model School, taught by us so willingly and faithfully, and do hereby hope that the Climbers shall derive as much satisfaction as we have from the instruction of the said pupils. To them we give the right to appear learned, the pleasure of being looked-up to by all of the classes in this institution. Finally we leave to them all of our many privileges enjoyed by us as ELEVENTH TERMERS.

Second: To the Observation Classes, we willingly give all the advice, which has been given to us during our practice-teaching experience, hoping that it will help them to recover from the malady of conceit and self-importance, so that by the time that they have reached the tenth term they may be worthy of becoming practice-teachers.

Third: To the Freshies we hereby bequeath our rooms in the Club, hoping that they will fully realize and appreciate the high privilege of adorning the walls with pennants and pictures; our places at the dining table, with the injunction that they must practice the elegant table manners which we have

used; and our seats in the Assembly Hall, earnestly requesting that they will "clap" enthusiastically whenever the occasion presents itself.

Fourth: To the Faculty we give the right to make the standards for the succeeding classes higher than those set for us. We bequeath to them *our* memory, knowing that we will ever shine in *their* memory as the most wonderful class ever graduated from this institution. We assure them that we will soon have that peaceful career which it is now their privilege, as members of the teaching profession, to enjoy. We note with pleasure the matrimonial waves which seem to have swept over the Faculty, and hope that the unattached portion of that body will soon take heed from the illustrious examples set by certain of their fellow members.

Fifth: To the class secretaries we bequeath all stamped L. S. N. envelopes with necessary stationery, earnestly begging that they keep us posted as to all of the happenings at our Alma Mater in years to come.

And now we do hereby affix our signature and seal on this first of May, 1914.

NAVIGATORS,

RUTH BACHELOR, Testator

EARL DE BLIEUX, Witness.

SARA GAUNT, Witness.

A Wind

A wind awoke in the waking dawn
And blew across the world;
Across the barren, battered earth,
And came to my own hearth-stone.

A wind awoke in the waking dawn
And blew across the world;
And brought its gathered bitterness
To lay at my own hearth-stone.

A wind awoke in the waking dawn
And blew across the world;
It brought hot anger, hate, and scorn
To lay at my own hearth-stone.

A wind awoke in the waking dawn
And blew across the world;
Remorse and shame both followed then
And cleared my dark hearth-stone.

A wind awoke in the waking dawn
And blew across the world;
It stole a childish joy; but left
A light on my old hearth-stone!

E. H.

Thesaurians

SUMMER CLASS OF NINETEEN-FOURTEEN.

OFFICERS

President.....	Walter Brewer
Vice-President.....	"Tom" Bourg
Secretary.....	May Kaffie
Treasurer.....	George McIlwain
Poet.....	Felix Laborde
Class Editors.....	{ Leona Harper Lena Lopez Martha Pellerin

MOTTO: "Virtue Lies in the Struggle, Not the Prize."

CLASS FLOWER: Black-Eyed Susan.

CLASS COLORS: Black and Gold.



SUSIE REISERS.A.K.
Lake Charles, La.

"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

G. L. McILWAINE.L.S.
Verda, La.

"Take him as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow with no nonsense in him."

ELOISE ETHERIDGES.A.K.
Monroe, La.

"A safe companion and an easy friend."



RETTA KATTIES.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think upon."*

JOHN CANTERBURYE.L.S.
Atlanta, La.

"Every failure teaches a man something if he will but learn."

NORMA BENTONS.A.K.
Baton Rouge, La.

"Ye Gods! How she can talk!"



SHIRLEY GRENEAUXS.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

"Lovely as a summer morn."

TOM BOURGS.A.K.
Houma, La.

*"The world is a wheel, and it will all
roll around right."*

EMMA LOU GARLAND.....E.L.S.
Minden, La.

*"Here is one who never resists a
temptation, never has a desire but
she coddles and pampers it."*



ALLENE ALEXANDERE.L.S.
Greenwood, La.

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race
ensnare
And beauty draws us with a single
hair."*

ALBERT BROWNES.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

*"Better a witty fool than a foolish
wit."*

GERTRUDE BILLONS.A.K.
Bayou Goula, La.

*"She differs from others as attar of
roses differs from ordinary rose-
water."*



RETH PATTISON M.C.C.
Oxford, La.

"Content to follow where we lead the way."

YNEZ FISHBURN M.C.C.
Gulfport, Miss.

"A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is her umbrella in this vale of tears."

BEATRICE ANCLIN S.A.K.
Bayou Goula, La.

"We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we die before we laugh at all."



MAHEL NESOM S.A.K.
Nesom, La.

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."

CASTLE HOLLAND S.A.K.
Opelousas, La.

"I care for nobody, no not I, If nobody cares for me."

MAY DUGAS M.C.C.
Paincourtville, La.

"Great feelings hath she of her own, Which lesser souls may never know."



TICIA KENTS.A.K.

Dry Creek, La.

"She is such a school-girl as a discerning schoolmaster delights in."

BESSIE JOYCEE.L.S.

Coushatta, La.

"True eloquence indeed does not consist of deeds."

JULIA CARRIERES.A.K.

Washington, La.

*"Happy am I; from care I am free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*



LIZZIE PRICE.....M.C.C.

Evergreen, La.

"A heart so soft, a heart so kind as in the whole world thou canst find."

W. B. FREYE.....E.L.S.

Saline, La.

"I hold our actual knowledge very cheap."

NERVA CRAWFORDE.L.S.

Lewis, La.

"It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it."



LENA LOPEZM.C.C.
New Orleans, La.

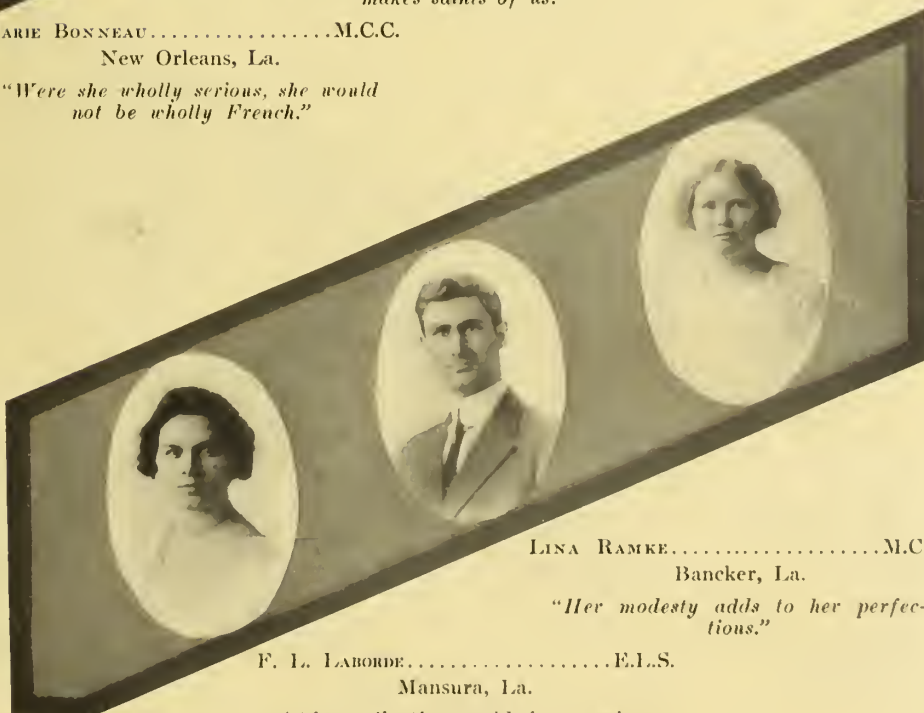
"A wealth of wisdom in small space."

THELMA FRENCHE.L.S.
New Iberia, La.

*"Not what we think but what we do
makes saints of us."*

MARIE BONNEAU.....M.C.C.
New Orleans, La.

*"Were she wholly serious, she would
not be wholly French."*



LINA RAMKE.....M.C.C.
Bancker, La.

*"Her modesty adds to her perfec-
tions."*

F. L. LABORDE.....E.L.S.
Mansura, La.

*"After all, the world is a serious
problem."*

CORNELIA POWERM.C.C.
Magnolia, Arkansas.

*"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in
rain."*



ROZINA CAVETTS.A.K.
Shreveport, La.

*"O, let me close my eyes and dream
sweet, fanciful dreams of love."*

MARJORIE MYATTS.A.K.
Monroe, La.

*"Sweeter than the perfume of roses
is her reputation for a kind, un-
selfish nature."*

EZILDA BIENVENUM.C.C.
Reserve, La.

*"I find myself so like other people
that I often wonder at the coin-
cidence."*



LEONA HARPER.....M.C.C.
Oak Grove, La.

*"Her countenance addresses itself
to the mind rather than to the
eye."*

NOLAN SMITHE.L.S.
Sunny Hill, La.

*"The less a man thinks or knows
about his virtues, the more we like
him."*

MARTHA PELLERINS.A.K.
Lafayette, La.

*"True to her words, her work, and
her friends."*



JUDITH CARVERS.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

"She comes to her task as to a sport."

JULIA HARLANS.A.K.
Houma, La.

*"She finds adorning the body a more
profitable vocation than adorning
the mind."*

OLIVE SHELTONE.L.S.
Winnfield, La.

*"Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentlest womankind."*



EDITH DASEITE.L.S.
Houma, La.

*"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."*

HOLLIS HARPERS.A.K.
Blanchard, La.

*"His dislike for books is instinctive,
hardy, and uncompromising."*

ELSIE PARENTE.L.S.
Convent, La.

*"She hath a heart as sound as a bell
and a tongue as a clapper;
What her heart thinks her tongue
speaks."*



TABITHA ECKERE.L.S.
Vinton, La.

*"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."*

MAY KAFFIES.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

"Ye gods! she is wondrous fair!"

DAISY SICARDS.A.K.
Walls, La.

"'Tis easy for sugar to be sweet."



BLANCHE WAGLEYM.C.C.
Marthaville, La.

*"She has a glowing heart, they say,
Though calm her seeming be."*

HIRAM WYLIEM.C.C.
Clinton, Miss.

*"He towers above the rank of com-
mon men."*

DAISY KENTS.A.K.
Rosedale, La.

"She is not as bashful as she looks."



NORMA ARCENEUX.....E.L.S.
Lagan, La.

*"In my work and in my fun, I look
out for number one."*

A. L. POURCIAUE.L.S.
New Roads, La.

*"In arguing he owns his skill,
For even though vanquished, he
argues still."*

CARRIE KIRBYS.A.K.
Washington, La.

*"I laugh, for hope hath happy place
with me;
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another
sea."*



ELMA JOHNSTONS.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

*"The mildest manners and the gen-
tlest heart."*

WALTER BREWERE.L.S.
Coushatta, La.

*"He has never found the limit of his
capacity for work."*

SUE ANNE STINSON.....S.A.K.
Jonesboro, La.

*"Who asks does err; who answers
errs; say naught."*



ETHEL DELAHOUSAYES.A.K.
Franklin, La.

*"For what I will, I will, and there an
end."*

MAY GUILBEAUS.A.K.
Breaux Bridge, La.

*"Her talk is like a stream which runs
with rapid change from rocks to
roses."*

MARY BROWNEM.C.C.
Plaquemine, La.

*"Be good, sweet maid, and let those
who will be clever."*



FRANCES TEDDLIES.A.K.
St. Maurice, La.

*"Heart on her lips, and soul within
her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her
skies."*

ELSIE MAJORS.A.K.
Hermitage, La.

*"In character, in manner, in style, in
all things, the supreme excellence
is simplicity."*

A Knockdown to the Class

NAME.	DISPOSITION.	FAVORITE PASTIME.	AMBITION.
Allene Alexander	Mild	Walking	To look like a Jap.
Beatrice Ancelin	Sentimental	Chewing the rag	To make P-plus in Caesar.
Norma Arceneaux	Grouchy	Worrying	To stand first.
Celine Babin	Unknown	Playing basket ball	Who knows?
Norma Benton	A little off	Attracting attention	To make a hit.
Ezilda Bienvenu	Passable	Flirting	To be noticed.
Gertrude Billon	Harmless	Being good	To find her talent.
Marie Bonneau	Sleepy	Teaching French	To go abroad.
"Tom" Bourg	Sporty	Loving Emma Lou	To be a real boy.
Walter Brewer	Serious	Managing Potpourri	To find a measles cure.
Albert Browne	None	Causing smiles	To be a circus clown.
Mary Browne	Pleasant	Quoting Neet	To grow up.
John Canterbury	Adjustable	Rolling hoops	To construct a five-pointed star.
Julia Carriere	Devilish	Teasing Paul	To leave this place.
Judith Carver	Independent	Initiating "freshies"	To look wise.
Rozina Cavett	Coy	Powdering her nose	To take a campus course.
R. A. Corley	Slow	Faking his time	To talk as fast as Beatrice.
Nerva Crawford	Listless	Making out E.L.S. programs	To be alone.
Edith Daspit	Pessimistic	Eating	To know her Pedagogy.
Ethel Delahoussaye	Gloom	Demonstrating Geometry	To be a faculty "rep."
May Dugas	Pensive	Reading current events	To have curly hair.
Tabitha Ecker	Timid	Playing Priscilla	To make eatable pastry.
Eloise Etheridge	Passive	Planting onions	To get to breakfast on time.
Ynez Fishburn	Hopeful	Writing plans	To teach Virgil.
Thelma French	Pleasing	Watching a sunset	To marry a professor.
W. B. Freye	All that's lovely	Following the leader	To please the teacher.
Emma Lou Garland	"Iseh ga bibble"	Loving "Tom"	To be with George.
May Guilbeau	Inquisitive	Asking questions	To find out why.
Shirley Greneaux	Sprightly	Defending Natchitoches	To be a primary teacher.
Julia Harlan	Impulsive	Eating Hersheys	To dress all day and dance all night.
Hollis Harper	Eccentric	Entertaining girls	Hard to tell.
Leona Harper	Just right	Writing M.C.C. editorials	To take life easy
Castle Holland	Bully!	Playing football	To be a star athlete.
Elma Johnston	Saintly	"Going to movies"	To marry a millionaire.
Bessie Joyce	Shy	To smile awhile	To look like Alice Joyce.

NAME	DISPOSITION	FAVORITE PASTIME	AMBITION
May Kaffie	Lovely	Looking pretty	To write a symposium.
Retta Kaffie	Bitter-Sweet	Disturbing psychology class	To get enough candy.
Daisy Kent	Pettish	Hearing her own voice	To be or not to be—?
Ticia Kent	Queer	Doing reference work	To be a modern Thesaur- ian.
Carrie Kirby	Jolly	Having a good time	To be a toe-dancer.
F. L. Laborde	Ponderous	Writing sonnets	To be a poet.
Mary Lisso	Merry	Spreading sunshine	To be serious.
Lena Lopez	Can't be beat	Day dreaming	It's a secret.
Elsie Major	Sunny	Spreading smiles	To live in Tallulah.
G. L. McIlwain	Hasn't any	Discussing rural prob- lems	To go back to the farm.
Iris McWilliams	Sour	Debating	To grow an inch.
Marjorie Myatt	"Cute"	Helping "freshies" read Latin	To hold the "Cedar Rope"
Mable V. Nesom	Weepy	Doing someone's work	To rival Niobe.
Elsie Parent	Charming	Talking in class	To understand Miss Gaulden.
Ruth Patterson	Sweet	Smiling	To do anything but teach school.
Martha Pellerin	Lively	Painting West Hall red	To be an actress.
A. L. Pourciau	Selfish	Disputing with Lena	To be elected.
Cornelia Power	Solemn	Talking to Tom	To make someone happy.
Lizzie Price	Cheerful	Thinking about home	To graduate.
Lina Ramke	Quiet	Blushing	To get there.
Susie Reiser	Indifferent	Giggling	To gain two pounds.
Olive Shelton	Demure	"?"	To get married.
Daisy Sicard	Frivolous	Studying "?"	To rival Knockemaroun- ski.
Lucie Smith	Garrulous	Making bright remarks	To break hearts.
Nolan Smith	Serene	Saying nothing	To teach mathematics.
Sue A. Stinson	Bachelor girl's	Sleeping	To pass in critique.
Frances Teddlie	Dandy	Slipping	To be a housewife.
Blauche Wagley	Dreamy	Writing letters	To keep house.
Hiram Wylie	Forget it!	Growing	To get ahead of Mr. St. Amant.

Statistics of the Thesaurians

Hardest Worker.....	Walter Brewer
Biggest Bluff.....	Norma Benton
Most Happy-go-lucky.....	Julia Carriere
Tallest.....	Hiram Wylie
Smallest.....	Iris McWilliams
Most Dignified.....	Thelma French
Class Clown.....	Albert Browne
Wittiest.....	"Tom" Bourg
Most Original.....	Judith Carver
Most Attractive.....	Allene Alexander
Prettiest.....	May Kaffie
Would-be Politician.....	A. L. Pourciau
Biggest Flirt.....	Lucie Smith
Most Quiet.....	Gertrude Billon
Best-dressed.....	Emma Lou Garland
Best All-round Fellow.....	John Canterbury
Most Lovable.....	Nolan Smith
Best Athlete.....	Castle Holland
Biggest "Knocker".....	Lena Lopez
Jolliest.....	Carrie Kirby
Cutest.....	Daisy Sicard
Poet.....	Felix Laborde
Chatter-Box.....	Martha Pellerin
Most Popular.....	The Class!



PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE.

Blanks to Be Filled in by Ninth Termers

Who leads us such a merry (?) dance?

Miss G——

Who makes us work on every chance?

Miss G——

Who says, "Oh, friend, mais non, mais non—
Leave out that frill and furbelow"—

Who says, "Always do thus and so"?

Miss G——

Who says, "You're verbose in you aim"?

Miss G——

Who says, "Miss Bog-g-, is that your name"?

Miss G——

Who knows what "Educated People Are"?

Says, "Hitch your wagon to a star"?

Who sits us down with such a jar?

Miss G——

Who makes us read from W. A. Young?

Miss G——

Says, "The sweetest songs are those unsung"?

Miss G——

Who has on us such an effect,
That work for her we ne'er neglect—

Who gives us note-books to correct?

Miss G——

Who gives us plans and all such truck?

Miss G——

Who says, "Why, friend, that's your hard luck"?

Miss G——

Who has us at her call and beck?

Who makes us feel like one big wreck—

When back our plans come with a *CHECK*?

Miss G——

Excelsiors

FALL CLASS OF 1914

OFFICERS

Cecil McClung.....	President
Dunwoodie Burgess.....	Vice-President
Ethel Merrill.....	Secretary
Kate Gosling.....	Treasurer
Earline Hester.....	Author
Dorothy Vought.....	Artist

FLOWER: Poinsetta.

MOTTO: Climbing, Still Climbing.

COLORS: Red and White.

CLASS POEM

So many feet have trod these sands
Before us; and so many other friends,
When we are gone, will clasp your hands;
But yet in all life's storms and sunny weather,
Remember: that, of all the world,
Just we alone have walked this way together.

E. H.



CLEL McCLUNGS.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.
Class President; Band; Treasurer S.A.K.;
S.A.K. Quartet.
*"On their own merits, modest men
are dumb."*

KATE CARLA GOSLING.....S.A.K.
Monroe, La.
Editor S.A.K., 1914; Treasurer Class;
Potpourri Staff, 1914.
"Be glad, and your friends are many."

ETHEL MERRILLS.A.K.
Monroe, La.
Secretary Class; Potpourri Staff, 1913 and
1914; Editor of Current Sauce; Con-
temporary Life Club; Y. W. C. A.
"In every gesture, dignity and love."

LOUISE VAN DEN BOSCH.....M.C.C.
Texarkana, Texas.
Secretary, Editor, Critic of M.B.S., 1912;
Class Historian, 1913; Bronco Buster,
Texas Club; Y. W. C. A.; Choral
Society.
*"The girl worth while is the girl that
can smile when everything goes dead
wrong."*

ELIZABETH TAYLORS.A.K.
Trees, La.
Vice President Choral Society, 1913; Sec-
retary and Treasurer, 1914; Y. W. C. A.
*"What songs found voice upon those
lips?"*

EARLINE HESTERM.C.C.
Merkel, Texas.
Editor in Chief Potpourri, 1914; Potpourri
Staff, 1913; Class Author; Editor of
Current Sauce; Class Poet, 1913.
*"Who knows what script those open-
ing eyes have read?"*

LEE AURA FULLER.....S.A.K.
Minden, La.
Critic S.A.K., 1913; Secretary Contempo-
rary Life; Folk Dancing; Plays and
Games.
*"Still to be neat, still to be drest, as
if she were going to a feast."*

DUNWOODIE BURGESSS.A.K.
Bunkie, La.
Vice President Class; Potpourri Staff;
Ranch Boss, Texas Club; Choral Society;
Folk Dancing; Tennis; Y. W. C. A.
*"Rather than be less, care not to be
at all."*

LEE CRAIG RAGAN.....E.L.S.
Clarence, La.
Captain Girls' Baseball Team, 1911.
*"A happy soul but all the way to
heaven hath a summer's day."*

VIVIAN LUCILLE KELLER.....S.A.K.
Monroe, La.
Art Editor Potpourri Staff; Choral So-
ciety; Y. W. C. A.
*"All who joy would win must share
it; happiness was born a twin."*





THELMA HEWESS.A.K.
New Roads, La.

Tennis; Folk Dancing.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

OLA DOT OVERBY.....S.A.K.
Bastrop, La.

Potpourri Staff, 1914.

"True as the dial to the sun."

EMMA KENNONE.L.S.
Minden, La.

Basket Ball; Tennis; Y. W. C. A.

"A mien of modest loveliness."

LURLINE DEPUYS.A.K.
White Castle, La.

Tennis.

"In small proportion we just beauties see."

DOROTHY VOUGHT.....S.A.K.
Lake Providence, La.

Class Artist; Choral Society.

"Life is short; art long."

EUNICE MCGALLIARDS.A.K.
Donaldsonville, La.

Tennis; Temporary Life Club.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

RUBY MAE WILCOX.....S.A.K.
Franklin, La.

Swimming; Tennis; Y. W. C. A.; Choral Society.

"Is she not passing fair?"

THOMAS BOWEN EUBANKS.....E.L.S.
Kelly, La.

Varsity Football, 1913 and 1914; Y. W. C. A.; E.L.S. Librarian.

"He was our modern Mars."

ELMA BOOKSHM.C.C.
Plaquemine, La.

Choral Society; Chorister M.C.C.

"Music has charms to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

STELETTA WESTROPES.A.K.
Kentwood, La.

Folk Dancing.

"The hand that follows the intellect can achieve."





LILLIE M. STEVENS.....S.A.K.
Ama, La.

Choral Society.

"Modesty is the silken string running thru the pearl chain of all virtues."

MATTIE BAKERE.L.S.
Jena, La.

Choral Society; Orchestra.

"A maiden mild."

BEULAH KELLYS.A.K.
Honna, La.

Apostleship of Prayer; Tennis; Plays and Games.

"My own thoughts are my companions."

EUNICE ADAMSE.L.S.
Jena, La.

Contemporary Life Club.

"Good sense which only is the gift of heaven."

HELEN GULBEARTM.C.C.
Carencro, La.

Tennis; Apostleship of Prayer; Secretary French Circle, 1913; President, 1914.

"Les Femines ont toujours quelque arrierepensee."

AURELIE NESBITS.A.K.
Baton Rouge, La.

Apostleship of Prayer; Tennis.

"She's noted for her success."

EVELYN KENTM.C.C.
Tennis; Plays and Games.

"Few words indicate a wealth of wisdom."

IRMA HOWERTONM.C.C.
Elmer, La.

Basket Ball.

"Friendship is the wine of life."

MABEL REIDM.C.C.
Wyatt, La.

Varsity Basket Ball Team.

"An artillery of words."

RUBY SHELTONE.L.S.
Winnfield, La.

Y. W. C. A.; Plays and Games; Indoor Baseball; Track; Basket Ball.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."





MINNIE KAYM.C.C.
Center, Texas.

Plays and Games; Y. W. C. A.

"Patient to perform."

EVELYN KENTM.C.C.
Jackson, La.

Tennis; Plays and Games.

"Few words indicate a wealth of wisdom."

MIRIAM K. LUCASS.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

Basket Ball; Tennis; Plays and Games.

"Thy life shall chant its own beauty."

MARJORIE HENRY.....S.A.K.
Natchitoches, La.

Choral Society.

"Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

MATTIE ESTELLE JOHNSTON....S.A.K.
Tallulah, La.

Choral Society; Y. W. C. A.

"A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

TRUEHART RUFFINS.A.K.
Mineral, La.

Treasurer S.A.K., 1913; Y. M. C. A.; Football; Band.

"When a lady's in the case, You know all other things give place."

BELLA M. QUARLES.....S.A.K.
New Roads, La.

Tennis; Calisthenics.

"I profess not talking, only this, Let each man do his best."

RAMONA CANNONS.A.K.
Marksville, La.

Varsity Basket Ball Team; Tennis Club; Track.

"The girl that loves and laughs must sure do well."

EDDIE TEDDLIES.A.K.
St. Maurice, La.

Tennis; Choral Society; Plays and Games.

"A wilderness of sweets."

LINNIE RUTLEDGES.A.K.
Cheneyville, La.

Tennis; Contemporary Life Club.

"For pity melts the mind to love."





ELIZABETH TALLYM.C.C.
 Plaquemine, La.
 Choral Society; M.C.C. Quartette.
"If music be the food of love, play on."



LIL BILLONS.A.K.
 Bayou Goula, La.
 Plays and Games; School of Music.
"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair."



A GLIMPSE OF THE TOWN.

Excelsior Library

Dorothy Vought.....	"The Dixie Rose"
Marjorie Henry.....	"The Rose in the Ring"
Kate Gosling.....	"The Fortunate Youth"
Lizzie Taylor.....	"Old Curiosity Shop"
Ethel Merrill.....	"Pathfinder"
Louise Van den Bosch.....	"A Book of Foreign Travels"
Ruby Wilcox.....	"The Seven Secrets"
Lee Aura Foller.....	"Quo Vadis"
Emma Kennon.....	"My Lady of the Chimney Corner"
Dunwoodie Burgess.....	"Madam Butterfly"
Eunice Adams.....	"Sense and Sensibility"
Earline Hester.....	"The Girl of the Golden West"
Lillie Stevens.....	"Lavender and Old Lace"
Vivian Keller.....	"A Young Mutineer"
Eunice McGalliard.....	"A Daughter of the South"
Lizzie Tally.....	"Diamond Dick"
Mabel Reid.....	"The Wild Olive"
Irma Howerton.....	"Our Mutual Friend"
Dot Overby.....	"The Crusader"
Stelletta Westrope.....	"Great Expectations"
Larline Dupuy.....	"Baa-baa Black Sheep"
Bella Quarles.....	"Lost In the Wilderness"
Thelma Hewes.....	"The Blue Bird"
Ramona Cannon.....	"The Beloved Vagabond"
Cecil McClung.....	"The Man Who Laughs"
Bowen Eubanks.....	"The Fair God"
Ruby Shelton.....	"Midshipman Easy"
Minnie Kay.....	"An Old-Fashioned Girl"
Miriam Lucas.....	"As You Like It"
Truchart Ruffin.....	"The Squaw-Man"
Elma Booksh.....	"Cicero's Select Orations"
Homer Carter.....	"Colonel Carter From Cartersville"
Daisy Roux.....	"Vanity Fair"
Lil Billion.....	"Mysterious Island"
Evelyn Kent.....	"The Unforeseen"
Linnie Rutledge.....	"Looking Backward"
Clyde Carter.....	"Queed"
Bulah Kelly.....	"The Fugitive Freshman"
Mrs. Varnado.....	"Silent Night"
Lee Craig Ragau.....	"Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman"
Eddie Teddlie.....	"The Little Mix"
Maud Carter.....	"A Mother To Us All"
Helen Guilbeau.....	"The Cricket On the Hearth"
Mattie Johnson.....	"A Spinner In the Sun"
Aurelie Nesbit.....	"A Weaver of Dreams"
Mattie Baker.....	"The Music Master"
ALL OF US.....	"Les Miserables!"

Pericleans

WINTER CLASS 1914-15

OFFICERS

Morris Shows.....	President
Elmira Montgomery.....	Vice-President
Mary Faulk	Secretary
Paul Concienne	Treasurer
Kate Gosling	Potpourri Editor
Miriam Carver	Potpourri Editor

Motto: With the Ropes of the Present, We Ring the Bells of the Future.

COLORS: Purple and Green.

FLOWER: Violet.

TO OUR FLOWER

Oh, violet, there seems to be
Within thy face so lowly,
This message you would teach to me
To make me pure and holy:--

"When winter's frost has kissed the leaves
And made them cold and dreary,
When chilling ice hangs from the eaves,
Look up, be bright and cheery.

"Before the other joys of spring
Have filled the world with pleasure,
Thy humble little offering bring
And scatter out thy treasure."

— E. M.

Class Roll

Vera Abbott
Della Alford, Mrs.
Elsa Alwes
Josephine Aly
Ida Aucoin
Rebecca Applebaum
Elise Babers
Gertie Babin
Clara Louise Barnes
Virginia Beekeom
Clyde Blanche
Eunice Bolin
Bessie Bonner
Nora Bonvillain
Pinkie Bowden
Hilda Breazeale
Gracey Brown
Mattie Cain
Paul Concienne
Miriam Carver
Willie Cavett
Helen Callaway
Levie Cazes
May Celestin
Sadie Celestin
Ella Clarke
Evelyn Coco
Gladys Comeaux
Grace Cook
Ethel Davis
Rowena del'Homme
Thyra Denholue
Helen Dixon
Erin Dore
Wilma Dupuy
Lillie Durbin

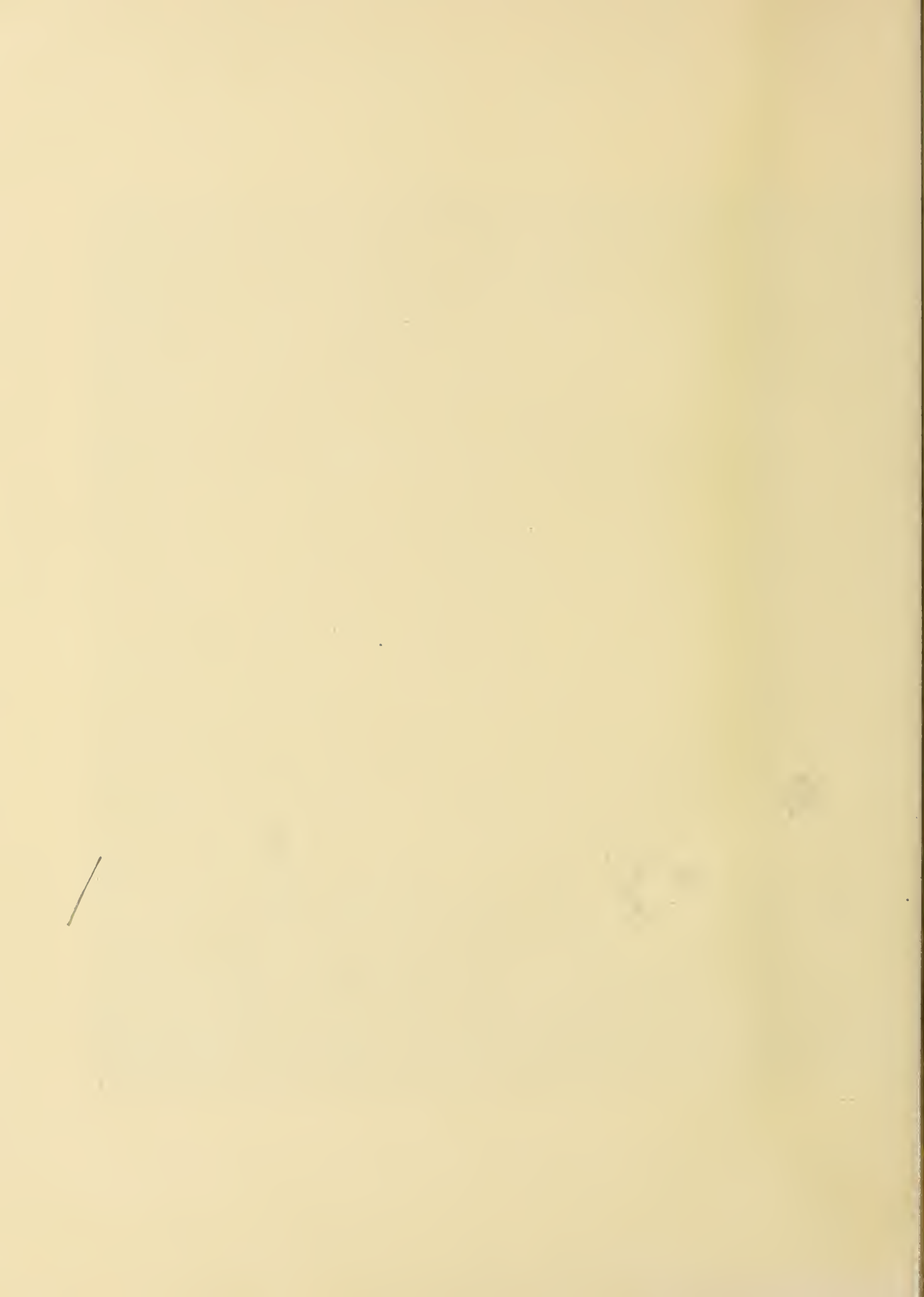
Claude Ellender
Mary Emerson
Mary Faulk
Mamie Foreman
Delia Gaunt
Mabel Gauthier
Angele Guepet
Lucy Guyton
Elgie Hall
R. W. Hamilton
Laura Harris
Evelyn Herbert
Edith Henry
Annette Hewitt
Lovie D. Hubbs
Elizabeth Johnson
Rose Juneau
Jeanne Keller
Josie Kelly
Lillian Kibbe
Leon Killen
Mamie Kiper
Miriam Klaus
Maud Klingman
Alice LaCombe
Neva Lewis
Marguerite L'Herrison
Louise Lindsey
Nancy Long
Lola McFarland
Elmira Montgomery
Gertrude Moore
Margaret Morris
Reese Murphy
Bernadine O'Connell
Ora Peters

Annie May Pettit
Nettie Phillips
Bessie Ramsey
Lessie Ramsey
Mary Reid
Bobby Reiser
Sadie Riggs
Sadie Saal
Myrtle Salmon
Marguerite Sanders
Clyde Schilling
Emmie Self
Morris Shows
Camille Skofield
Elise Slawson
Madeline Smith
Mary Lou Smitherman
Arnaudlia Snoddy
Irma Sompayrac
Pearl Street
Estelle Tannehill
Nannie Tarwater
Camille Taylor
Mary Tooke
Una Touns
Della Tramel
Mary Turner
Charles Tynes
Cleo Vaughan
Lottie Vice
Mabel Vidrine
Helen Walsh
Lillian West
Mary Wilkins
Norma Wooten
Odelia Wright





E CLEANS



Pericleans

Oh! do not loiter in the shade,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!
Keep up the record you have made,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!
On to the fight with earnest zeal,
The Normal School your battlefield;
Fight until death, before you yield,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!

You cannot let your courage die,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!
Fight on, fight on, for victory's nigh,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!
The tests are hard, the lessons long,
When trav'ling on in learning's throng,
But lead the ranks, for ye are strong,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!

There are no fears within your hearts,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!
Right faithfully, you'll do your parts,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!
Remember Pericles of old,
And how he led the age of gold;
Rest, when immortal fame you hold,
Pericleans! Oh, Pericleans!

—NORMA WOOTEN.

Pericleans! If Thou Wouldst Not Have Thine Angora Procured:

- I. Go not down the north stairway, when Mr. Stopher is at his post.
- II. Raise not a window in Mr. Williamson's room, unless thou taketh out both sashes to prevent a draft.
- III. Risk not the perils of the Social Science course without a World's Almanac.
- IV. If thou must needs skip a class, let it in no wise be that of Mr. Whisenhunt.
- V. Go not to the expense of purchasing a song book until thou makest sure that neither of thy neighbors is of a mind to do so.
- VI. Show not thy prejudice against the private lives of illustrious men in history without thoroughly contemplating the time in which they lived.
- VII. When the matron knocketh in the silent (?) hours of study hall, whilst thou art visiting, seclude not thyself within thy neighbor's locker; or, if thy neighbor is calling on thee, suffer her not to hide herself in thine.
- VIII. Flatter not thyself to think that thou art so blessed that thou mayst be late to breakfast on Saturday and Sunday mornings.
- IX. If thou wouldst't indulge in eatables in thy room at night, beware of salmon and onions, lest the odor thereof penetrate the matron's "oil factories."
- X. If thou feelest that thou wilt perish unless an ice-cream-soda is consumed by thee on Sunday morning, hie thee to the fount whilst the President of the Institution attendeth divine services; furthermore, make sure to avoid an encounter with any scrupulous member of the faculty whose religion inclineth toward finding the faults of the oppressed students rather than his own.

Various Conceptions of Knowledge Instilled with Care by the Respective Teachers Into the Minds of the Pericleans

Mr. Winstead thinks knowledge is the ability to read all the Latin that the Romans thought—but did not have time to write.

Mr. Williamson considers that we abound in knowledge if we can give a faultless definition of the earth's crust.

Mr. Hedges believes that knowledge does not extend beyond the ordinary ability to conquer such easy problems in Advanced Arithmetic as: "Find the area of the earth without knowing its dimensions."

Mr. Fournet does not choose to assume that it takes an unusually brilliant power of reasoning to solve impossible problems in Physics.

Mrs. McVoy declares that we can never attain knowledge until we can feel ourselves *living* the life of each writer of classic literature, even though we study a different author at each English period of the week.

Mr. Martin considers that a group of people are thoroughly educated if they can sing "pianissimos" and "fortissimos" to perfection.

Miss Hart asks for no more knowledge than is necessary to conjugate any verb of the third conjugation, and translate at sight any of Daudet's novels.

Mr. Stopher thinks that we are not entitled to a diploma until we can go out into the state and lead an *appropriate* song on any occasion.

Mr. St. Amant's ideal of a person of knowledge is one who can see both sides of any question, who believes in the honor system and the single tax, and can recognize the faults in his own country.

Mr. Whisenhunt thinks that knowledge is embodied in the ability to enumerate and explain, discuss and illustrate all phases of any pedagogical topic he may extract from his little note book.

Mr. Davis thinks that all knowledge is comprehended between the pages of Hessler and Smith's Elements of Chemistry, and the four walls of the L. S. N. laboratory.

Class Laughs

IRENE: "Why, Laura, what are you crying about, you big baby?"

LAURA: "Well, I guess you'd cry, too, if your mamma had gone 'way out of the United States to Washington, D. C., 'way up in the *Dominion of Canada*."

MRS. HAWKINS: "Miss Kiper, you do not seem to be as interested in your education as you were."

MISS KIPER: "No, education is said to broaden one, and I can't stand much more and look well."

MABEL GAUTHIER: "Mr. Claman, why is it that you have never called on me in psychology?"

MR. CLAMAN: "Well, if you want me to call on you, you will have to get a name that I can pronounce."

MISS GAUTHIER: "I am perfectly willing to change my name."

MR. WILLIAMSON: "How many rivers flow north?"

EVELYN COCO: "Why, all the rivers flow north and south, so the railroads can go east and west."

MR. HEDGES: "The Battle of Manila was fought on Sunday morning, and I read about it in the papers Saturday night. How was that?"

MISS SALMON: "I suppose you read about it the next Saturday."

MISS CARVER: "Who can tell me who wrote Proverbs?"

MISS TANNEHILL: "Benjamin Franklin."

Lament of Chemistry Class

(Hats Off to America.)

(Inspired, as was America, by strong feeling on the subject.)

Chemistry lab. of thee
Oh! thou of misery,
Of thee I sing!
Place where H₂S
Gives one so much distress,
Where acids spoil my dress,
H₂G my ring.

Let vapors swell the breeze,
Let sulphur make me sneeze,
'Tis right, alas!
Let every pencil write
Reactions day and night,
That we may gain the light
To make us pass!

—MIRIAM CARVER.

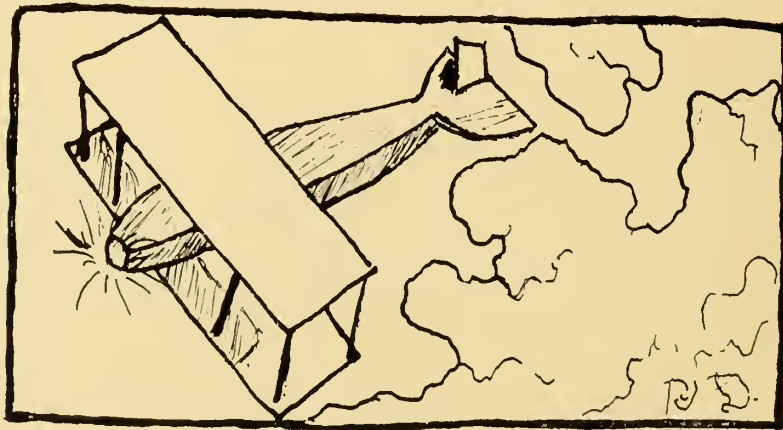


A SPOT WE ALL LOVE.

Aeronauts

SPRING CLASS, 1915

Thos. Griffin	President
Lucille Roy	Vice-President
Lillian Hart	Secretary
Lester Montegut	Treasurer



MOTTO

We Rise By Our Efforts Only.

FLOWER

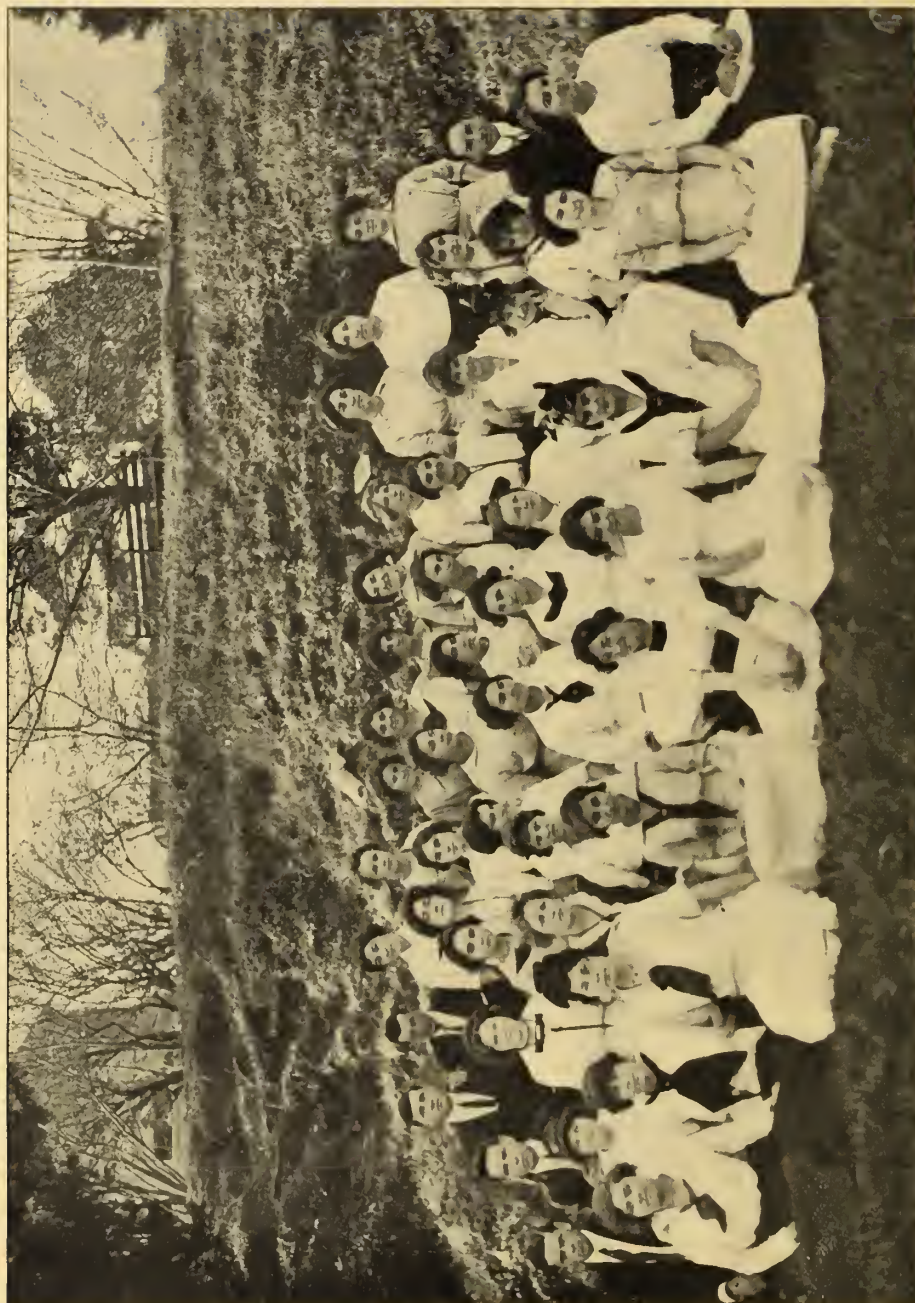
Star Jasmine.

COLORS

Blue and White.

Aeronauts' Class Roll

Ruth Beesley	Carrie Hamiter	Elizabeth Ponder
W. J. Bennett	Mae Hargis	Emma Pourciau
Hildur Berglund	Lillian Hart	Laura Prejean
Edwina Bludworth	Maggie Hughes	Marie L. Quarles
Noelie Bodin	Olande Hurst	Robert L. Robertson
Lillie Booth	Mollie Hyde	Carolyn C. Roux
Charlie Coussans	Valerie Le Blance	Lucile May Roy
Fannie Cudd	Elizabeth Lehmann	Irma Russ
Lillian M. Davis	Helen Woodard	Reviere Sewell
Verna Dean	Ernie McCasland	Lucille B. Siess
Margaret Emerson	Carrie C. Maus	Rozina A. Singer
Olga Erath	Roland Metoyer	Elizabeth Smith
Greville Ewing	Mabel Miller	Evie Starling
O. Merrill Flower	Lester Montegut	Cecile Touns
Mildred Gardner	Frances Morris	Della Upton
Thos. J. Griffin	Beatrice Pace	Sarah Lee Wheatly
Jessie Lea Guile	Louella Painter	Alice Williamson



THE AERONAUTS.

Song of the 2C Bird-Men

When Normal roses blush and glow
Along the Normal walk,
They are a symbol of our joy
That comes of well-done tasks, you know.

When Normal pine trees sigh and moan
Beyond the dining-hall,
They are a symbol of our woe
We reap from wild oats blindly sown.

When Normal cannas flaunt their bloom
Within the Normal court—
A sigh of triumphs that we win
In work, or bluffing, get a boom.

Ah, roses, pines, and cannas all
We take them one by one:
They all are symbols of our life
And nothing wormwood is or gall.

The Flight of the Aeronauts

One day, while gazing through the telescope of the Future, searching the stars of Possibility for evidence of what was to come, lo! I saw what appeared to me to be great birds flitting across the heavens, obscuring the star Magister on which I had trained my telescope. On their approaching nearer, I was astonished to find that it was not a flock of birds as I had supposed, but a large number of aeroplanes which were setting out on a long journey. One of the Aeronauts directed his machine towards me, and alighted upon the top gallery of my observatory, while the others circled round and round above us.

The Aeronaut who had alighted addressed me, asking if I would care to join him and his companions in the quest of the Normal Diploma. He alone had no companion in his airship. Upon inquiring the nature of the flight, I ascertained that it would be a long one, full of dangers and trials, but that a rich reward would be obtained at the close of the journey. Here was a rare opportunity for an adventure; so boldly I accepted the strange friend's offer, and was soon seated beside him in his aeroplane. With a great buzzing and whirring we were off, followed by the other machines which were hovering around.

We had not gone far before I was convinced that this was not going to be so much an adventure as the overcoming of difficult tasks. In the beginning we journeyed very peacefully, but it was not long before we discovered that there were dreadful animals of the air as well as of the land and sea. The most terrible we had to encounter was one very closely akin to the zebra of the land, the name of which was Al-gebra. He was striped like a zebra but with white stripes which resembled figures such as X, Y, Z, etc. A herd of these Al-gebras started toward us and a terrible combat ensued. After a hard struggle, we conquered them and continued our flight, only to encounter other air monsters.

These monsters were smaller but fiercer than the Al-gebras. They resembled the Centaurs in Greek Mythology, having the arms and head of man and the body of a horse. On inquiring of one of their number, we obtained the information that these strange animals were the Physicseans, and that the Aerial country that we were in was Physicsea. These Physicseans were very busy people, but not so engrossed in their own affairs that they were not hostile to strangers. They drew great weights from the earth by means of levers, and, in order to store their most perishable foods away, several of them were engaged in finding the heat of fusion of ice. Their king, Archimedes, was so absorbed in an experiment that he did not glance at us in the outer courts of his palace. A sentinel curtly dismissed us from the palace, saying that his king was solving a great problem for the people of the earth, and could not be approached. Being brave we attempted to force our way through the palace of Physicsea, and an awful battle followed this indiscreet act. Several of the Aeronauts were left behind, wounded, but none the less determined to pass through the palace as soon as they were able to continue the journey.

Later we came to a country that was covered with strange figures, which resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics, magnified a thousand times. Everywhere we bumped against such figures as triangles, circles, parallelograms, and rectangles. We had great difficulty not only in steering, but in appeasing the insulted inhabitants, when anyone asked an explanation of

one of these figures, or displaced one of them. We tried to find the area of one of the triangles. We measured around it, across it, and in every conceivable way. You can imagine our surprise when one of the inhabitants told us that we could easily find it by taking one-half the base times the altitude! Notwithstanding these few trials, we continued our journey.

While flying peacefully along, feeling that we had surmounted all difficulties, to our horror we perceived an awful danger ahead. It was the towering peak of the volcano Chemistry. We knew that so many flyers had been unable to cross this awful crater and had had to give up in despair; we tried our best to avoid it, but alas! one machine after another steered into the mountain with a terrible crash. The odor of escaping gases, such as hydrogen, sulphide and chlorine was almost unbearable. Our aeroplane had been damaged also and we, like many others fell to the earth. Several Aeronauts were injured, but all of them became wiser after this failure, and with more determination and better equipment, they set out to cross the mountain. However, this break caused several others, so after this last calamitous adventure, we all decided to separate and seek our goal through diverse paths. Before long a number of groups was organized. None went back to the already visited lands, but all sought new ones. One set out for the land of Industria, another to La Patrie Francais, while we went to visit the celebrated art galleries. The group composed of the musicians of the Aeronauts went off to do concert work until the time appointed for all to meet.

At present we are all flying along different routes. Some are passing through snow storms; the thunder crashes about others; while upon others the sun continues to shine. Nevertheless, we are all flying toward the same goal and are looking forward to the time of arrival with great hope and expectation. Some say that to fly hopefully is better than to arrive. At any rate, we are sure of success now, for, though we are hoping to reach graduation by these different routes, yet we are a class unit, keeping always our motto before us, "We rise by our efforts only."



Alyssrans

SUMMER CLASS OF 1915

MOTTO

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

COLORS

Black and Gold.

FLOWER

Sun-flower.

OFFICERS

John Barnes.....	President
Virginia Prescott.....	Vice-President
Luther Roark.....	Secretary
Ellis Barnes.....	Class Poet
Carrie Belle Lee.....	} Journalists
Aletha Whittington.....	



ULYSSEANS.

Class Roll

Ellis Barnes	Lillie Gremillion	Virginia Prescott
John Barnes	Ethel Hawkins	Clara Rainbolt
Kathryn Berly	Edith Hawkins	Luther Roark
Hattie Blackman	Fred Jackson	Faye Sale
Winona Breda	Mabel Jones	Selma Smith
Velma Coon	Carrie Belle Lee	Bertha Sutton
Lela Crowder	William Lucas	Clara Tarver
Jimmie Davis	Irma Wilson	Eva Thomas
Lucille DeBlieux	May Alice McGraw	Beulah Thompson
Lena Doughty	Mabel Methvien	Elvira Torres
Arthur Dugas	Urline Mire	Arabella Vignes
Margaret Ecker	Mattie Norman	Willa Mae Wallace
Spencer Emmons	Geraldine Norris	Fannie Whisenhunt
Hilda Falcon	Valentine Olinde	Evelyn White
Julia Featherstone	Esther Overby	Aletha Whittington
Gertrude Futral	Fleet Parker	Janie Belle Young
	Vera Mae Young	

Voyage of the Ulysseans

Now in those days it happened that, when the Ulysseans completed the siege of Troy (Grammar School), we departed on our voyage to Ithaca (Graduation from the Normal). After a journey of nine months we came to the Island of Cyclops (Fourth Term). There we soon encountered the giant Polyphemus in his cave (Miss Messerschmidt in her office), as a consequence of which many of us perished.

Those of us who escaped with our lives sought the aid of AEOLUS (Hard Study), who bound up the Evil Winds (Pleasure and Distractions), and sent us on our way, promising a safe voyage. When we were under full sail, Sleep (Temptation) overcame us, the Evil Winds were loosened, and bore us again into evil tide.

We arrived at the land of Laestrygons (Mr. Stopher, Dominants, Sub-Dominants, Mediants, and so on), and lost more of our crew.

Next we encountered Circe in her enchanted castle (Mr. Bateman in the garden). There we met his former victims (plantaphis, cabbage butterflies, and many others), and would ourselves have been transformed had we not possessed the magic herb (Kerosene emulsion and Paris Green), with which to defy his power. When he saw that we were souls against which there could be no enchantment, he feasted us on rare food and sweet wines (onions, radishes, and so on), and disclosed to us the secret of the safe voyage, launching us again on the sea (Fifth Term).

Soon we sighted Scylla (Mr. Hedges), a dreadful monster of the sea, with six heads (solid geometry, advanced arithmetic, advanced algebra, trigonometry, analytics and calculus), each of which threatened to devour us.

Then Charybdis (Mr. Davis) came into view. Three months did this monster seek to gulp us down, but each time we escaped from his clutches and rowed safely past.

Soon we came to the Island of THE SIRENS (Mr. Winstead and the Latin Department). And when we were so near the shore that the shouts of a man could be heard therefrom, the sirens perceived our ships and began to sing. This was their song:

“Hither, Ulysseans, come and join our force;

We will teach you everything about the Latin Course,
You shall go on with us; we shall travel far,

But remember this, our motto, ‘HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR.’ ”

But we filled our ears and sped past them, lest we be enchanted and come not to Ithaca. So we passed unharmed.

For three weeks we continued to float on in safety, and, during the fourth, the gods bore us in sight of the Island of Cyclops (Sixth Term), where we shall drop our anchor soon.

Here is hoping that we shall escape the evils of that unknown land, and arrive at Ithaca before long.

KATHRYN BERLY,
VIRGINIA PRESCOTT.

Ulyssseans of Today

(With Ulysses of Tennyson as our Inspiration.)

Embarking on a stormy sea,
Where fears and shadows pass,
Our anchors soon we'll draw aboard—
The Ulyssean Class.

We will not pause from fear or dread,
Tho billows rise and fall,
Tho rough and fierce the sea may swell—
We'll labor ceaseless all.

We love our work; we'll strive to win
In spite of storm and tide;
We'll man our oars, direct our ship,
With duty as our guide.

"How dull it is" for us "to pause,
To make an end" to toil;
"To rust unburnished" and unused
Amid the great turmoil!

We are too brave to lag behind
While others fight the strife;
We cannot live and cease to toil
"As tho to breathe were life."

There is something yet for us to do—
Our oars we yet may wield;
We live "to strive, to seek, to find,"
Always, "and not to yield."

—ELLIS BARNES.

Investigators

FALL CLASS 1915

COLORS

Blue and Olive.

FLOWER

Forget-me-not.

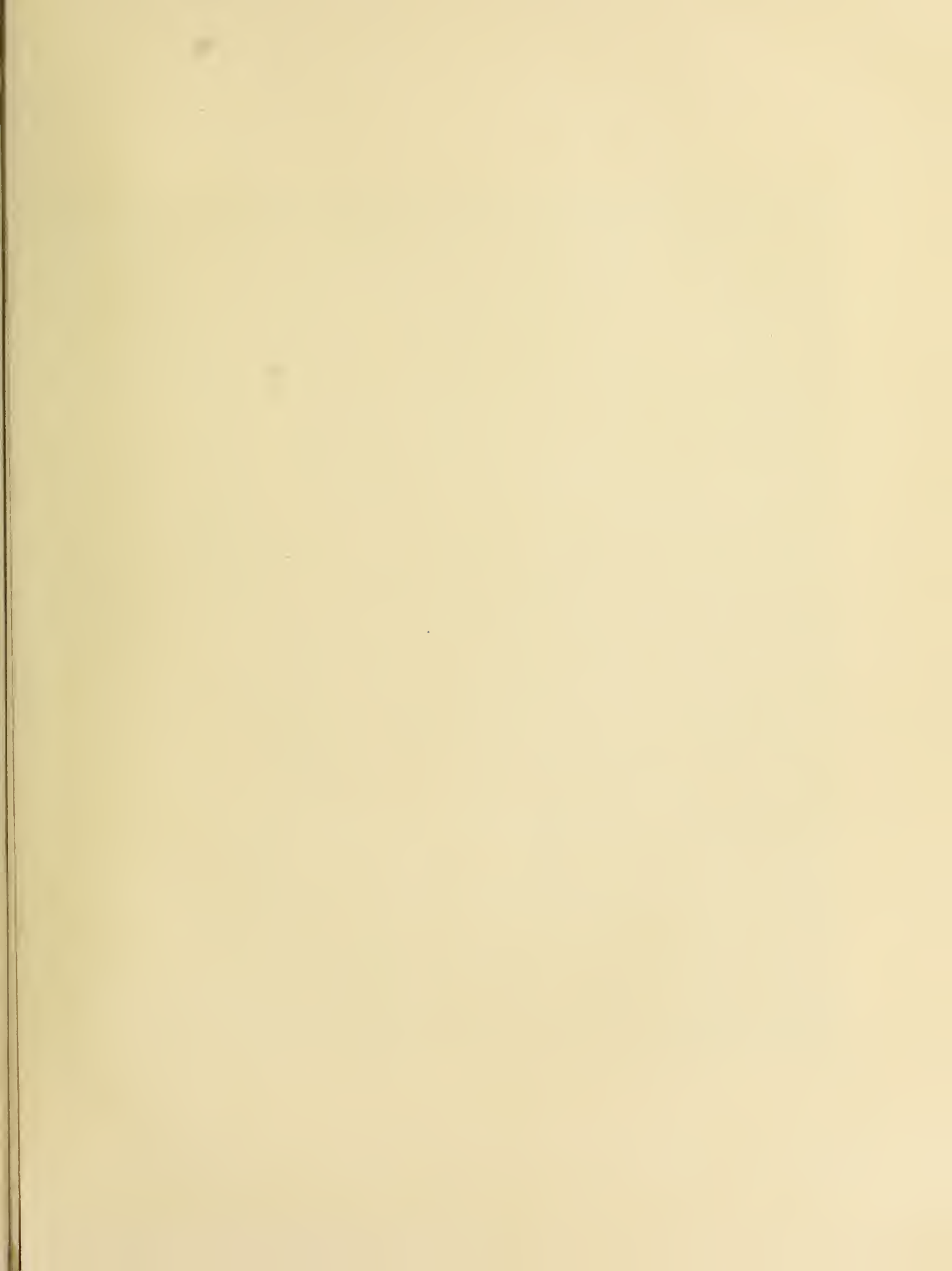
MOTTO

Live to Learn.

OFFICERS

President.....	Bernard Nelken
Vice-President.....	Edna Fant
Secretary.....	Irma Scott
Treasurer.....	Matt Buatt
Editors.....	(Hilda Moody Katherine Marston Berta Cole









ESTIGATORS

Class Roll

- Myrtle Atkins: Imagine Myrtle knowing how to flirt!
- Alton Alford: "I heard a hollow sound. Who rapped my brain?"
- Grace Atkins: "Not for herself, but for her music she lives."
- Argerine Barbee: The peacemaker.
- Effie Bargas: "To be brilliant in my physics is my ambition."
- Walter Bayne: "I am as guiltless as I am ignorant."
- Ruth Bennet: "Speech is silver, but silence is gold."
- Winnie Bouanchard: What's in a name?
- Matt Buatt: "Say 'Matt' and you'll find Mary on the scene."
- Katherine Breazale: "I dare you to name the cute boy I don't know."
- Sarah Cade: "Call me 1B algebra."
- Emily Caillet: "Parlez vous Francois?"
- Lena Carlton: "I'm from Missouri; you'll have to show me."
- Berta Cole: "Are there no such key as F flat?"
- Mary Lou Cole: "If bald expanse has anything to do with intelligence I am brilliant."
- Mattie Denham: "Wonderful! I passed in geometry!"
- Mone de Rouen: "Thou wilt soon make a history student."
- Bessie Dixon: Noted for her bright smile.
- Benoit Charles Dugas: "Lucy 'sinks' I'm cute."
- Edna Fant: Slow but sure.
- Beatrice Foret: "To give the Passe Subjunctive is my desire."
- Docia Foster: Did I hear a word from those lips?
- Helen Freeman: "Roll on, old world, and I'll roll with you."
- Clara Fuller: Like a ray of sunshine.
- Mary Funderburk: Quiet and sedate.
- Rosalie Goldberg: "Boys are the least of my worries."
- Annie Ruth Harold: "I told you that already."
- Louise Hodges: "Girls, please hand me the mirror, quick!"
- Jipporah Hooper: Miss Messerschmidt's steady.
- Evelyn Jefferson: "Oh, this learning! What a thing it is!"
- Maud Killen: Ever late.
- Mary Alice Larch: "I put a tunc to everything, but it's usually a discord."
- Agnes Latham: The tall and stately.
- Eunice Lawes: "I am as constant as the northern star."

Victorine Letulle: Our French coquette.
 Woodward Lindsey: The bashful.
 Pearl McVea: Little but screamy.
 Katherine Marston: "Mr. Fournet, I don't see that."
 Aimee Maurin: Her black curls have bewitched many a masculine heart.
 Berta Moffett: "Please don't make so much noise."
 Hilda Moody: Built like a mosquito—long and thin—but a splendid nature all the same.
 Louise Myers: She of the flashing black eyes.
 Rowena Neff: "An bien non!!!"
 Bernard Nelken: Always to be noble is his desire.
 Anne Ruth Nuttall: Just sit up and look wise.
 Margaret Pickels: "Even if I am a pickle, everybody loves me."
 Ena Phelps: "Resolved, it rains toad-frogs, snakes, and angle-worms."
 Bella Plauche: Our musician—she makes the piano talk.
 Elise Ramke: "Man delights not me."
 Frank Ricard: Young but noble.
 Lueye Richardson: The author of "Two Twin Brothers."
 Shelly O. Schilling: His rich, sweet voice excels the nightingales.
 Irma Scott: "I'm not brilliant, but I refuse to be called a fool."
 Mary Speeg: "Frailty, thy name is woman."
 Leila Spier: "There's music in the air when I sing"
 Chloris Stevenson: "Two large blue eyes and light brown curls make Chloris."
 Winnie Strickland: "Be wise and break thy glasses if thou wouldst refrain from study."
 Willie Swan: Modest, simple, and sweet as a violet.
 Evy Tibodaux: "You're painted!"—by nature.
 Anne Towles: Mrs. McVoy's "Pet."
 Thelma Trichel: "A big word showeth knowledge."
 Ella Vial: Champion heavyweight.
 Stella Waterbury: Beautiful hair is a woman's glory.
 Ruth Williams: "I'm afraid the levee's going to break!"
 Toma Hill Williams: "When I 'ope my mouth let no *other* dog bark."
 Dottie Yearwood: Ah! but, Miss Yearwood, you'll have to wake up.

Slip Day

Monday evening, and all of the pupils of the Louisiana State Normal sit on the edge of their chairs, waiting for the last gong to sound before they all crowd around their class advisers, waiting for those fateful slips.

Slips, now you must know, are little pieces of white paper, containing your name and classification and on them are written, at the the end of each month, all the subjects in which you have "flunked." Hence, the ambition of all to "pass clean"; that is, to obtain a perfectly clean slip.

The bell rings and there is a mighty uproar, as about six hundred students work their way to the appointed rooms in the Main Hall. One goes this way; another, just the opposite. Here a girl stops her chum to whisper something in her ear; another tries to reach the fruit shop to buy a "Hershey," to help keep back the tears when the slips are handed out.

There go several members of the 2A Class! Let us follow them and see the different ones as they receive their slips. There are so many that it is impossible to mention them all, but just watch a few as they go by.

Mr. Hedges is standing at the desk calling out the names. "Margaret Pickels," he drones, and a little girl walks up with a self-satisfied look on her pleasant face. She takes her clean slip and smiles as much as to say, "No surprise. I *knew* that I had 'passed clean.'" Next, Matt Buatt, the favorite of the class, marches up smiling, but he sobers down a tiny bit when he sees "Singing" on his slip. But his sunny disposition is not to be soured and he walks off humming, "do, sol, la, sol," while Mr. Hedges calls out, "Mona de Rouen," and a lively brunette goes forward, boasting of the number of subjects she has failed in. But when she sees "Geometry" her face clouds as she exclaims, "Well, Mr. Fournet can 'flunk' me if he pleases, but I know as much as Julia Bains. Anyway, there is a new man coming to teach us geometry, and I will make a hit." "Rowena Neff!" is the next in order, and "our little French chum" walks up and is handed a slip with a big "Francais 2A" scrawled across

the top of it. Watch her face! Her eyes open wide and she looks as though the most impossible thing has happened. "Well, Miss Hart has 'flunked' me in French and I just knew she would. I never will learn how to give the 'Passe' Anteneur' if I take French *six* more terms. I wish that I had taken agriculture!"

(That last wish is often on the lips of all the Latin and French students as they see Mr. Bateman's Agriculture Class tramping out to the garden laughing and talking.)

We all turn around as a wee little voice pops up, saying, "I bet you a Hershey that Mr. Stopher does not 'flunk' me in singing. I do think he is the dearest man." And we see Katherine Breazeale and Louise Hodges coming in, late as usual, but never missing anything.

And so they pass on one by one, some with moist eyes; others with bright smiles. But let us sympathize with them all, as there are weeping days as well as sunshiny days for us all here at the Normal.

HILDA MOODY.

Spartans

WINTER CLASS OF 1915-16

CLASS OFFICERS

U. H. Morris.....	President
Esteve Hymel.....	Vice-President
Alma Avinger.....	Secretary
Eric DeBlieux.....	Treasurer

FLOWER
Carnation.

COLORS
Pink and Green.

MOTTO
"Spartan" spells success.





SPARTANS.

Class Roll

Alexander, Mary Leigh	Patterson, Stella	Hymel, Esteve
Allen, Gene	Pickett, Elva	Jefferson, Ruth
Avinger, Alma	Prudhomme, James	Kemp, Myrtie
Bains, Julia	Simon, Marie	Keup, Arta
Baker, Wesley	Tregre, Cecile	Miller, Erma
Barlow, Mabel	Vaughn, Alma	Morris, George
Bonner, Mary T.	Webb, Grace	Pardue, Lela
Calliham, Lela	Durham, Viola	Phares, Katherine
Collins, Mattie	Enloe, Eudie	Proffitt, Frances
Corbett, Annie D.	Garland, Alma	Scallan, Bennett
DeBlieux, Eric	Gray, Jack	Smith, Eleanor
Kemper, Alice Caroline	Green, Debbie	Tynes, Percy
Moore, Marguerite	Guyton, Camille	Watson, Beatrice
Morris, U. H.	Hurst, Emma	Weldon, Estelle

The Spartans

As Spartans we came to L. S. N.,
With hearts and souls awake;
And here we'll stay until the end,
For teachers we must make.

Though labor ever be our lot,
Though sorrow be our share;
We look beyond obscuring clouds,
Quite sure the light is there.

For if the work of Normal life
Grows harder term by term,
'Tis our own part of toil and strife,
And Spartans must stand firm.

Whatever is won of truth and grace
And right that conquers wrong,
And tender voice and kindly face—
Let us remember long.

And after we leave old Normal Hill
We chance to meet anon—
We'll clasp glad hands in mem'ry still
Of school days passed and gone.

Optimists

SPRING CLASS OF 1916

OFFICERS

President.....	Cordelia Landry
Vice-President.....	Emily Poche
Secretary.....	Eunice Odom
Treasurer.....	Lesley Stafford

MOTTO: "To make the dark light."

COLORS: Purple and Green.

FLOWER: Sweet Pea.

MEMBERS

George Annison	Paul Ducournau	Ruby Poe
Carrie Addison	Layton Flanagan	George Poleman
Mary L. Arnaud	Sunshine Flynn	Barbara Porter
Frances Bergeron	Alline Gianalloni	Una Prudhomme
Erie Buatt	Gladys Gleason	Ruby Rabb
Juanita Begue	Carl Henry	Lesley Stafford
Emmanuel Bishop	Blanche Jewell	America Stuckey
Lucille Burleigh	Mollie Kavanaugh	Ursa Vodopevic
Idonia Bush	Gertrude Killen	Rosa Lee Womble
Rhea Callegari	Lucille McWhinney	Elizabeth Webster
Claudia Carnahan	Nada Meredith	Viola Prudhomme
Janestine Coats	Kathleen Merritt	Blanche Weems
Estelle Cloutier	Eunice Odom	Cordelia Landry
Mary Currie	M. J. Parker	Edith Olinde
Rita Dezendorf	Emily Poche	Sophie Haydell



OPTIMISTS.

We Optimists would be Satisfied with Life if we could only:

Make as heart-felt a speech as Mr. Roy.
 Tell as many jokes as Mr. South.
 Read as much Shakespeare as Mrs. McVoy.
 Receive as many baskets of flowers as Miss Carrol.
 Hunt as many bugs as Mr. Williamson.
 Be as conscientious as Miss Varnado.
 Wear as perpetual a grin as Mr. Claman.
 Have as nice a beau as Miss Hallinger.
 Be as coquettish as Mr. Fournet.
 Wear lavender as becomingly as Miss Messerschmidt.
 Speak Caesar as well as Mr. Winstead.
 Play nurse as charmingly as Mrs. Keane.
 Have as much official dignity as Mr. Martin.
 Get around as rapidly as Mr. Guardia.
 Sing as beautifully as Mrs. Martin.
 Paint life as rosy as Mrs. Wildersen.
 Teach chemistry as systematically as Mr. Davis.
 Work magic gifts as well as Mr. Hopper.
 Teach art history as fluently as Miss Phillips.
 Farm as well as Mr. Bateman.
 Cook as dainty dishes as Miss Weeks.
 Teach graphing with as much interest as Mr. Prather.
 Teach basket ball as successfully as Mr. Hedges.
 Talk as fast as Mrs. Bailey.
 Define the honor system as originally as Mr. St. Amant.
 Be as awe-inspiring as Miss Hulsart.
 Know the art of teaching as well as Dr. Cooley.
 Lecture on French as gracefully as Miss Hart.
 Handle as much money as Mr. Monroe.
 Be as animated as Mrs. Guilbeau.
 Have as many friends as Mr. Stopher.
 Be as economical as Mrs. Hawkins.
 Have as many "crushes" as Miss Moore.
 Be loved by the pupils as Mr. Payne.
 Learn the art of dancing as Miss Graham.
 Be as popular as Miss Levy.
 Teach kindergarten as well as Miss Bessie Russell.
 Become as polite as Miss Bordelon.
 Be as gentle and kind as Miss Scharlie Russell.
 Work other people as hard as Miss Gauden.
 Be as able an instructor as Miss Feltus.
 Be as willing to make apologies as Mr. Whisenhunt.
 Cause as many tears as Miss Nelken.
 Get married as easily as Miss Bowden!

RESOLVED: That since Emerson says, "Only those capable of being original can borrow treasures of other people," we, the members of the IB Class, will develop an originality in thought, costume, character, and coiffure, so that *we* may be permitted to share the perfections of the faculty and rest from our strenuous labors, "shut up in measureless content."

Fresh Optimism

Oh, we are little freshies
Just as green as we can be.
But we will soon grow wiser
And then be Seniors—see?

In number forty-seven,
And we every one work hard:
We'll strive and study ever,
And ne'er let grades retard.

A few short paces further
And we'll teach in Model School,
And never flunk in methods
Because we'll know the rule.

And when the year's at Springtide
In just two short years to come,
We'll graduate with honors,
For none will fail—not one!

And when we've gone the journey
On records we wish it seen:
"The best and brightest class was
That Class of Spring '16!"



Today

A misty veil now hides the time
When we saw fairies prance and glide
Among the apple blossoms and the ferns,
And heard old Santa's deer at Christmas-tide;

A bright mirage now hides the time
When we shall come to life's full tide,
And golden shapes float tauntingly before—
But doubtful shadow wraiths between them ride;

The time that was, the time to come—
We cannot solve their mystery now;
The proof of our high worthiness is here,
In living well the daily, earthly Now.

E. H.

"CALLED TO OFFICE"



SOCIETIES AND CLUBS



E. HESTER

Modern Culture Club

OFFICERS OF THE FALL TERM.

J. H. Alford.....	President
Claude Ellender.....	Vice-President
Maude Guidry.....	Secretary
H. W. Wylie.....	Treasurer
Felicie Guidry.....	Critic
Leona Harper.....	Editor
I. D. Bayne.....	Parliamentarian

OFFICERS FOR THE SPRING TERM.

I. D. Bayne.....	President
T. J. Griffin.....	Vice-President
Leona Harper.....	Secretary
Nammie Tarwater.....	Treasurer
Hattie Kirtley.....	Critic
Ynez Fishburn.....	Editor
Morris Shows.....	Parliamentarian

COLORS: Olive Green and Gold.



MOTTO: Through Difficulties to the Skies.





The Young Men of 1914





Journal of Events



M. C. C. Prize Winners

1903—	C. A. Riddle.....	Oratory
1903—	M. C. C.....	Parliamentary Law
1904—	Henry Perrault.....	Oratory
1904—	J. H. Alford.....	Extemporaneous Speech
1906—	M. C. C.....	Chorus
1909—	Mattie O'Daniel.....	Parliamentary Law
1912—	W. C. Freeman.....	Oratory
1912—	M. C. C.....	Chorus
1912—	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { Joe Farrar..... J. E. Cammack..... </div>	} Debate
1913—	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { Joe Farrar..... J. H. Alford..... </div>	} Debate
1913—	Boys' Quartette.....	Chorus
1914—	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { Joe Farrar..... J. H. Alford..... </div>	} Debate

The winning in debate three years in succession gave to the Modern Culture Club permanent possession of the Silver Cup.

To the Modern Culture Club

Hail! Oh hail! Bright gleaming banner,
We our tributes bring to thee,
Olive green and gold forever,
Emblem of the M. C. C.

We would have thy motto guide us;
'Tis so difficult to rise,
Through the trials that beset us,
Ever mounting toward the skies.

Thy hast won in song and story,
And we like oft to relate
How thy loyal sons have conquered,
Winning fame through hard debate.

Thou has oft claimed verdant laurel,
Silver bright and glittering gold,
And thy halls shall cease to echo
Ere the half of it be told.

Many times we've come together,
For one purpose, in thy hall,
And the common tie has bound us
As we listened to thy call:

'Tis the tie that has through ages
Bound heart to heart and soul to soul,
When they have suffered common trials
Struggling for a common goal.

When the future has unfolded
And the years have cast their spell,
When our barks of life have drifted
From the scenes we love so well,

Even though our lots be pleasant,
Oft will thought revert to thee;
Happy mem'ries we shall cherish
For our dear old M. C. C.

LENIE ALFORD.

Why the M. C. C. is the Greatest Society on Normal Hill

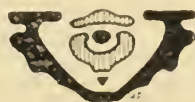
On seeing the above title, no doubt you will question the authority of such an assertion, but, when you read the following facts, all doubt will vanish.

With our PRESIDENT, ALFORD, who is tall enough to sit in his chair and rap the top of the house with his CRANIUM, ORDER is no object. One of our greatest factors or delights is when we listen to the marvelous records kept by the serious GAIDRY. We do not believe that there has been a person since the dawn of the world that could call a roll louder, read the minutes in a more musical tone, or be more fitted for this calling than SHE. Yet there is our EDITOR, HARPER, whose name, we are sure, will go down in history as an equal of THOMAS JEFFERSON, when it comes to the mastery of writing. Surely HORACE GREELEY never wrote such EDITORIALS as she writes. They are as instructive to the intellect as WYLIE'S methods of handling the TREASURE are to the BANKING WORLD. But, oh, you Critic! Whom did you model your criticisms after—Pope, Macaulay, or Lanier? How do you manage to think of such classic criticisms with so much ease? Your ability is to be envied and held out as an ideal to posterity. In both favorable and unfavorable criticisms "THOU ART A GENIUS." But your ability is matched by the GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN, BAYNE. We just wonder if the parliamentary work is enforced as rigidly in the HOUSE OF LORDS as it is in the M. C. C. by his IRON HAND. Again we are made to wonder why the members of the Program Committee have so many wrinkles in their foreheads, but when we stop to consider the wonderfulness of their work and the skillfulness with which they handle their work, we are convinced that Mr. SHOWS and Misses TALLY and RIGGS might be chosen to outline the program for the U. S. Senate, if the country but knew of the ability of this deliberative TRIO.

Then our members are possessed of as great talent as our officers. If we want our inmost beings thrilled with ORATORY, we have but to call on

BLANCHARD, our ORATOR, for indeed he is the only one. If DEMOSTHENES had possessed the eloquence of this man, he would have kept ATHENS from entering into a TREATY with OLYNTHIUS. If we desire a Vocal Solo, our Soloist, LIZZIE, is ready to pour forth as melodious harmonies as ever fell upon the ears of man; or if it be a Piano Solo, ELMA paws on the ivory with as much agility as the cat uses in pulling the chestnuts from the fire for the monkey. But when we desire one of our members to visit the MYSTERIOUS HAUNTS of the DEBATER'S GOD and bring forth an argument it would take DANIEL WEBSTER to refute, we call on FARRAR. Then, if any of us get weary, we have but to look around at HARVEY'S S-M-I-L-E-S and be refreshed. These wondrous S-M-I-L-E-S are to us as the sun's rays are to the earth.

Now, friends, if you are not convinced that the M. C. C. is the best SOCIETY on NORMAL HILL, just ask the E. L. S. and the S. A. K. for facts about theirs; and, if they are better, then we submit.



Seekers After Knowledge



Organized in 1890.

Motto: Seekers After Knowledge.

OFFICERS.

SUMMER TERM 1913.

President.....	C. P. Knight
Vice-President.....	Earl DeBlieux
Secretary.....	Jessie Goldman
Critic.....	Thelma DeGraffenreid
Treasurer.....	C. O. Holland
Editor.....	Myrtle Cannon

FALL TERM 1913.

President.....	Thelma DeGraffenreid
Vice-President.....	Earl DeBlieux
Secretary.....	Cyril Cooke
Critic.....	Lee Aura Fuller
Treasurer.....	Truehart Ruffin
Editor.....	Hilda Rachal

WINTER TERM 1913-1914.

President.....	C. O. Holland
Vice-President.....	Leon Killen
Secretary.....	Florence Beatty
Critic.....	Letitia Petrie
Treasurer.....	Cecil McClung
Editor.....	Kate Gosling



IRENE DENHOLM



DAISY ROUSH



GLADYS BURGESS



MABEL FLOWER



EDIE GOSLING



RUFIN HAMILTON



LEE QUORA FULLER



MARTHA PELLERIN



TOM BOURGO



FLORENCE BETTY



EMMA MILES



BETTA AARON



CASTLE HOLLAND



GERTRUDE POPE



HELEN DIXON



PAUL CONSCIENCE



DOROTHY TAUGHT



CAROLYN ROUSH



LUCILLE SIESS



HELEN GALLOWAY



MARJORIE HENRY



JUDITH CARVER



GLADYS BOURGEOIS



UNA TOUPS



THELMA HEWES



LOLA BUTLER



SADIE SAPP



ELSIE MAJOR



WILLIAM KIBBE



RETTA RUFFIN



ROSINA SINGER



SUE ANNIE STINSON



MARGUERITE SANDERS



CROCKETT JONES



LIL BILLON

Graduated Class



LOVEY D. HUBBS



MARGARET STONE



MARIE HILL



MARION



LOVEY D. HUBBS



MARGARET STONE



CLEO VAUGHN



ELMIRA MONTGOMERY



BEATRICE EMERSON



EMILY HARRILL



MARY LOUISA MERRITT



MARY RICHARDSON



CORLINA DUPUY



CLARA WISE



MARION



MARIE HILL



MARION



CLEO VAUGHN

The Turn-of-the-Century Era





Erlene Courtney



Aurelia Nesbit



Esther Wilson



Ruth Ford



Dorothy Petrie



Truheart Ruffin



Sarah Lee Whoolley



Cecil B. McLung



Lizzie Taylor



Erin Doré



Jeanne Keller



Earle DeBieux



Mina Cannon



Mabel Gautier



Lillian Vree



Hazel Thibault



Eloise Ethridge



Leola Butler



MAY CULL BEAD



LINNIE RUTLEDGE



ETHEL DELAMOUSSIE



VIVIAN KELLER



DAISY SIGARD



MATTIE JOHNSON



RUBY WILCOX



W. F. DUNKLEMAN



REISS MURPHY



BOBBIE REISER



EUNICE MCGALLIARD



RUTH BYCHLER



MAUDE PAILLO



DAISY H. H.



CLAUDE DUPREE

Roll of the Seekers After Knowledge Society

Betta Aaron	Wilhelmena King	Elgie Hall
Elsa Alwes	Carrie Kirby	Ruffin Hamilton
Beatrice Ancin	Maude Klingman	Julia Harlan
Victoire Ane	Alice Lacombe	H. H. Harper
Rebecca Applebaum	Katherine Leiper	Laura Harris
Ida Aucoin	Marguerite L'Herrison	Evelyn Hebert
Elise Babers	Mary Lisso	Edith Henry
Gertie Babin	Miriam Lucas	Marjorie Henry
Gertrude Badeaux	Elsie Major	Thelma Hewes
Maude Baillio	Cecil McClung	C. O. Holland
Clara Louise Barnes	Eunice McGalliard	Lovie D. Hubbs
Ruth Batchelor	Alice McNeely	Elizabeth Johnston
Florence Beatty	Iris McWilliams	Mattie Johnston
Norma Benton	Ethel Merrill	Elma Johnston
Hilda Breazeale	Elmira Montgomery	Crockett Jones
Clyde Blanche	Emma Miles	May Kaffie
Edwina Bloodworth	Reese Murphy	Retta Kaffie
Gertrude Billon	Bessie Burnham	Jeanne Keller
Lil Billon	Leola Butler	Sue Annie Stinson
Willie Bonney	Ruth Caldwell	Margaret Stirling
Nora Bonvillin	Helen Callaway	Camille Taylor
Tom Bourg	Mona Cannon	Lizzie Taylor
Gladly Bourgeois	Julia Carriere	Louise Taylor
Albert Browne	Judith Carver	Eddie Teddlie
Ruth Bryson	Miriam Carver	Frances Teddlie
Dunwoodie Burgess	Rozina Cavett	Hazel Thibodaux
Harriet Currie	Willie Cavett	Mildred Thiel
Lillian Davis	Levie Cazes	Una Touns
Earl DeBlieux	May Celestin	Cleo Vaughan
Ethel Delabaussaye	Sadie Celestin	Lottie Vice
Thyra Denholme	Ella Clark	Dorothy Vought
Helen Dixon	Evelyn Coco	Helen Walsh
Erin Dore	B. K. Conger	Blanche Weil
W. F. Dunckelman	Paul Concieme	Stelletta Westrope

C. C. Dupree
Lurline Dupuy
Wilma Dupuy
Bertha Emmons
Elga Erath
Eloise Ethredge
Greville Ewing
Mary Faulk
Merrill Flower
Ruth Ford
Lee Aura Fuller
Mabel Gautier
Marge Gelpi
Kate Gosling
Shirley Greneaux
Angele Guepet
May Guilbeau
Garland Gully
Vivian Keller
Beulah Kelly
Josie Kelly
Zula Kemp
Daisy Kent
Ticia Kent
Miriam Klaus
Lillian Kibbe
H. L. Killen

Grace Cook
Erline Courtney
Hilda Rachal
Edwina Raynham
Bobbie Reiser
Susie Reiser
Annie Richardson
Frances Rochelle
Carolyn Roux
Daisy Roux
Lucille Roy
Truchart Ruffin
Irma Russ
Linnie Rutledge
Sadie Saal
Marguerite Sanders
Camille Skofield
Daisy Sicard
Lucille Siess
Rosina Singer
Lucy Smith
Madeleine Smith
Mary Lou Smitherman
Myrtle Sompayrac
Arnaudlia Snoddy
Lillie Stevens
Lucy Guyton

Sarah Lee Wheatley
Ruby Wilcox
Esther Wilson
Lillie Wilson
Annie Russell Wimberly
Clara Wise
Norma Wooten
Odelia Wright
Marjorie Myatt
Charlotte Nawadney
Virginia Neeson
Aurelia Nesbit
Rowena Nick
Bernadine O'Connell
Ola Dot Overby
Beatrice Pace
Martha Pellerin
Annie May Pettit
Dorothy Petrie
Letitia Petrie
Nettie Phillips
Gertrude Pope
Emma Pourciau
Bella Quarles
Bessie Ramsey
Marie Quarles
Lessie May Ramsey

Jingles of S. A. K.

A's our Assembly on Saturday night;
B's our Banner so new and so bright.
C is for the Chorus and Cochern—who won
First by its voices, the last by his tongue.
D stands for Diploma we at last gain,
Zealous labor aiding, and worth of brain.
E is for Ethel of the family of Glaze,
Whose oratory won with brilliant blaze.
F is the Fame, S. A. K., that is thine—
Declamation had won five years in a line!
G stands for Granary, a maid sincere,
She twice for us won. All hail! Give a cheer!
H—our Honors, twenty-two now on roll;
I is the Int'rest, the high road to this goal.
J is for Johnson, our bold pioneer;
Orator's vict'ry he won without fear.
K is the Knowledge so faithfully sought.
L is for Locke, who declaimed as she ought.
M stands for Medals that Fame does bestow,
S. A. K., on workers who toil here below!
N is our Name. May its luster shine far,
Shedding radiance like a glorious star.
O's the oldest society on the hill;
P's our purpose that abides with us still.
Q's our quartet in whom trust we repose,
R—Rest of the honors that time will disclose.
S is the seeking in knowledge's field;
T is the Time which success will reveal.
U's Unsatisfactory, work we never do—
Give us time and a chance and we'll show you!
V—all the Voices that sound forth our praise;
W the Wisdom: may it crown all our days!
X is the excuse that we never make—
'xpect never from others to take
Y is *you*, kind reader, go widely and say—
Zeal is not lacking in our S. A. K.

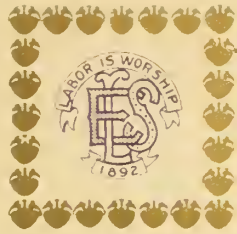
LETITIA PETRIE.

The Eventful Night

"I'd like to be an S. A. K.,"
Said one small "Fresh" to me,
"For all my friends are S. A. K.'s—
And that's the place for me.
I'd like to be the president,
A leader in the work—
And if you only let me in,
My task I'll never shirk.
The whole school knows that S. A. K.
Is standing for the best—
And one cannot be S. A. K.
Who cannot stand this test."

I told her just to join *at once*;
"You're for the right, I see;
I know that they will take you in,
And very glad I'll be.
Though we boast not that we are best—
The others "best" are, too—
Just come with me; the S. A. K.
Invites new friends like you.
And once you're with our happy crowd,
I know you will but say
That you can ne'er forget that night
You joined the S. A. K."

ANON.



Eclectic Literary Society

OFFICERS SPRING TERM 1914.

President.....	W. S. Campbell
Vice-President.....	Edna Shelton
Secretary	Thelma French
Treasure.	Bowen Eubanks
Critic	J. G. Canterbury
Editor.....	Mary Tooke

MOTTO

Labor is Worship.

COLORS

Purple and Gold.

OFFICERS WINTER TERM 1914

President.....	A. L. Pourciau
Vice-President.....	Thelma French
Secretary.....	Lalon Nelson
Treasurer.....	J. G. Canterbury
Critic.....	Mrs. Julia Cooksey
Editor.....	Geneva Stuckey

OFFICERS FALL TERM 1913

President.....	W. H. Burns
Vice-President.....	Annie Bains
Secretary.....	Erin Scaife
Treasurer.....	Walter Brewer
Critic.....	Gracie Brown
Editor.....	Thelma French

OFFICERS SUMMER TERM 1913

President.....	Hardy Carter
Vice-President.....	Mary Meadows
Secretary.....	Annie Bains
Treasurer.....	C. C. Murphy
Critic.....	Stelle Cage
Editor.....	Maggie Bowden



The Manual of the Year





Elizabeth Ponder



Edith Daspito



Della Tramel



Lincey Long



Mabel Claire Fox



Nolan Smith



Bessie Bonner



Elsie Parent



Mabel Miller



Lillian Hart



Minnie Odom



Ora Peters



F. L. Labonde



Virginia Beckom



Estelle Tannhill



Edna Shelton



Norma Arceneaux



Nerva Crawford



Eunice Bolin



Walter Brewer



Ethel Davis



Zola Surety



Alice Williamson



Jessie Joyce



Mattie Baker



Emily Pocher



G. H. McIlwain



Eulalia Crawford



Roll for 1913-14

Adams, Eunice
Alexander, Allene
Andrews, Neva
Arceneaux, Norma
Aydell, J. J.
Babin, Celine
Baines, Annie
Baker, Mattie
Beckom, Virginia
Bennett, Marie
Bennett, W. J.
Boatner, Mrs. I. H.
Bolin, Eunice
Bonner, Bessie
Bonnett, D. C.
Booth, Lillie
Bourgeois, Eunice
Bowden, Maggie
Bowden, Pinkie
Braud, Elsie
Brewer, Walter
Broussard, Mathilde
Brown, Gracie
Burns, W. H.
Cage, Stelle
Cam, Mattie

Campbell, W. S.
Canterbury, J. G.
Carter, Hardy
Carter, Homer
Clinton, Ora Belle
Connell, Athlene
Cooksey, Mrs. Julia
Cotton, Minnie
Corley, R. A.
Consins, C. L.
Cox, Crichton
Crawford, Eulalia
Crawford, Nerva
Dalton, H. E.
Dasput, Edith
Daussat, Geraldine
David, Johnnye
Davis, Ethel
Dezendorf, Elizabeth
Duncan, Pearl
Ecker, Hetty
Ecker, Tabitha
Englehart, Barbara
Eubanks, Bowen
French, Thelma
Frey, W. B.

Fuller, Laura
Garland, Emma Lou
Gibbs, Lita
Giddens, Emmie
Graham, Nellie
Grant, Elma
Greeneaux, Hubert
Guile, Jessie
Hall, Minnie
Hamiter, Carrie
Hart, Lillian
Henry, Emma
Holmes, Audie
Hopkins, Rosalie
Huett, Annette
Hughes, Maggie
Huson, May
Jackson, Christine
Jackson, Frank
Jones, B. E.
Joyce, Bessie
Kemp, R. W.
Kemon, Vida
Kile, Lucile
Kimbrell, Lettie
Kranson, Harry

Laborde, F. L.
Long, Nancy
Maricelli, Mabel
Marchant, A. J.
Martin, Nellie
McCasland, Maggie
McCasland, Ernie
McFarland, Lola
McIlwain, C. L.
McMullin, Hettie
Meadows, Mary
Mestayer, Norbert
Miller, Mabel
Mixon, Biford
Montegut, Lester
Moore, Gertrude
Morris, Francis
Murphy, C. C.
Nelson, Lalon

Odom, Minnie Lee
Parent, Elsie
Peters, Ora
Phillips, Lillian
Poche, Emily
Ponder, Elizabeth
Poole, Mary
Porter, Archie
Pourceiau, A. L.
Pritchard, Jessie
Ragan, Lee Craig
Roark, L. O.
Robert, Bessie
Robertson, M. S.
Robinson, R. L.
Rogers, Julia
Sandoz, Rose
Scaife, Erin
Sellers, Hodge
Shaw, Leta

Shelton, Edna
Shelton, Olive
Shetlon, Ruby
Smith, Nolan
Sorey, Zola
Steinwinder, Mabel
Stuckey, Geneva
Tannehille, Estelle
Teddle, W. F.
Tooke, Mary
Tramel, Della
Waller, Lillie May
Wasson, Ida
Wilkins, Mary
Williamson, Alice
Wilson, Mrs. Maggie Reid
Wise, E. W.
Whisenhunt, Fannie
Woodard, Helen

The Society Problem

Scene: Hall of Academic Building. Two new students conversing.

First New Student—"What society are you going to join?"

(Enter old student.)

Second New Student—"I have not decided yet. All the societies are alike to me. What society are you going to join?"

First New Student—"I have not decided, either."

Old Student—"Take my advice and join the E. L. S. Its motto is, 'Labor is Worship,' and, true to its standard, it is called the working society. Its workers are loyal to it at all times. In the yearly contest it has won more victories than any of the other societies.

"In 1892, the year of its beginning, and in 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, it won medals for debate; in 1898, for music and oratory; in 1899, for declamation and oratory; in 1900, for play; in 1901, for art; in 1902, for tableaux and declamation; 1904, for declamation; in 1905, for declamation and parliamentary law; in 1906-07, for oratory; in 1908, for declamation; in 1909, for declamation, oratory and athletics; in 1910, for oratory, declamation, debate and athletics, thus winning the loving cup; in 1911, for music; in 1913, for declamation"—

Both New Students (together)—"We shall join the E. L. S.!"

To the Eclectic Literary Society

Arise, ye friends, and let us sing together
Of thanks and honor to the E. L. S.,
Whose name by us shall ever be exalted,
Remembered, loved, regarded as something blest.

Let's praise her for the battles fought so bravely,
And laud her for the vic'tries she has won,
Let's thank her for the lesson taught so truly:
Defeat means scaling to a higher stone.

She made our little realm of school-life sunny,
Delighted us with music, song, and fun;
In times of need our courage she combined
And made us all in love and spirit one.

Though cruel time should separate our members,
And try each soul as angry sea its ship,
Still shall our motto, wrought upon our banner,
As pilot guide us: "Labor is Worship."

Come forth, ye friends! The E. L. S. invites you
To join her throng and be a soldier true
Of Gold and Purple, loyal to her colors,
And you will find new joys and friendships, too.

F. L. LABORDE.



Mortar Board Society

OFFICERS.

Bernard Nelken.....	President
George Morris.....	Vice-President
Julia Bains.....	Secretary
Paul Ducournau.....	Treasurer
Margaret Pickels.....	Editor
Aimee Maurin.....	Chorister
Hilda Moody.....	Critic

COLORS: Black and Gold.

FLOWER: Sunflower.

MOTTO: With plumb and level.

Members 1913-1914

Mary Leigh Alexander	Paul Ducournau	Mabel Methvien
George Annison	Lena Doughty	Jessie Moore
Grace Atkins	Bessie Dixon	Ernie McCsaland
Myrtle Aitkens	Eudie Enloe	Erline Mire
Julia Bains	Spencer Emmons	Mabel Miller
John Barnes	Erie DeBlieux	May Alice McGraw
Ellis Barnes	Idonia Bush	Aimee Maurin
Ruth Bennett	Emily Caillet	Elizabeth Lehmann
J. E. Bishop	Noelie Bodin	Edna Fant
Francis Bergeron	Mary Bonner	Bernard Nelken
Pearl Bryant	Hilda Falcon	Anna Ruth Nuttall
Matt Buatt	Sunshine Flynn	Eunice Odom
Erie Buatt	Gertrude Futral	Virginia Prescott
Kathryn Berly	Allie Hughes	Fleet Parker
Sarah Cade	James Jeansonne	Luella Painter
Velma Coon	Arta Kemp	Margaret Pickels
Lela Crowder	Myrtie Kemp	Clara Rainbolt
Annie D. Corbett	Mary Alice Larch	Lucille Roy
Mattie Collins	Carrie Belle Lee	Frank Ricard
Janestine Coats	Willie Lucas	Lueye Richardson
Lena Carlton	Carrie Maus	Faye Sale
Mary Lou Cole	Willie McCoy	Bennett Scallan
Lillian Davis	Lester Montegut	Shelly O. Shilling
Mona deRouen	Hilda Moody	Leslie Stafford
Arthur Dugas	George Morris	Winnie Strickland
Benoit Dugas	Ulysses Morris	Evie Starling
J. F. Fowler	Aletha Whittington	Eva Thomas
Beatrice Foret	Helen Woodward	Elvira Torres
Helen Freeman	Rosa Lee Womble	Thelma Trichel
Jack Gray	Elizabeth Webster	Percy Tynes
Debbie Green	Mary Speeg	Grace Webb
Thomas Griffin	Willie Swan	Alice Williamson
Lillian Hart	Leila Spier	Irma Wilson
Carrie Hamiter	Chloris Stevenson	Ruth Williams
Annie Ruth Harold	Eleanor Smith	Janie Belle Young
E. J. Hymel	Vera Mai Young	



MORTAR E



GLEE CLUB

Mortar Board is Hoping

The Mortar Board is small, you say?
Well, you just come and see;
Our number forms a fine array,
And our minds of care are free.
(Here's hoping that you'll come sometime.)

Some people say that Mortar Board
Has no hard work to do.
The depths of knowledge *we* must ford
And learn things just like *you*.
(Here's hoping that you'll understand.)

And others say it's very young;
To which we all agree,
And yet its youth always is sung
As its sign of high degree.
(Here's hoping you'll not find us stale.)

Some say it does not 'complish much;
Don't judge by that alone.
The tower when built is not a hutch,
And it lays the corner stone.
(Here's hoping you and it success!)

—K. B.





Make Grandmother
L. & T.

Child's letter
- sort of a card
could stick it
But what about
- Mrs. Newton's
- letter - just a
- Club Days

Child's letter
- sort of a card
could stick it
But what about
- Mrs. Newton's
- letter - just a
- Club Days

Child's letter
- sort of a card
could stick it
But what about
- Mrs. Newton's
- letter - just a
- Club Days

Will Spring Come Again?

Will spring come again, I wonder?
I have watched long in despair,
All the birds have left the woodland,
All the flowers have withered there.

Will spring come again? I fancy
I can hear the blue-bells ring,
All triumphant over winter,
"In the fullness of the spring."

Will spring come again? I listen,
And, across the lapse of years,
Hear the echo of hushed voices,
And my eyes grow dim with tears.

Spring will come to all the blue-bells,
They have waited, oh, so long,
For the springtime with its sunshine,
And its notes of sweet bird-song.

Spring will come to all the woodland,
Every flower and every tree,
But my heart has lost the sunshine—
Spring will come no more to me!

- LEXIE ALFORD.



Le Cercle Français

OFFICIERS.

Présidente.....	Mlle. Hélène Guilbeau
Vice-Présidente.....	Mlle. Lillian Hart
Secrétaire.....	Mlle. Ezilda Bienvenu
Trésorière.....	Mlle. Carrie Maus
Critique.....	Mlle. Marie Bonneau
Editeur.....	Mlle. Evelyn Coco
Sergents d'armes.....	{ Mlle. Béatrice Foret M. Lester Montégut

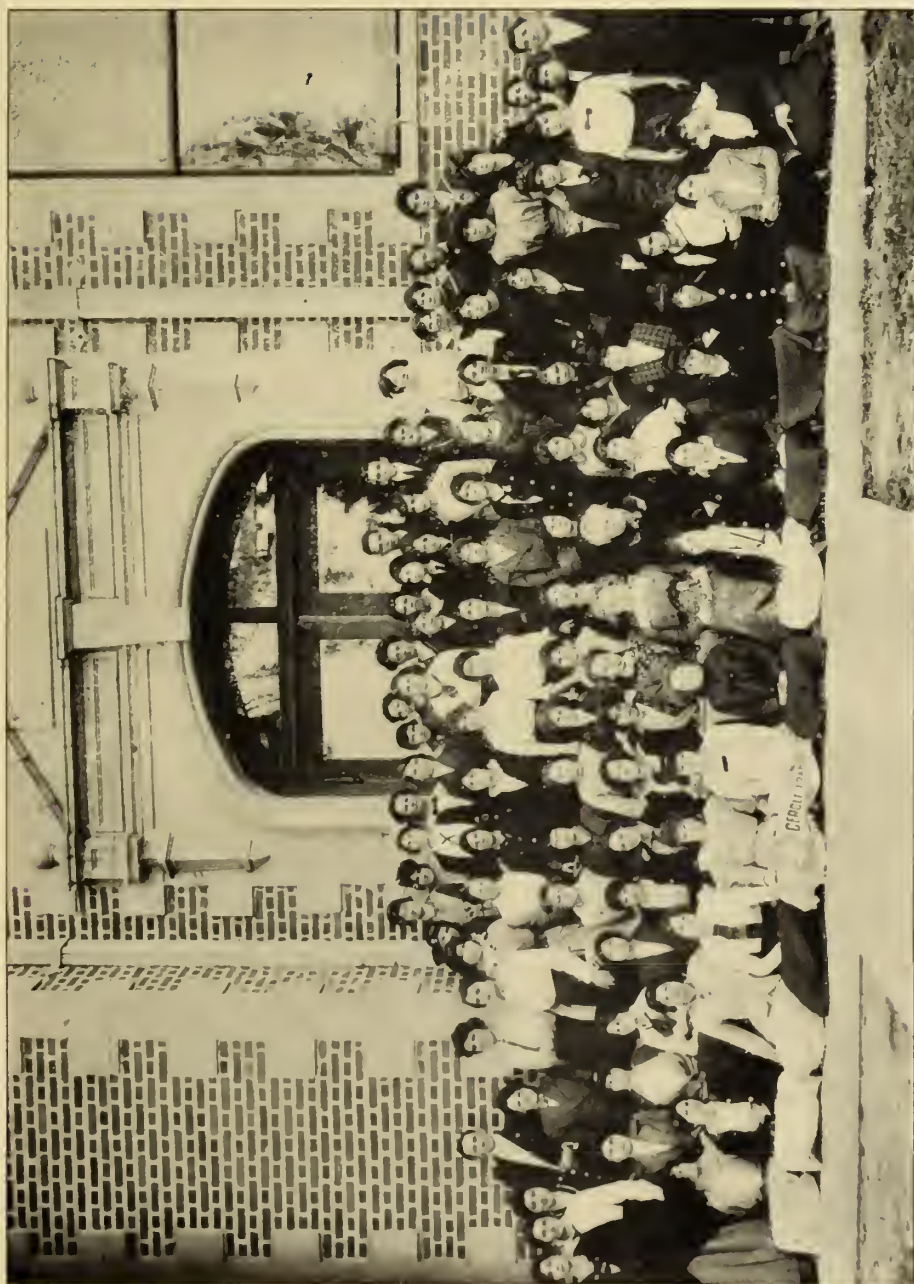
MEMBRES ACTIFS.

Ané, Victoire	Braud, Elsie	Crawford, Nerva
Arceneaux, Norma	Broussard, Mathilde	Cushman, Bessie
Arnaud, Marie Louise	Buatt, Eric	Daspit, Edith
Aucoin, Ida	Cade, Sarah	Davis, Lillian
Babin, Myrza	Calligari, Rhea	DeRouen, Mona
Bergeron, Frances	Callihan, Leila	Dugas, Gibson
Bernard, Linda	Cancienne, Paul	Durham, Viola
Bienvenu, Ezilda	Cazes, Levie	Faleon, Hilda
Blanchard, C. A.	Coats, Janestine	Foret, Béatrice
Bludworth, Edwina	Coats, May	Gaidry, Maude
Bouanchaud, Winnie	Coco, Evelyn	Garland, Alma
Bonneau, Marie	Comeaux, Gladys	Gauthier, Virginie

Gauthier, Nell	Maus, Carrie	Pourciau, A. L.
Gauthier, Hélène	McVea, Pearl	Pourciau, Emma
Gianelloni, Aline	Mellon, Léda	Préjean, Laure
Gremillion, Lillie	Mire, Urline	Proffit, Frances
Guépet, Angèle	Montégut, Lester	Ranke, Elise
Guilbeau, May	Moore, Marguerite	Roux, Caroline
Guilbeau, Hélène	Mouton, Anne	Roy, Lucille
Hart, Lilian	Neff, Rowena	Seawell, Ruth
Haydel, Sophie	Nelkin, Bernard	Simon, Marie
Hébert, Evelyn	Nesom, Virginie	Thibodaux, Evy
Jeansonne, J. H.	Olinde, Edith	Torres, Elvira
Jewell, Blanche	Olinde, Valentine	Toups, Cécile
Juneau, Rose	Parent, Elsie	Toups, Una
Landry, Cordelia	Penze, F. E.	Trègre, Cécile
Landry, Béatrice	Plauché, Belle	Vial, Ella
Letulle, Victorine	Poché, Emilie	Vignes, Arabella
Maurin, Aimée	Portié, Emma	Wilson, Lillie

MEMBRES, HONORAIRES.

M. le Président V. L. Roy	Mlle. Mabel Moore
Mlle. Noélie Hart	M. J. E. Guardia
Mlle. Virginie Hulsart	M. H. W. Stopher
Mme. L. M. Keane	Mme. Helen Yates-Martin
Mlle. Dean Varnado	M. J. Browne Martin
Mlle. Roberta Newell	M. Francis Fournet



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Contemporary Life Club

OFFICERS.

President	Betta Aaron
Vice-President	Helen Dixon
Secretary	Lee Aura Fuller
Treasurer	Gertrude Badeaux
Editor-in-Chief	Earline Hester
Assistant Editors	Ethel Merrill, Martha Pellerin, Loretto Mary

COLORS: Green and White.

MOTTO: Behold Progress!

CLASS ROLL.

Betta Aaron	Jessie Guile	Martha Pellerin
Eunice Adams	Earline Hester	Fannie Cudd
Clara Louise Barnes	Annette Huett	Helen Dixon
Eunice Bolin	Maude Klingman	May Dugas
Elise Babers	Carrie Kirby	A. D. St. Amant
Gertrude Badeaux	Valerie Le Blanc	Arnaudlia Snoddy
Nora Bonvillion	Eunice McGallaïrd	Lena Lopez
Leola Butler	Ethel Merrill	Loretto Mary
Gertie Babin	Marguerite Morris	Reese Murphy
Mrs. J. Cooksey	Ernie McCasland	Madeline Smith
Grace Cook	Lola McFarland	Mary Tooke
Eloise Ethridge	Virginia Nesom	Elise Ramke
Mary Faulk	Bernadine O'Connell	Irma Russ
Maymie Fulman	A. L. Pourciau	Linnie Rutledge
Lee Aura Fuller	Elisabeth Ponder	Camille Schofield
Kate Gosling	Annie May Pettit	Aletha Whittington



CONTEMPORARY LIFE CLUB.

The Contemporary Life Club—Its Organization —Its Purposes

SOCIAL SCIENCE STUDENTS ORGANIZE TO FOSTER IDEAS AND IDEALS.

Toward the end of the fall term of 1913 the students in the Normal following the Social Science course met together and organized a club. In several business meetings the club was sufficiently well organized for the election of officers; a constitution and by-laws were drawn up and adopted a regular time for meeting was decided upon and the club became an active force. The name adopted by the club is "Contemporary Life Club," its motto, "Behold Progress!" its colors, emerald and white, and its official publication "Current Sauce."

This club is composed of students taking the Social Science course, and its purposes are manifold. It aims at the development of those qualities in its members which will make them fit leaders of the youth whom they will instruct, and cause them to take an attitude of intelligent interest in the vital questions of the world, so that they may be leaders in every movement that makes for progress and good. It aims at helping each of its members to a full and appreciative understanding of all the past and present progress, and the proper relations between the two; to be in sympathy with the vast, restless, pulsing, forward movement of the whole world; to reverence the great purpose that has swung through all the ages in the history of mankind; to live fully and consciously in the full and wonderful life of our own times; to be aggressively active for good. It aims at supporting everything in the Normal that is good and desirable; to help as powerfully as may be in its forward steps; to interest more people in the Normal and to keep them informed of its workings; to be as useful as possible and to laugh when the world gets the broad grin. Our interests are as broad and long as the world and time; and our energies ought to make anything possible to us. We hope for a great future, not bounded and limited by the conventions and precedents which often hamper literary societies and the like, but as possible of growth, development and the pursuit of real issues as human society is.

We have begun successfully. It has been made possible through the aid of our honorary member, Dr. St. Amant, and the energy and effort of the members to begin the publication of our paper thus early. Beside several programs of unusual worth we have been fortunate in having an address by Mr. Breazeale on the Civil Code of Louisiana. We shall have the benefit in future of hearing from other authorities on subjects of state-wide and nation-wide interest. We have very little past, but we have a future.

Terrebonne Club

OFFICERS.

President C. A. Blanchard
Vice-President Esther Wilson
Secretary Tom Bourg
Treasurer Sadie Celestin

ROLL

Aitkens, Myrtle	Daussat, Geraldine	Kelly, Josie
Ane, Victoria	Ellender, Claude	Kelly, Beulah
Bonvillian, Nora	Gaidry, Maude	Klingman, Maude
Celestin, May	Gaidry, Felecie	Toups, Cecile
Daspit, Edith	Harlan, Julia	Wright, Odelia



Terrebonne

My parish, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of "oysterie,"
Of thee I sing;
Gulf where the "luggers" ride!
Land of our Houman pride!
With every rising tide
The oysters bring!

My native parish, thee,
Of sugar "canerie,"
Thy name I love.
I love thy fields and mills,
The land our farmer tills,
And every home fills—
Gifts from above.

But grandest we of all
That roam in Normal's Hall,
Behold us here!
We work and strive all day,
We don't have time to play,
Just hear our teachers say,
"They have no peer."

—(OYSTERITES.)

The Journal of Education



CHRISTINE JACKSON
MONTICELLO
TEXAS

IRVING HESTER
MONTICELLO
TEXAS

OLIVER LINDSEY
WAXSON
TEXAS

MARION VAN DEN BOSCH
DEARBORN
TEXAS

ELIZABETH WEBSTER
WAXSON
TEXAS

Texas Club

"GANG."

Ranch Boss "Cris" Jackson
Broncho Buster..... "Dutch" Van Den Bosch
Cow-Puncher "Johnny Reb" Hester
Round-Up Boss "Governor" Burgess
Line Rider "Liz" Webster

COLORS: Ultramarine and Gold.

FLOWER: Cactus.

LUCK: "Horned Toad."

BRAND: Lone Star.

MOTTO: Ride Hard and Hold to Your Sombrero.

YELL: "Hoo-hoo-a-a-Yuh-Derned-Ole-Steer."

OUT THERE

Out there where the earth is a little brown patch,
And the sky is a great blue infinity;
Out there where the song of the prairie wind
Is an echo of God's Divinity;
Out there where the coyote sends his lonesome cry,
Along the still dry waste to the star-speared night;
Out there, where is space to live, and silence to die,
And naught 'tween heaven and earth; I can sense man's size;
Out there in the wondrous sweep of unmeasured space
I can feel the unveiled glory of God's eyes.

EARLINE HESTER.



MONROE BUNCH.

Monroe Bunch

COLORS: Red and Gold.

YELL: Rah! Rah! sis, boom bah!
Monroe on the Ouachi—ta!
Are we in it? Well, I guess!
Monroe, Monroe, Yes! Yes! Yes!

MEMBERS OF THE BUNCH.

Clare Louise Barnes	Kate Gosling	Charlotte Nawadny
Ruth Batchelor	Louise Hodges	Dorothy Petrie
Ruth Bennett	Vivian Keller	Letitia Petrie
Grace Cook	Carrie Belle Lee	Annie May Pettit
Helen Dixon	Mary Alice Larche	Irma Russ
Eloise Ethridge	Ethel Merrill	Beulah Thompson
Mary Faulk	Marguerite Myatt	

Motto: "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry."

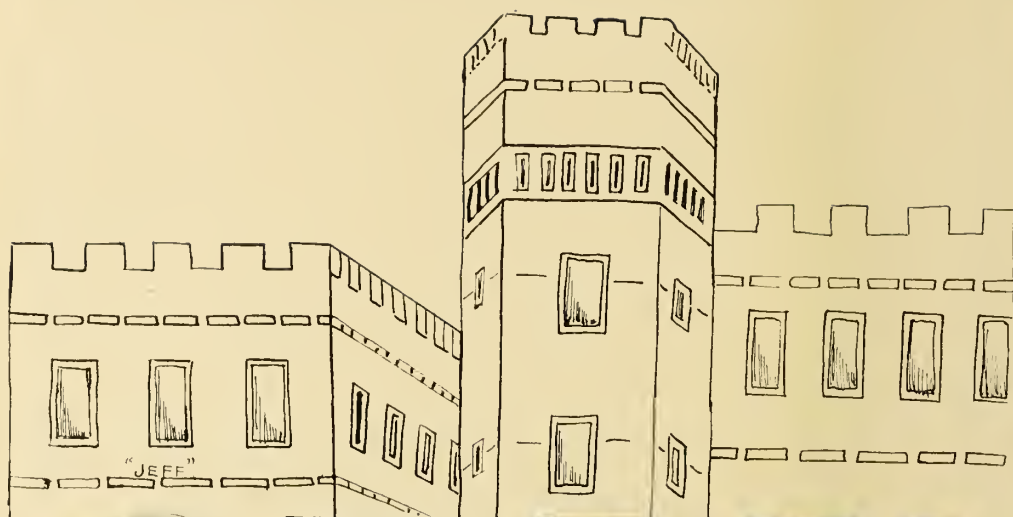
Shreveport Club



Grace Atkins
Eleanor Atkins
Julia Bains
Jack Gray
Thyra Denholme

Lizzie Taylor
Ruth Bryson
Dessie Weaver
Rozina Cavett
Willie Cavett

Selma Smith
Annie Ruth Harold
Helen Callaway
Katherine Marston
Bernadine O'Connell



THE CA-



RUTH JEFFERSON

"OLD GREY"



DAISY ROUX

"BIG BEN"



PEARL McVEA



GERTRUDE POPE

"SEE SEE"



CAROLYN ROUX

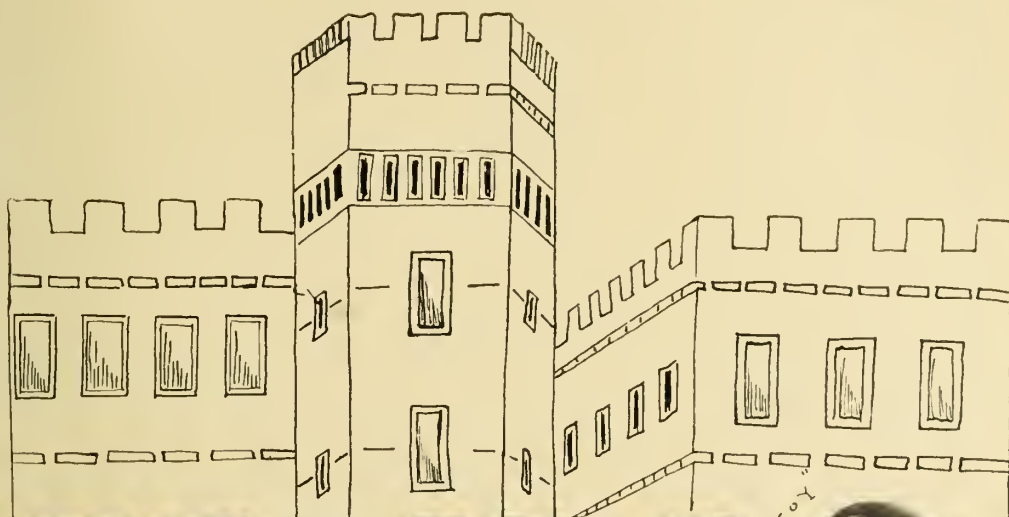


EVELYN JEFFERSON

"BLONDE"



NORMA BENTON



PITALS



CORAELIA LANDRY



EMILY GILMAN



MABLE GAVHILI



MARGARET MOORE



AURELIA NESBITT



ELIZABETH LEHMAN



MAMIE FOREMAN

"CHICK"

"COY"

"BUGLES"

"THE 3rd"

"TOT"

THE NORMAL THERMOMETER



P+ , FEVERISH

P , NORMAL

P- , DANGEROUS

F , PAST RECOVERY



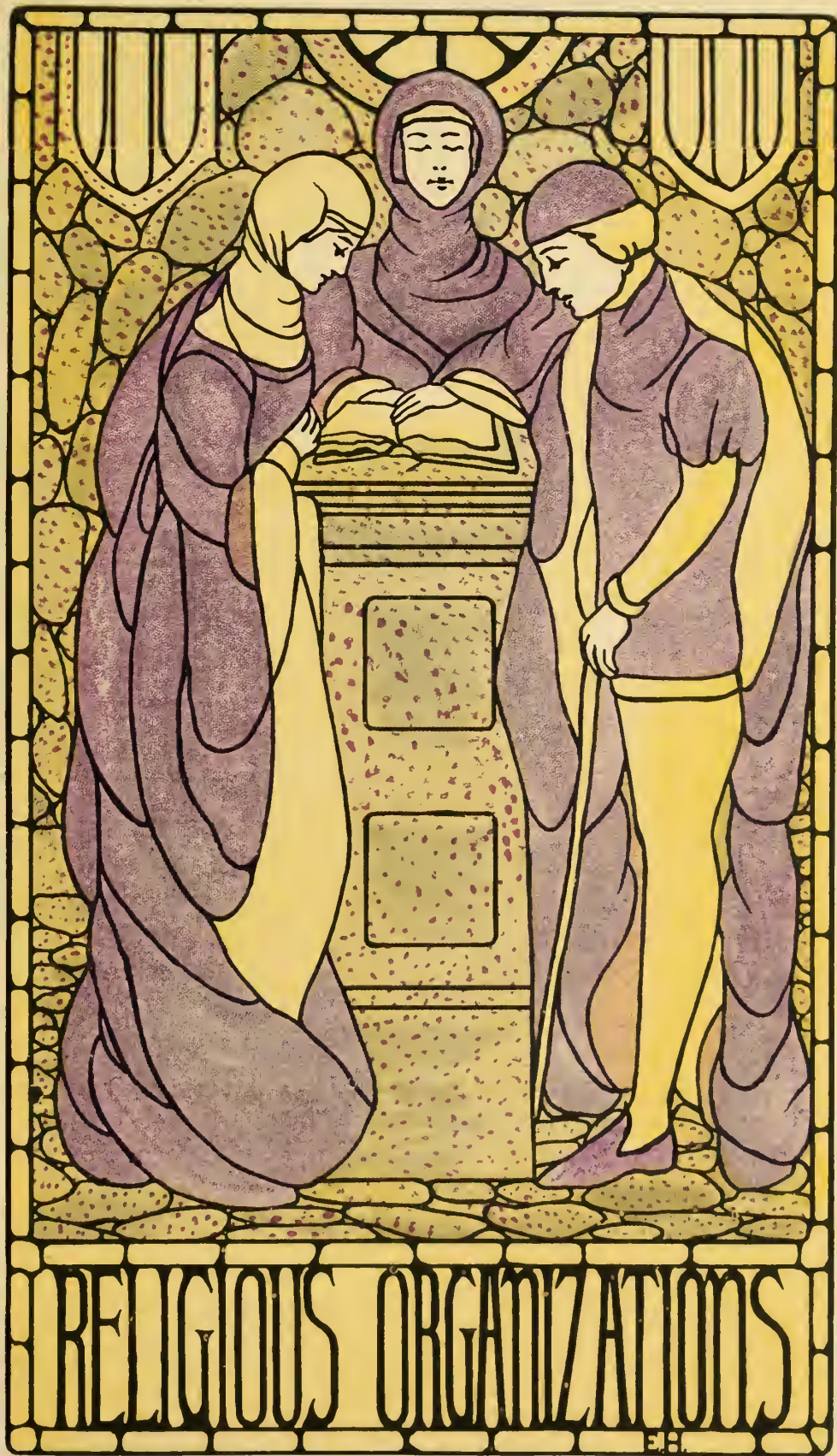
"THE PRESIDENT'S PRESIDENT."



"THE KITCHEN ANGELS."



"LAKE VIEW.



Apostleship of Prayer

The Apostleship of Prayer, sometimes called the League of the Sacred Heart, is one of the oldest organizations in the Catholic Church. In the Fall of 1906, for the benefit of the young ladies of the club and the teachers of the Catholic faith, a league was organized at the Normal. The purpose of this organization is to aid the needy and suffering, and to encourage its members to lead better Christian lives.

Each member is taxed a very small fee each term. This money is used in subscribing for three of the best Catholic magazines. Also frequently donations are made to the Lepers' Home and other charitable organizations.

Regular meetings of the League are held every Sunday afternoon, at which programs are rendered, consisting of prayers, spiritual readings, recitations, vocal, and instrumental music. Rev. Father Piegay, pastor of Natchitoches, is a frequent visitor at these meetings. His visits are always a source of great pleasure and encouragement.

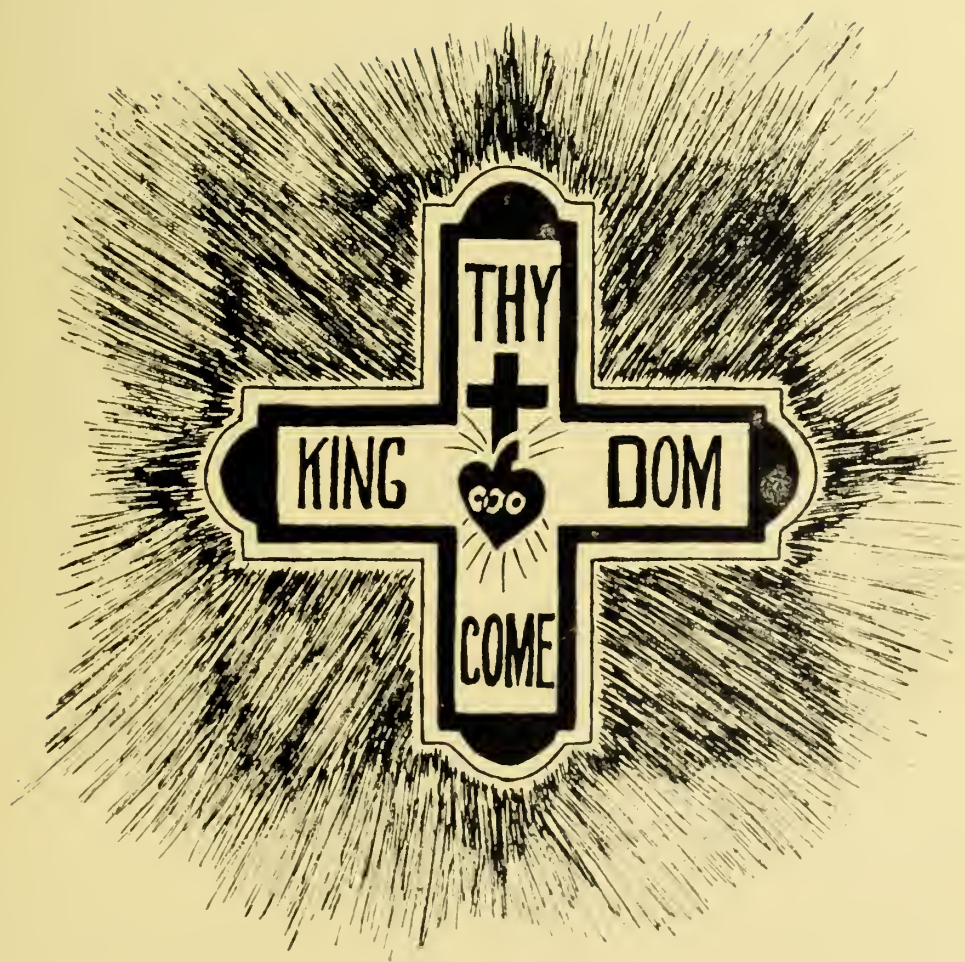
The influence of the League is three-fold: the girls of the Catholic faith are brought into closer union both socially and religiously at these Sunday afternoon meetings; the opportunity of helping others, a source of unending good, is offered every girl; and, greatest of all, the quiet half-hour spent in prayer, thanksgiving, and religious thought strengthens each member in the practice of a Christian life.



APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Roll for 1913-1914

Elsa Alwes	Ethel Delahaussaye	Mabel Maricelli
Victoire Ane	Wilma Dupuy	Elsie Major
Norma Arceneaux	Barbara Englehart	Katherine Marston
Marie Louise Arnaud	Beatrice Foret	Loretto Mary
Ida Aucoin	Thelma French	Anne Mouton
Gertrude Badeaux	Maude Gaidry	Rowena Neff
Gertrude Billon	Felicie Guidry	Aurelie Nesbit
Marie Bonneau	Helen Guilbeau	Elsie Parent
Gladys Bourgeois	Julia Guillot	Emily Poche
Mary Browne	Camille Guyton	Emily Pourciau
Matilde Broussard	Lucy Guyton	Laura Prejean
Lucille Burleigh	Lillian Hart	Virginia Prescott
Sarah Cade	Miss Noelle Hart	Rose Sandoz
Emily Caillet	Mrs. L. M. Keane	Evy Thibodeaux
Julia Carriere	Beulah Kelly	Hazel Thibodeaux
Levie Cazes	Josie Kelly	Ursa Vodopivec
Gladys Comeau	May B. Lester	Mrs. Lillie Wilson
Edith Daspit	Lena Lopez	



Young Women's Christian Association

OFFICERS.

FALL TERM, 1913.

President	Emma Bains
Vice-President	Helen Dixon
Secretary	Minnie Lee Odom
Treasurer	Cornelia Powers

WINTER AND SPRING TERM, 1914.

President	Florence Beatty
Vice-President	Grace Atkins
Secretary	Elmira Montgomery
Treasurer	Harriet Currie

MOTTO: "I come that ye may have life and that ye may have it more abundantly."

Roll

Carrie Addison	Ruth Ford	Nettie Phillips
Allene Alexander	Nellie Graham	Cornelia Powers
Mary Leigh Alexander	Debbie Green	Clara Rambolt
Grace Atkins	Mae Guilbeau	Bessie Ramsey
Ruth Batchelor	Carrie Hamiter	Lessie Mae Ramsey
Annie Bains	Annie Ruth Harold	Bessie Roberts
Emma Bains	Miss Noelle Hart	Fannie Robin
Julia Bains	Louise Hodges	Daisy Roux
Argerine Barbee	Miss Virginia Hulsart	Erin Scaife
Florence Beatty	Elizabeth Johnson	Edna Shelton
Ruth Bennett	Mattie Johnson	Ruby Shelton
Clyde Blanche	Mabel Jones	Lucy Smith
Winnie Bouanchaud	Mrs. Lillie M. Keane	Mary Lou Smitherman
Pearl Bryant	Mildred Kelly	Lillie Stevens
Dunwoodie Burgess	Jeanne Keller	Sadie Stinson
Hilda Burglund	Vida Kennon	Sue Annie Stinson
Leola Butler	Emma Kennon	Margaret Stirling
Leila Callihan	Ticia Kent	Winnie Strickland
Helen Calloway	Mary Alice Larche	Geneva Stucky
Miss Ora E. Carroll	Carrie Bell Lee	Willie Swan
Rozena Cavett	May McBride	Camille Taylor
Willie Cavett	Pearl McVea	Lizzie Taylor
Kate Colvin	Mrs. L. C. McVoy	Mary Tooke
Velma Coon	Nada Meredith	Ursa Vodopecie
Annie D. Corbett	Ethel Merrill	Dorothy Vought
Eulalia Crawford	Emma Miles	Grace Webb
Nerva Crawford	Irma Miller	Sarah Lee Wheatley
Harriet Currie	Elmira Montgomery	Mr. C. C. Whisenhunt
Thyra Denholme	Hilda Moody	Mrs. C. C. Whisenhunt
Helen Dixon	Jessie Moore	Aletha Whittington
Lena Doughty	Miss Mabel Moore	Mrs. M. V. Wildesen
Florence Duggan	Marjorie Myatt	Mary Wilkins
Hetty Ecker	Virginia Nesom	Ruby Wilcox
Marguerite Ecker	Rowena Neff	Ruth Williams
Bertha Emmons	Geraldine Norris	Rosa Lee Womble
Olga Erath	Anna Ruth Nuttall	Odelia Wright
Mary Faulk	Eunice Odom	Norma Wooten
Ynez Fishburn	Minnie Lee Odom	Vera Mae Young
	Della Owen	
	Annie May Pettit	

Young Women's Christian Association

The Y. W. C. A. was organized in the Louisiana State Normal in the spring of 1911. Its purpose is to promote spiritual, intellectual, and physical development in the school.

At the regular meetings held on Sunday evenings, the members are brought closer together by their songs and prayers. A helpful talk is usually given by some member of the faculty or by some other person interested in Christian work.

The Association has a beautiful, large reading-room in East Hall, which does a great deal to foster the social and intellectual side of school life. This room is open to the members every day after school and on Saturday. Here a tea is given to the faculty and members of the Association every few weeks. On Hallowe'en night the Association had a rally and invited the Y. M. C. A. Plans are now being made for a lawn party.

A piano, which has been ordered, will add much to the attractiveness of the reading-room. During school hours it will be rented out to the music pupils. Several months ago the Association purchased a sewing machine, which is rented to the club girls for ten cents per hour.

A walking club called the "Y. W. C. A. Hikers" has been organized. Every Sunday afternoon, when the weather permits, the "Hikers" go for a walk in the country with Mr. Williamson. A large number of girls are always ready for this weekly stroll, for the scenery around Natchitoches is beautiful, and Mr. Williamson is an interpreter of Nature and a charming story-teller.

The Association is visited once a year by the Field Secretary. This year Miss Frances Y. Smith, from St. Louis, was here. She gave several inspiring talks to the students and created an increased interest in the work.

Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS.

SUMMER TERM, 1913

President.....C. P. Knight	Secretary.....T. L. Harvey
Vice-President.....James Norred	Treasurer.....H. H. Harper

FALL TERM, 1913.

President.....A. L. Pourciau	Secretary.....H. H. Harper
Vice-President.....C. C. Murphy	Treasurer.....John Canterbury

WINTER TERM, 1913-1914.

President.....W. S. Campbell	Secretary.....John Canterbury
Vice-President.....Bowen Eubanks	Treasurer.....W. J. Bennett

SPRING TERM, 1914.

President.....Bowen Eubanks	Secretary.....S. M. Shows
Vice-President.....T. J. Griffin	Treasurer.....G. S. Morris

MEMBERS.

Wesley Baker	Luther Roark	Hodge Sellers
J. N. Barnes	C. L. Coussons	S. M. Shows
E. L. Barnes	S. R. Emmons	Nolan Smith
Matt Buatt	Bowen Eubanks	Mr. H. L. Stopher
Walter Brewer	Mr. T. G. Fournet	C. O. Holland
Homer Carter	W. J. Bennett	Toma Williams
W. S. Campbell	T. J. Griffin	M. M. Stafford
J. G. Canterbury	J. H. Jeansonne	Mr. Geo. Williamson
Authur Dugas	H. H. Harper	Mr. A. D. St. Amant
C. C. Dupree	Mr. A. M. Hopper	W. F. Dunckelman
Geo. Morris	Mr. P. T. Hedges	F. R. Barr
G. B. Annison	Mr. F. S. Hamilton	Mr. Samuel Chaman
J. B. Scallan	T. L. Harvey	Mr. C. C. Whisenhunt
B. C. Dugas	C. C. Murphy	President V. L. Roy
J. E. Bishop	Mr. H. L. Prather	Claude Ellender
T. H. Ruffin	A. L. Pourciau	M. J. Sylvest
J. F. Fowler		D. E. Sikes

Y. M. C. A.

Attempts made to establish a permanent organization of any kind are always interesting, although sometimes puzzling. Our present Y. M. C. A. was organized during the latter part of the spring of 1913, through the interest and efforts of Mr. Whisenhunt and Mr. Williamson. Previous to this, our organization found it very difficult to tide over the winter terms. Now we are working with a sense of permanency, for we know we have supporting us the sincere interest of the men of the student body, the willing support of the president and the faculty. The men of the faculty have shown deep concern in our success as men as well as in our organization, and have presented in the most beneficial way problems of life and morality concerning ourselves and our fellow workers. Among the lectures given during the summer quarter of 1913, probably these were the most interesting: "What Women Demand of Men," by Miss Roberta Newell; "The Other Man's Sister," by Mr. C. C. Whisenhunt; and a series of illustrated lectures on "Purity of Life," by Dr. C. G. Poole.

During the fall the phase of the work was changed to that of general discussion, directed by its president. Many topics were discussed that were easily within the ability of the average members to present, either by study or experience, as "Business Morality," "What Is an Ideal Citizen?" and "Of What Shall a Man's Religion Consist?" Other means were also sought to further and intensify the interest, and draw new material. A number of receptions were given and on one occasion the Y. M. C. A. was entertained by the Y. W. C. A. on Hallowe'en night.

During the winter quarter, as a means of continuing interest and promoting growth, individuals were held responsible for the success of the meetings, and an occasional lecture was given by prominent business men of the town. A student of Centenary College, Mr. Odom, who was sent as a delegate to "The Student Voluntary Movement" to Kansas City, Mo., addressed the Y. W. C. A. in a joint meeting with the Y. M. C. A., on the proceedings of this convention. His lecture telling of the great work of this convention was an inspiration to the members of both the organizations, and convinced us that we should reach for higher ideals in the future.

During the latter part of the quarter, a constitutional committee was appointed to examine the Constitution of the National Y. M. C. A., to see if it could be adopted and still retain our Catholic members. The committee recommended its adoption, which was accepted. This entitles us to National Membership Cards, which we ordered at once.

The future seems bright for our Y. M. C. A. Each member is wide awake and doing all in his power to make the organization the greatest success and a permanent student activity in the Louisiana State Normal School.

Joint Meeting of Religious Organizations

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 8, 1913.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

PROGRAM.

- Prelude—Ave Maria.....*Schubert*
NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
- Chorus—But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own.....*Mendelssohn*
LITERARY SOCIETY CHORUSES
- The Apostleship of Prayer
GLADYS BOURGEOIS, Representative
- The Y. W. C. A.
EMMA BAINS, Representative
- The Y. M. C. A.
G. J. WISE, Representative
- O How Amiable.....*Simper*
LITERARY SOCIETY CHORUSES
- Annual Address to Religious Organizations
REV. JOHN F. FOSTER
- King of Kings.....*Simper*
LITERARY SOCIETY CHORUSES
- Benediction
- Postlude—Menuetto from Surprise Symphony.....*Haydn*
NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



THE OLD BRIDGE



Pupils' Recital

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

J. BROWNE MARTIN, Director.

NORMAL AUDITORIUM.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 12, 1913, SEVEN-THIRTY O'CLOCK.

PROGRAM.

Surprise Symphony (First Movement).....*Haydn*

ORCHESTRA

Tyrolese Chorus.....*Rossini*

CHORAL SOCIETY

Violin—Cavatina.....*Bohm*

PEARL DUNCAN

Voice—A Necklace of Love.....*Nevin*

DAISY ROUX

(a) Coquette }
(b) Esperanza {.....*Johnstone*

ORCHESTRA

Piano—Polonaise (Militaire).....*Chopin*

MAY GUILBEAU

The Spinning Chorus (Flying Dutchman).....*Wagner*

CHORAL SOCIETY

Violin—Regrets.....*Vieuxtemps*

WILL PHILLIPS

Two Pianos—Rhapsodic.....*Loew*

ELMA BOOKSH, BELL PLATCHE

Hungarian Dance, No. 5.....*Brahms*

ORCHESTRA

Vocal Duet—May Time.....*Geehl*

LIZZIE TAYLOR, DAISY ROUX

In the Gypsy's Life (Bohemian Girl).....*Balfe*

CHORAL SOCIETY

Accompanists.....
MRS. HELEN YATES-MARTIN
MISS ISABEL HALLANGER



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Pupils' Recital

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

J. BROWNE MARTIN, Director

NORMAL AUDITORIUM

Thursday Evening, February 26, 1914, Seven O'clock

Humoreske— <i>Drorak</i>	ORCHESTRA
Piano, Gavotte— <i>Sapellnikoff</i>	MAY GUILBEAU
Violin, Souvenir— <i>Drda</i>	ALICE WILLIAMSON
Voice, "For a Day"— <i>Oleg Speaks</i>	ELGIE HALL
Quintette, Minuet— <i>Beethoven</i>	
Violins	WILL PHILLIPS, PEARL DUNCAN
Piano	MRS. MARTIN
Viola	PROF. MARTIN
Cello	PROF. WINSTEAD
Piano, Elegie— <i>Nollet</i>	ELMA BOOKSH
Le Cygne— <i>Saint-Saens</i>	ORCHESTRA
Solvejg's Song (Peer Gynt Suite No. 2) — <i>Grieg</i>	ORCHESTRA
Vocal Duet, Barcarolle — <i>Goring Thomas</i>	LIZZIE TAYLOR, DAISY ROUX
Violin, Grazioso — <i>Tirindelli</i>	PEARL DUNCAN
Piano, Waltz, "A La Bien-Aimée"— <i>Schutt</i>	BELLE PLAUCHE
Voice, "Sing, Smile, Shumber"— <i>Gounod</i>	LIZZIE TAYLOR
Violin, Romance (Suite No. 2)— <i>Ries</i> ; Souvenir de Posen— <i>Wieniawski</i>	WILL PHILLIPS
Voice, Recit. "Ask of You Ruined Castle"; Solo, "Yet Smile They So Sadly";	
The Rose Maiden— <i>Cowen</i>	DAISY ROUX
Hungarian Dance, No. 6— <i>Brahms</i>	ORCHESTRA
Accompanists: Mrs. HELEN YATES-MARTIN, MISS ISABEL HALLANGER, PROF. MARTIN	



STRING QUARTETTE



ORCHESTRA

The Normal School Orchestra

An organization which has played an important part in musical matters of the Normal School is the orchestra. The purposes of the organization are to afford an opportunity for orchestral study, to encourage an appreciation of the best orchestral music, to assist in concerts and musical events given during the year. The membership is chosen by the director from the entire student body, and is based entirely upon the standard of work done by the candidates.

Aside from its appearance in recital programs and public events, the orchestra has contributed to the bi-monthly music programs given by the School of Music at Assembly. Such a high standard of excellence has been maintained that the student body has hailed with delight each opportunity afforded to hear the orchestra. Only the highest types of music, belonging to the classic and modern schools of composition, are studied and prepared for public rendition. The zealous and faithful co-operation of its members throughout a long routine of practice has made possible an excellence of artistic finish not usually found in similar amateur organizations.

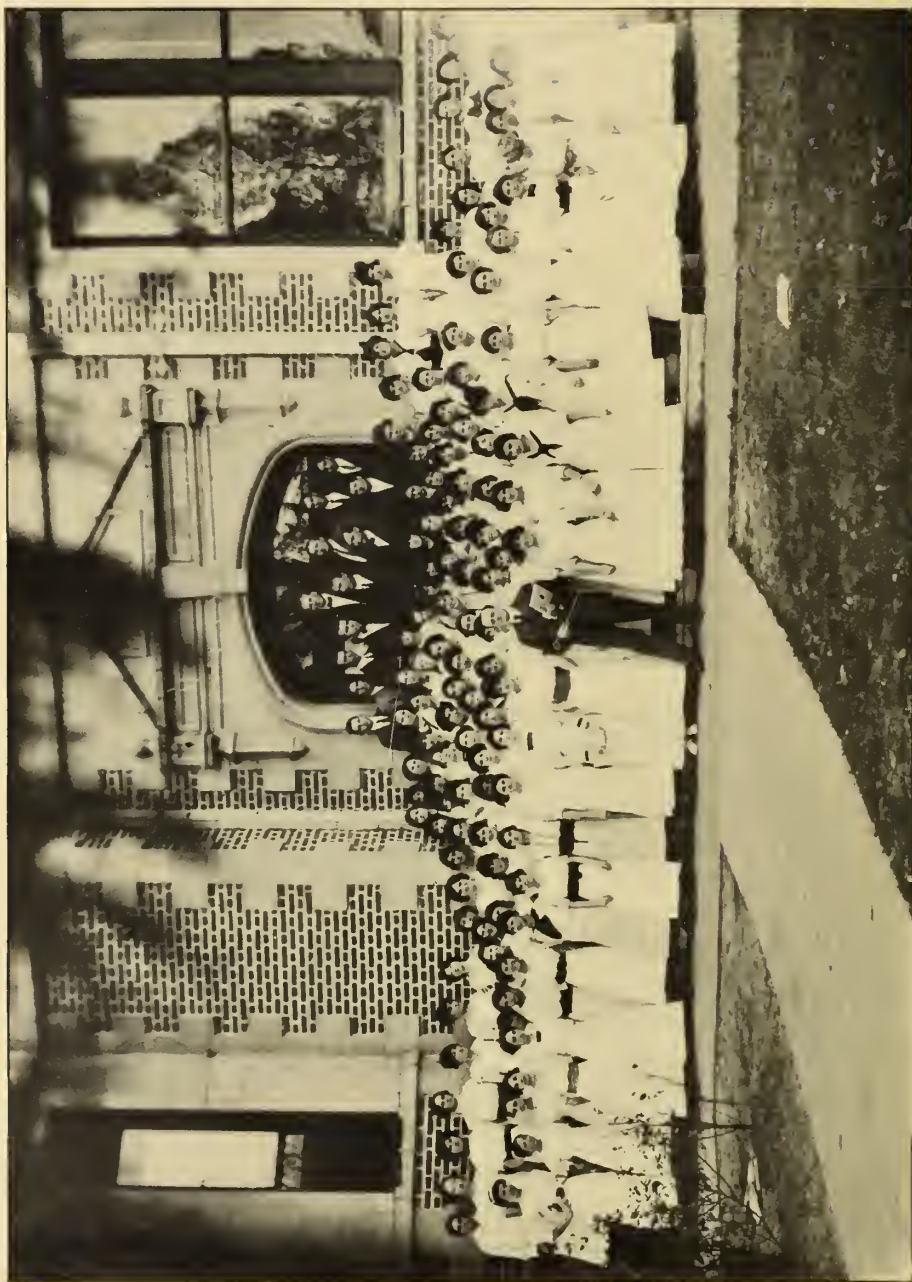
In the repertoire of the orchestra are to be found the following: Surprise Symphony (Haydn), Overture to Tancredi (Rossini), Tannhauser (Wagner), Coronation March (Kretschmar), Selection "Carmen" (Bizet), Serenata (Moszkowski), Humoreske (Dvorak), Aida March (Verdi), Selections from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, No. 2, Hungarian Dances Nos. 5 and 6 (Brahms), Minuet (Beethoven), An den Frueling (Grieg), Nocturnal Piece (Schumann).

MEMBERS.

Pearl Duncan	Thyra Denholme	Alice Williamson
Irma Sompayrac	Will Phillips	Mattie Baker
Eulalia Crawford	Mary Emerson	Camille DeBlieux
Mrs. Wildesen	Mrs. Martin	Prof. Winstead
Prof. Martin		

MEMBERS OF STRING QUARTETTE.

Pearl Duncan	Prof. Winstead	Will Phillips
	Prof. Martin	



CHORAL SOCIETY

The Choral Society

OFFICERS.

Honorary President, V. L. Roy

I. D. Bayne.....	President
Daisy Roux.....	Vice-President
Lizzie Taylor.....	Secretary and Treasurer
B. C. Dugas {	Librarians
R. A. Corley }	
Prof. J. Browne Martin.....	Music Director
Isabel Hallanger {	Pianists
Cecile Mandot }	

MEMBERS.

Adams, Eunice	Cain, Mattie	Dixon, Helen
Alexander, Mary Leigh	Calloway, Sydney	Dugas, Ben C.
Ane, Victore	Campbell, W. E.	Durham, Viola
Arnaud, Marie	Canterbury, John	Ecker, Margaret
Atkins, Grace	Carnahan, Claude	Englehardt, Barbara
Bayne, W. E.	Carver, Judith	Eubanks, Bowen
Bayne, I. D.	Carver, Miriam	Faulk, Mary
Batchelor, Ruth	Carter, Maude	Flanagan, Layton
Beckom, Virginia	Collier, Nita	Foret, Beatrice
Bienvenu, Ezilda	Corbett, Annie D.	Foster, Docia
Blanche, Clyde	Corley, R. A.	Futral, Gertrude
Bludworth, Edwina	Crowder, Lela	Gaunt, Delia
Bonner, Bessie	David, Johnnye	Gaunt, Sarah
Bonney, Willie	Davis, Ethel	Gray, Jack
Bouanchaud, Winnie	Davis, Jimmie	Greene, Debbie
Breazeale, Hilda	Davis, Lillian	Gremillion, Lillie
Breazeale, Katherine	DeBlicux, Lucille	Greeneaux, Shirley
Breda, Winona	DeRouen, Mona	Hall, Elgie
Bryson, Ruth	Dezauche, Jennie	Hargis, Mae
Burgess, Dunwoodie	Dezendorf, Rita	

Henry, Marjorie
Hodges, Louise
Hubbs, Lovie D.
Hymel, Esteve
Jackson, Christine
Jeansonne, J. H.
Jefferson, Ruth
Johnson, Elma
Johnson, Elizabeth
Johnson, Mattie
Jones, Crockett
Jones, Mabel
Kaffie, May
Kaffie, Retta
Keller, Vivian
Kemp, Myrtie
Kile, Lucile
Killen, Gertrude
Killen, Maude
Larche, Mary Alice
Lawes, Eunice
LeBlanc, Valerie
Lehmann, Elizabeth
Long, Nancy
Marston, Katharine
Maurin, Aimee
McIlwain, G. L.
Miles, Emma

Miller, Erma
Mire, Urlien
McNeely, Alice
Murphy, C. C.
Murphy, Marie
Neff, Rowena
Newson, Mabel
Olinde, Edith
Pace, Beatrice
Painter, Louella
Patterson, Stella
Pellerin, Martha
Phares, Katharine
Plauche, Belle
Poe, Ruby
Pope, Gertrude
Porter, Barbara
Pourciau, Emma
Proffit, Frances
Prudhomme, Anita
Prudhomme, Una
Richardson, Lucie
Robinson, R. L.
Roux, Carolyn
Roux, Daisy
Roy, Lucille
Russ, Irma

Scaife, Erin
Shelton, Olive
Sus, Lucille
Singer, Rosina
Skofield, Camille
Smith, Selma
Smith, Lucie
Sompayrac, Irma
Sompayrac, Myrtle
Sorey, Zola
Steinwinder, Mabel
Stevens, Lillie
Stucky, America
Tannehil, Estelle
Tarver, Clara
Taylor, Lizzie
Thiel, Mildred
Vanden Bosch, Louise
Vaughn, Cleo
Vial, Ella
Vignes, Arabella
Vought, Dorothy
Walsh, Helen
Webster, Elizabeth
Weldon, Estelle
Wheatley, Sarah Lee
Wilcox, Ruby
Wimberly, Annie R.

Annual Commencement Concert

BY THE

CHORAL SOCIETY

Under the direction of JAMES BROWNE MARTIN

Assisted By

MRS. HELEN YATES-MARTIN, Soprano

MRS. JAMES FREDERICK COX, Contralto

MR. HAROLD A. SUMRELL, Tenor

MR. ERNEST HAWKINS, Baritone

"THE ROSE MAIDEN"

A CANTATA

The Poem Adapted from the German by

R. F. FRANCHILLON

The Music by FREDERICK H. COWEN

ARGUMENT.

Queen of the Flower Fairies, weary of a life of unbroken calm, prays of the newly returned Spring that he will bestow upon her the gift of love that he bestows upon man. He warns her of the risk she runs, but finally yields to her entreaties by changing her while she sleeps into the form of a beautiful girl. Under the name of Roseblossom she wanders through the world to find the love that she seeks, and meets with a girl who, having been betrayed and deserted by her lover, loses her senses and dies broken-hearted. But, undeterred from her search, Roseblossom becomes the wife of a forester, with whom she lives for a time in such perfect happiness that she cannot survive his death. The elves bewail the fate of their Queen, and curse love as fatal to peace and happiness.

Choral Society

The Choral Society constitutes one of the principal features of Normal life and its activities. It was founded at the beginning of the winter term of 1912 by Mr. J. Browne Martin, the director of the School of Music.

The work of this organization has been excellent and it has accomplished more for the promotion of interest in things truly musical than any other form of musical endeavor. Not only has it afforded training and pleasure to those who sing, but it has also strengthened the interest and appreciation of the student body and public in the highest type of choral literature, including operas, oratorios, and cantatas.

Although the membership is voluntary, over one hundred students are enrolled, and the interest and support already manifested argue well for the future welfare and growth of the society. Each member looks forward with pleasure to the rehearsal hours on Tuesdays and Fridays. It has been said that "Music does not require novelty; nay, the older it is and the more accustomed we are to it, the greater its effect." That the members of the society have experienced this is proven by increased enjoyment at each succeeding rehearsal. Much of this pleasure and enthusiasm, however, is due to the energy, ability, and sympathy of the director, Mr. Martin. Not only does he direct the society in the most able manner possible, but by words of encouragement spurs the members on to higher things.

The society made its first public appearance at the Thursday Music Assembly, February 20th, assisted by Mrs. Helen Yates-Martin, soprano soloist, presenting the soprano solo and chorus, "Lovely Appear," from Gounod's "The Redemption." The pronounced success of this initial appearance was surpassed at the graduation exercises March 20th, when the society sang "Unfold Ye Portals," with orchestra accompaniment, to the delight of a large audience.

Preparation was begun during the winter semester of last year for the Commencement Concert by the society. The work chosen was Cowen's beautiful cantata, "The Rose Maiden," which was the first large work presented in

its entirety by the society. So much did the members enjoy the melodious music and the spirit of the cantata that its preparation proved a source of continuous delight as well as one of profitable study. Each one entered into the learning of the work with zeal and devotion, and in fact such loyal support was given the director that the chorus numbers were almost entirely memorized. This insured a rendition of the work which, for beauty of choral singing, surpassed the expectations of those who heard the concert. Soloists, audience, and director were loud in their praise of the work of the society at this its initial appearance in the rendition of a cantata; all of which proved that with serious effort and enthusiasm much could be accomplished in musical endeavor which would reflect upon the organization and the school.

(From *The Shreveport Times* of June 11th.)

The commencement concert given by the Choral Society of the School of Music of the Louisiana State Normal, on Friday, was a very brilliant affair. It was given under the direction of Mr. J. Browne Martin, assisted by Mrs. Helen Yates-Martin, soprano; Mrs. James Frederick Cox, contralto; Mr. Harold Smirell, tenor; and Mr. Ernest Hawkins, baritone. The feature of the concert was "The Rose Maiden," which was so beautifully rendered here a few years ago. The rendering by the Choral Society of the State Normal was a musical event of note. The chorus consisted of 150 Normal girls and boys under the direction of Prof. Martin, and showed most careful training in the many chorus numbers. The solo numbers were applauded most enthusiastically time and time again. The principals expressed themselves as having enjoyed singing with such a well trained and such a fine voiced chorus, and to such a large and appreciative audience.

The soloists took the following parts: Mrs. Helen Yates-Martin, Rose Blossom; Mrs. James Frederick Cox, the Gardener's Daughter; Mr. Harold Smirell, the Forester; Mr. Ernest Hawkins, the Spring; Miss Edith Mae Bundy, Pianist.

The society will present this year at its annual concert Flotow's opera of "Martha" in concert form. This beautiful and tuneful opera, arranged for concert preparation, has recently been given with great success by similar organizations of other schools in the East. The rendition of "Martha" will be the most pretentious offering of the organization. Professional soloists who have appeared in the work have been engaged, and no effort has been spared to make this year's concert a notable event.

ERIN SCAIFE.





B.C. Dugas



James Dezendorf.



Alton Alford



Bernard Nelken



M.J. Parker.



E.J. Hymel Jr



Paul Cancienne



Hubert Greneau



Wesley Baker



J.E. Bishop



Ulys H. Morris.

Normal Band, 1913-1914

Of all the musical organizations in the school the band is called upon far more often than any other. It has furnished music for a long list of occasions since the appearance of the 1913 Potpourri. In order that the "Potpourri 1914" readers may know at just how many functions the band has assisted in the past year, a full account follows:

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1913.

In response to a large number of requests from the relatives and friends of the band boys in town who could not attend the annual anniversary concert held on Saturday evening, April 12, in the Normal Auditorium, the program was repeated in the Olympic Opera House on Friday evening, April 25. The town people have always supported the band enthusiastically, and turned out an appreciative audience on that occasion.

CONCERT AT BOYCE, MAY 9, 1913.

An occasional trip puts new life into any student enterprise. One of the most enjoyable, as well as eventful, trips the band has taken was the one to Boyce. Under the auspices of the Boyce Band, then being organized, the L. S. N. picked band of fifteen members gave a concert at Boyce Opera House on Friday evening, May 9, to a full house. A ball was given afterwards in honor of the occasion, which, it is needless to say, every one enjoyed in his own way and to the fullest.

FIELD AND TRACK MEET, SATURDAY, MAY 10.

Undaunted by the half-night's ride of May 9, the band played at the field meet the following afternoon.

CONCERT AT CAMPTI, MAY 16, 1913.

A concert was given by the Normal Band at the Campti High School building on Friday evening, May 16. This trip was made in automobiles hired from the local garage or furnished by the members of the band. A large crowd turned out and a neat sum was added to the treasury.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION, JUNE 6, 1913.

The reception of the tenth termers to the graduates, held in the old chemistry laboratory on Friday evening, June 6, was one of the most successful of its kind. The band, ensconced behind a bower of pine branches, gave the music for the grand march and played at intervals during the evening.

BAND CONCERT, JUNE 9, 1913.

As part of the commencement festivities and the only event on Monday of graduation week, an outdoor concert was planned, but the weather interfered and the event was held in the auditorium. The following program was given:

Lustspiel Overture *Keler-Bela*
Olivette *Myers*
Spanish March—"Sorella"..... *Borch-Clerc*
Trombone Solo—"My Rosary of Dreams"..... *Denison*

HAROLD KAFFIE

Waltz from "Faust"..... *Gounod*
"The Glow Worm"..... *Lincke*
"Waltz Dream"..... *Strauss*
"The Star-Spangled Banner"

ALUMNI MEETING, JUNE 10, 1913.

This alumni meeting was the tenth anniversary of the 1903 class. The band held forth at the reception afterward.

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST, JUNE 11, 1913.

The inter-society contest, the biggest night of the year at the Normal, as well as the noisiest, is no longer complete without the band to begin and end the performance and bridge over the suspense of waiting for the judges' decision.

DEDICATION OF THE MODEL SCHOOL LIBRARY, JULY 15.

The band furnished the music for the formal opening of the Model School Library. The assembly room was full, and a large number expressed their appreciation of the help given by the band.



Edwin L. McClang Jr.



Roy Tetdlic



Alvin DeBlieux



Wm. Lucas



George Morris



Jervais Ford



J. H. Jeanson



Beat F. Dranguet



Forest Hedges



Spencer Emmons



R. A. Metoyer



Yannie Cook

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

Mr. W. J. AVERY, Presiding.

PROGRAM.

March—"Col. Miner".....(*Rosencranz*) Normal Band
"America".....By the Assembly
Address.....By Hon. Phanor Breazeale
March.....Normal Band
Raising of the Flag.....By President V. L. Roy
(Flag Raiser, Mr. J. E. Guardia)
"The Star-Spangled Banner".....Normal Band
An informal concert was given by the band after the regular program.

W. O. W. HALL DEDICATION, JULY 16.

A brass quartet selected from the band played at the dedication of the new W. O. W. Hall on Wednesday evening, July 16. They played the opening and closing songs and Sullivan's "O Hush Thee, My Babe," as a special number.

SUMMER OPEN REHEARSALS.

Owing to the fact that many of the graduate members of the band came back to Natchitoches for the summer term, the rehearsals were held on the platform in front of Lay's Kandy Kitchen. The city council generously furnished the electric wiring and lights. Large crowds of town people showed their interest in the band by turning out to listen to every rehearsal.

AUGUST 14 CONCERT.

On August 14, the first anniversary of the marriage of Mr. H. W. Stopher and Miss Vashiti Robertson, the Normal boys gave a benefit program prepared by themselves at the local opera house. The usual excellent support given the band by the people of Natchitoches was manifested by the large audience.

CONCERT FOR GRADUATES.

On the afternoon of August 17, the band gave an informal concert on the tennis courts in honor of the graduating class. This was due to the fact that there were six members of the band in the class. They were: Harry Kranson,

clarinet; Malcolm Kaffie, cornet; Roe Browne, Milton Adams and D. C. Bonnette, basses, and C. P. Knight, bass drum. Mrs. Hawkins in her usual generous manner had punch served to the band and all the guests.

When the band reorganized in the fall of 1913 the prospects were indeed discouraging. Not only had six old men graduated in the summer term, but six others who were in town for the summer went away for one cause or another. They were: Warren Voiers and Irion Nelkin, clarinets; N. B. Voiers, cornet; Harold Kaffie and Earle J. Freeman, trombones, and H. E. Dalton, alto.

But the band immediately set to work and made a fairly good showing for the reception to the new students at the beginning of the term. During the fall term they played for the following games:

Varsity vs. Scrubs.....	October 4
Monroe High School vs. L. S. N.....	October 11
Louisiana College vs. L. S. N.....	October 18
Centenary College vs. L. S. N.....	October 25
Lafayette vs. L. S. N.....	November 27

SECOND ANNUAL TRIP TO THE STATE FAIR AT SHREVEPORT, NOVEMBER 8, 1913.

The members of the band that day were as follows:

Paul Ducournau	C. B. McClung	Hubert Greneaux
Edwin Dranguet	Albert Browne	Roy Teddlie
Matt Buatt	Malcolm Kaffie	Alvin DeBlieux
Irion Nelkin	Russell Bobbitt	J. E. Bishop
Sidney Lucas	Eric DeBlieux	J. E. Dezendorf
Robert Browne	E. L. McClung	Milton Adams
T. H. Ruffin	Benjamin Dranguet	Roe Browne
Ulysses Morris	Wm. Lucas	R. A. Metoyer
E. J. Himel	Jervais Ford	George Morris
Raoul Levy	B. C. Dugas	Vannie Cook
H. W. Stopher	M. J. Parker	Paul Concienne
D. J. Hyams	Blount Breazeale	C. P. Knight
N. B. Voiers	E. J. Freeman	



Sidney Lucas



Trueheart Ruffin



Edwin Dranquet



Robert Browne



Matt J. Buatt



Cecil B. McClung
(Chief Trumpeters)



H. W. Stopher
Director



Albert Brown



Paul Ducour-mau



Jas. A. Prudhomme



Eric DeBlieux



Zentia B. Viers

The L. S. N. Band made its first appearance at the State Fair in November, 1912. The good impression it made then was a source of great satisfaction to all the band and the pride of all the students. In 1913, the band, strengthened by some of the old members, so pleased the management of the fair association that negotiations have been opened considering a trip of two days to the fair in 1914. It was evident to all close observers on that day that our band was the best equipped college band there. The instrumentation and playing ability of the band was highly complimented by many of the members of the other bands there, including some of the most prominent members of the Thaviu's Russian Band. From this band our boys learned a great many things, and all came home with new inspiration and determination to make our band the best in the state.

The brass quartet played an arrangement of Handel's "Father of Heaven" at a special educational meeting at the new Methodist church on November 20, and also at the tenth term reception to the graduates on Thanksgiving night, November 27. The saxophones came in for a share of curiosity and admiration.

COMMENCEMENT, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

The untimely rain on December 5 kept the band from carrying out the plan in regard to the dedication of the electrolier presented by the Idealists.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE, DECEMBER 5.

The band started and finished the enthusiastic society demonstration on the night of the first debate of the year. The band is the only musical organization that can cope with the tremendous yelling that is a feature of the society contest.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.

On Saturday, December 12, the Methodist ladies held a bazaar and baby show in the Inn Hotel, at which the band played an informal concert of the hour.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17.

The band gave another hour's informal concert to open the rest room in the old Grammar School building in town, now known as the Rex Club building, a room made possible by the energy and persistence of the ladies of the Lesche Club.

MINSTREL, DECEMBER 26.

One of the reasons that constant improvement of the band is possible is that the members practice during school and vacation alike. During the Christmas holidays the boys took advantage of the return of Harold and Malcolm Kaffie, Roe Browne, Milton Adams and Irion Nelkin, and, with their assistance, gave a minstrel show at the opera house. In spite of rather active opposition in the way of other attractions and rather heavy expense, the minstrel netted nearly forty dollars to the band treasury. This was applied on the new saxophone.

During the winter term the band played at the following basket ball games:

Normal Boys vs. Pineville.

Normal Girls vs. Marksville.

Normal Girls vs. Bunkie.

The band took part in the commencement exercises and the dedication of the class electrolier to the Normal School.

In the present term the band has taken its most extensive concert trip, playing concerts at Robeline, April 1; Pelican, April 2; Mansfield, April 3, and at DeSoto parish track meet, April 4. The new white duck uniforms were used for the first time on this trip.

Needless to say, the third anniversary concert, held Friday evening, April 24, was the best of its kind. The souvenir programs, containing a picture of each member of the band, were a feature of the concert.



S. A. K. GIRLS' QUARTET,
Winners in Society Contest, May, 1913.



M. C. C. BOYS' QUARTET,
Winners in Society Contest, May, 1913.

PUBLICATIONS



P. Duncan.

Potpourri and Staff

This year, for the first time in its history, the Potpourri is a student publication in every sense. At the beginning of the fall term the faculty decided that the school annual should be a student production in a financial as well as literary way, and that the best way to make it so was to turn over to the three higher literary societies the entire management of the publication of the Potpourri. Accordingly, they elected a business manager from each society: C. A. BLANCHARD, M. C. C.; WALTER BREWER, E. L. S., and E. V. DE BLIEUX, S. A. K., all three to work together in the business interest of the Potpourri.

The editor-in-chief and assistant editors were selected by the English and art departments for their excellence in those subjects and their ability to do original work along the lines of English and art, but the equal representation of the societies among the assistants and class representatives was an important consideration in the selection.

We trust that this, our initial effort, may be at least an earnest of what the societies will make the Potpourri in the future.

We conclude with these words of thanks:

To you who helped in the preparation and organization of this book we offer our sincerest and deepest thanks. The best that is in the Potpourri is the result of your labor, assistance and encouragement. This spirit and enthusiasm with which you imbued us gave us life and determination and made it possible for us to struggle through the long, difficult, and trying task.

If we have failed to please you with our management or in any way missed the mark of your ideal, we can only say that we have done the best that our time and skill would allow, and beg of you to

“BE TO OUR VIRTUES VERY KIND;
BE TO OUR FAULTS A LITTLE BLIND.”

THE STAFF.

POTPOURRI



EARLINE HESTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



E.V. DE BLIEUX BUSINESS MANAGER



W.B. BREWER BUSINESS MANAGER



C.A. BLANCHARD BUSINESS MANAGER



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CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Fall Graduating Class

THELMA DE GRAFFENREID CYRIL COOKE

4B	3B	2B
LETITIA PETRIE	OLA DOT OVERBY	VIRGINIA PRESCOTT
GENEVA STECKEY	DUNWOODIE BURGESS	KATHRYN BERLY
	ETHEL MERRILL	
4A	3A	2A
MRS. JULIA COORSEY	KATE GOSLING	MARGARET PICKLES
FLORENCE BEATTY	MIRIAM CARVER	EDNA FANT
LALON NELSON		
3C	2C	1C
LENA LOPEZ	LILLIAN MARY DAVIS	DEBBIE GREENE
LEONA HARPER	THOS. J. GRIFFIN	CAMILLE GUYTON
MARTHA PELLERIN		
		1B
		SUNSHINE FLYNN
		LAYTON FLANAGAN

CURRENT SAUCE

Vol. I.

LA. STATE NORMAL THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

No. 4

ATHLETICS.

The new term opened last Monday with athletics as a great feature. The girls have taken a great interest in track, and they have started in with such a vim that who knows but we will have one or two of these fair Atlantans to represent the Normal this summer at the S. A. A. meet?

L. S. N. DEFEATED.

Our base ball boys left last Friday for Shreveport where they played Centenary College of that city that afternoon. We were very disappointed to get the returns of the game, the score being 23 to 8 in favor of Centenary. This is hard luck for the Beginning, but this is our first defeat and we expect it to be our last.

COMPLIMENTARY TO MISS M'NEELY

On Wednesday night, March 4th, Miss Alice McNeely was tendered a farewell luncheon by a few of her girl friends.

The tea room was tastefully decorated with pennants and banners. The color scheme, yellow and white, was carried out in the decorations. Ferns were arranged most artistically and Southern Smilax was twined on the electroliers. From these were suspended yellow ribbons which were caught and fastened at the four corners of the table with bouquets of yellow jonquils.

In the center of the table was a mirrored plateau on which rested a bowl of jonquils.

The following menu was served
Oyster Cocktail

Olives	Chicken Salad Sandwiches	Pickles
	Salted Almonds	
Ice Cream		Cake

Dainty, hand-painted place cards marked the places of the following guests: Alice McNeely, "Pat" Beatty, Ruth Ford, Reese Murphy, Louise Hodges, Irma Russ, Mary Faulk, Helen Dixon, Sarah Lee Wheatley, Martha Pellerin, Merrill Flower, Blanche Weil, Betta Aaron, Erin Scaife, Lucile Roy and Mona de Rowen

CONTEMPORARY LIFE

Last Friday night the Contemporary Life Club held a most interesting meeting. In addition to the installation of officers for the coming term, there was a program of exceptional interest. Miss Mary Tooke opened the evening with a reading from Beard's American Government and Politics, and Misses Kate Gosling and Leola Butler followed with stories, the first being "Madame Butterfly" and the last "A Recent Confederate Victory." After a few minutes of humor from Miss Irma Russ the club settled down to business during which several new members were received.

The club is doing real work. Besides editing Current Sauce, the members contribute much in the way of training for public service.

DREAM FACES.

O! I sit me down at evening,
When the world has all grown gray,
With the mists that hover after sunset's glow,
It is then there comes a vision
Of a clearer brighter day,
And I watch while sweet dream-faces come and go
O! I see them rise before me,
Crowned with gold and silver hair,
Pictures, youth and age as in the days of yore,
And I breathe again a longing,
For the skies that were so fair,
But I hear a small voice murmur,
"Nevermore."
They are gone from earth forever,
'Twas the steady hand of Time,
Bear them on into a realm beyond the years,
And methinks I hear them singing
In a land of the sublime,
Where the soul can never know of sighs and tears
So I sit me down in silence
And forget that time has flown—
That those forms are covered with the winter's snow,
And I live those old days over
With the loves that were my own,
In the evening when dream-faces come and go —Lexie M'ford

SEEKERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE

The Seekers After Knowledge elected the following officers for the spring term:

President.—H. L. Killen.
Vice-President.—"Pat" Beatty
Secretary.—Kate Gosling
Treasurer.—Paul Conscience
Critic.—Marjorie Wyatt
Editor.—Marguerite Sanders

THE NORMAL TRAMPS.

With the coming of spring and the irresistible call of nature a crowd of Normal girls tore away from their narrow worries and duties and forgot themselves for a whole morning in the woods back of the Normal last Saturday. First a committee was sent to Mrs. Hawkins to ask if they might go cray-fishing and with her consent came also buckets, a ball of cord and meat. Attired in the conventional mid-dy and skirt, these girls departed, armed with the articles Mrs. Hawkins had given them. Their course was north-west, via fences. At last they arrived at Normal Lake. Here they made fishing poles with sticks and cords and with pins as hooks and steak as bait were ready to catch all the fish that would come their way. And indeed the fish did come their way for in so short a time eighteen nice sun perch (not crayfish) were caught. Tiring of this the gay party next wandered into the wilds of the mossy woods, and oh, the violets and moss covered trees that met their eyes! The whole place looked like a veritable Eden. Kodak pictures were next in line, after which the long trip home was begun. The happy girls reached their old home, Normal Hill proper, just in time to have their fish cooked for lunch. Those so fortunate as to enjoy this several mile tramp were Misses Helen Dixon, Irma Russ, Vivian Keller, Jack Gray, Ethel Merrill, Pearl McVar, Lucile Long, Alma Garland, Louise Hodges, Sarah Lee Whitley, and Mary Faulks

The Normal Band will give a concert in Pelican, La. in the near future

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temporary Life Club, Louisiana
State Normal.

Editor.....	Ethel Merrill
Associate.....	Betta Aaron
Associate.....	Loretto Mary
Associate.....	Martha Pellerin
Subscription Manager.....	Reece Murphy

March 19, 1914.

Did you ever stop to think this out: "What have I done to show my school spirit, my interest in the affairs of this school?" Here's the answer. If I get the Current Sauce, read it, send it home for others to read, I am interested in this school and have the right attitude. If I haven't subscribed long it yet, I'll do so right away and get even with my conscience. But I won't stop here; I'll get busy right away and get subscribers for this paper."

song of the mocking bird has put us in tune with all the world—we see the beauty of the hill with new eyes. We find new delight in the tiny flowers and budding trees and the green grass and clover. Our troubles of the classroom are forgotten and a love for the Normal fills us to overflowing, and the thought of leaving it saddens us momentarily, but we forget in the exaltation of the present. We realize, perhaps for the first time, the truth of the words uttered in the Graduating Address: "To live is to exult."

Light after darkness,
Gains after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wand'ring,
Praise after tears.

Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Light after mystery,
Peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb;
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss—
Right was the pathway
Leading to this

—Selected

Two new names are to be added to the Faculty Matrimonial List of the Normal School. These two names seeking admittance to the "List" are those of Misses Isabel Williamson and May Phillips. While we sincerely regret to part with Misses Williamson and Phillips, still we are glad to join the whole student body in wishing them a happy future.

When that famous Princess slid off of Grand Ecore, we wonder if there was when princess lips came into use. Perhaps Mr. Williamson could tell us as he has lately been delving into the history of Natchitoches and vicinity.

Well, Normal students, where h
the Honor System gone? Don't
satisfied with letting the matter re
is it is. We will get it yet.

Young Lady (to clerk in department store). "I would like to see some of your muffs."

"What lur?" asked the clerk
"To keep my hands warm, of course" answered the young lady

Mr Bateman (to his 4-B Agricultural class) "Now, class, this subject is going to be very interesting, it is so different from the other subjects you are carrying. Say what you want, agriculture will be more serviceable to you than your Kelly and Seats."

Irma Russ "Louise, what ships did Columbus come to America on?"

Louise Hodges "Why, Irma, you ought to be ashamed not to know that his ships were the *Piota*, *St. Maria* and the *Mayflower*."

Practice Teacher (upon her first appearance before her class) "Now children, I want you to think before you answer my next question."

A Bright Youngster "Why, don't have to think; I am half of philosopher now"

Mr. Alford: "Miss David, suppose one of the ~~40~~ ⁴⁰⁰ ~~million~~ ^{million} in the desert, what would they have to do?"

Miss David "Well, I don't know."
Mr. Alford "Why, just get
Campbell, as you did."

Pat "Law, chile, I was a teller at
the Honor System Election"

Reese. "Well, I reckon I hear you tell."

I wonder why "Pat" calls Bess & Robert a "pill roller."

Practice Teacher "What is made from flax?"

Burris "Towels, dress goods"
D. T. "Yes, but what kind

to Rustie "Guest towels."

Mat and Speck were looking at

jewelry display.

off Mat "Say, Speck, aren't tho
at spoons good looking?"

Speck "Aw, go on I like For
us (Faulks) best."

Now that it is Lent, the many social events of Normal Hill have been discontinued. All of us are looking forward to Easter, after which the Hill will be the scene of many social functions.

PERSONALS.

Misses Ruth Pattison and Blanche Wagley spent the week end at their homes last week.

Miss Lorena Bankston's brother, Ned, was a visitor here this week.

Misses Helen Calloway and Bessie and Mary Bonner were week end visitors at their homes last week.

Miss Thyra Denholme went home this week end.

Miss Pearl Duncan, on account of ill health, left for her home last week to remain during the coming term.

Miss Mary Lisso was also a visitor to her home town last week end.

Miss Lucile Siess went home last week end and returned Monday.

Mr. Ragan and daughter visited Lee Craig Ragan Friday and she returned home with them for a week end visit.

Mr. Williamson went to St. Joseph, La., to attend the wedding of his son, George.

Mrs. Charlie McVea of Baton Rouge spent several days of last week with her daughter, Pearl.

President V. L. Roy went to De Ridder last Saturday on business.

Miss Gracey Brown spent the week end at her home.

Miss Christine Jackson and Eleanor Atkins left for home last Saturday to remain.

We welcome all the new students of this term and want them to catch the spirit and subscribe for the Current Sauce.

The Hughes Dry Goods Company

The House of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear. New Dresses Just Received. The Normal's Shoe Store. Handling Queen Quality, Hannan, Walk-Over and Edwin Clapp Shoes. Featuring, especially for early Spring, the Tango Ribbon Pump, the Baby Doll Pump, also Louise Heel Colonial. When Wanting Shoes—Well—Just Think of HUGHES.

Misses Lee Ola Dorman and Jeane Simpson are with us again after an absence of a term.

Everyone now is recovering from grippie—thanks to the sunshine and nice spring weather.

Miss Mandott has succeeded Miss Hallanger as a faculty member of the school of music.

Miss Mary Browne spent last week at her home in Plaquemine, La. Miss Stella Cage, a member of the Fall Class of 1913 was married on March 9th to Mr. George Moody, of Bunkie.

Mr. Spencer Phillips, a former graduate, visited the Normal with the Senior Class of the Pelican High School Friday.

Miss Laura Evelyn Sheen, graduate of Newcomb College, has accepted the position as art teacher, recently vacated by Miss May Phillips.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

1. Wanted: A guaranteed freckle remover.

"SPECK" HOLLAND.

2. Wanted: A sister's protection.

MR. CLAMON.

3. Wanted: A poor show.

LALON NELSON.

4. Wanted: Letters.

SADIE BELLE PROTHRO
REESE MURPHY.
CORNELIA POWER
GAISSY KENT.

5. Wanted: P-plus plans for Miss Nelken.

BETTA AARON
LORETTA MARY
J. H. ALFORD.

6. Wanted: High shoes.

CLUB GIRLS.

7. Wanted: A rest.

PRACTICE TEACHERS.

8. Wanted: Some one to work our gardens.

11th TERM GARDENERS.

9. Wanted: A Current Sauce.

EVERYBODY.

10. Wanted: A sugar-coated pill.

MR. PAYNE.

11. Wanted: Powder puffs.
PRACTICE TEACHERS.

12. Wanted: Non-shining noses.
DR. COOLEY.

13. Lost: A "red" Ford.
C. A. BLANCHARD.

14. Lost: A voice.
MR. WILLIAMSON.

15. Lost: A presence of mind.
MISS GAULDEN'S OBSERVERS.

16. Lost: A tune.
NORMAL BAND.

17. Lost: Their sense of humor.
MISS GAULDEN'S OBSERVERS.

18. Lost: Her balance.
THE LIBRARIAN.

19. Lost: A red tie.
MR. PRATHER.

20. Found: A true heart.
RUBY WILCOX.

For Sale: Latin ponies.
THOSE WHO HAVE
PASSED IN LATIN.

It has been proven conclusively that the best advertiser the Normal has is her alumni. Only two students of the present student body were influenced to come to the Normal through advertisements in the newspapers of the state. This proves that the Normal is very dear to those who leave her portals.

Patronize those who patronize us.

We are glad to know that the appearance of Louisiana grippie is almost extinct. Toward the end of the term many of our dearest (?) ones were in the Infirmary where the "White Linen Nurse" dispensed freely, "No, you cannot see her."

City Drug Co., Ltd.

The Model Drug Store.
St. Denis and Second Sts.
Phone 4-3. Night Phone 9-1.
Natchitoches, : : : Louisiana
Prescriptions a Specialty
Agents for Norris & Jacobs Candies.
The Best Made.
Toilet Articles, Stationery, Fancy Goods.. Special Attention to Normal Orders.

FOOT COMFORT AIDS MENTAL PROGRESS



TRADE MARK
"Ends with your foot"
CHAS. UNTER

ADVICE.

Harbor not revenge in thy breast,
it will torment thy heart and discolor
its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive
than to return an injury; he that
watches for an opportunity for re-
venge, lieth in wait against himself
and draweth down mischief on his
own head.

A mild answer to an angry man,
like water cast upon the fire, abateth
his heat, and from an enemy he shall
become thy friend.

—Economy of Human Life

If you want to subscribe, or know
of anyone else who does, just see the
Current Sance subscription commit-
tee, composed of Annie Mae Pettit,
Reese Murphy, Irma Russ, Annette
Hewett, Clara Louise Barnes, and
any member of the Contemporary
Life Club. You will receive kind and
immediate attention.

Let the Normal grow!

"THE COURSE OF COURSES."

You talk about your classes
And your societies and clubs,
But social science classes
Will lead the nation's "hubs."

For politics they know about,
Economics just as well,
The single tax, without a doubt,
Is a cure-all so they tell.

They make a special study of
Consumption of all goods,
The distribution of above,
And production of our foods.

They look into the history
Of questions great and small
The things that make for victory,
And those why nations fall.

They study history, for the past
Reveals the reasons why
Certain laws will hold so fast
While others, we shouldn't try.

To govern well this land of ours,
Certain rules are followed
They study civics by the hour
To teach these laws they swal-
lowed.

You'll ask what makes this change
In woman's quiet force
They have acquired all the range
Through the social science course.

This course is valuable indeed
For the world is sure demanding
That teachers be prepared to lead,
In things we are commanding.
—M. P.

Subscribe for the Current Sance
It is the School's paper, it bespeak,
the life of the Hill.

We are now carrying the Goods
Demanded by the Normal trade and
will appreciate your business.

Just Received

Baby Doll Pumps in Satin, Patent or
Gun Metal at \$2.50

Colonial Pumps in Patent or Gun
Metal \$3.00

Mens Tan Rubber Soled Oxfords.

SEMMELMAN'S

POTPOURRI.

The second third of the Potpourri
has gone to the publisher. In the
near future the last third will be ready
to go. The Potpourri Staff is cer-
tainly working hard to make this edi-
tion the best by far, and we are sure
that their hopes will be fulfilled.

We believe in the Honor System.

Mr. Whistler delivered a lecture well
as surprisingly entertained the stu-
dent body with a vocal solo Friday
March 13th.

Send Current Sance money order
to
1000 G. St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Wanted: A second-hand critique
by Lee Aura Fuller.

Watch Current Sance and the Con-
temporary Life Club grow!

PATRONIZE THOSE MERCHANTS WHO PATRONIZE US

Levy Drug Company

THE REXALL STORE

Kodaks and Supplies

Rexall Remedies. Conklin Pens.

Phone 1-3-1

Levy Drug Company

In battle or business,

Whatever the game,

In law or in love,

It is ever the same,

In struggle for power,

Or scramble for pelf,

Let this be your motto:

"Rely on yourself."

For whether the prize be ribbon or
throne

The victor is he who can win it alone.

Watch Current Sance Grow. There
will be added something to the
literary societies and a lot of other
things.

DeBLIEUX'S

The Only Exclusive Ladies Store in
Town.

Leaders in Dresses, Skirts, Garments
of all Kinds and Millinery.

"The Store for the Normal Girl."

Call on us we have it

WHAT?

Everything Necessary to Make a
Good Lunch

Pierson & Duncelman

VOX DISCIPULORUM.

VOL. 3

NATCHITOCHES, LA. Idus Feb. MDCCCXIV

NO. 4.

VOX DISCIPULORUM

De Publicatione

Hoc volumen et pro delectatione et beneficio a discipulis Scholae Normalis in republica Louisianae publicatur, et utimur Latina ut vobis et Latinam et Anglicam noscendas esse demonstramus si bene evenire velitis

Publicata singulis terminibus.

ADMINISTRES NEGOTII

2 B Ellis Barnes
2 C W J Bennette
3 A Lee Craig Reagan
3 B Crichton Cox
2 C Sula Carriere.

Particula Loci.

Normalis Schola in civitate Louisianae, hoc tempore contagione morborum devastata, in quibus sunt mor



EDITORES.

PRO TERMINO:

2 B Virginia Prescott
Carrie Belle Lee
2 C Elizabeth Smith
Revere Sewell
3 A Delia Gaunt
Marguerite Sanders
B Elma Booksh
Ynez Fishburn

billi et nuptiae. Ili discipulos solos adfectant, eum haec mortiferos impetus in facultatem faciunt. Et eae qui aborant non recuperare possunt.

Confidamus, O condiscipuli, rationem honorariam in hac schola constitui, mox possit, quae fraudationem debilitat etque faciat ut omnes sint nostrum genuini et nobiles, sicut futuri praecceptores esse debent.

Certa nocte, dum matrona aulae

sonis occasum adest, tertia vigilia puellae in aedificio concitatae sunt terribile clamore qui sonabat veluti ignis inveniebatur. Perterritae puellae ex aedibus irruerant ut quid causae esset cognoscerent: Vigilius vocatus est et re investigata cognovit aliquas horribiles puellas situlus desuper gradus coniecisse.

Diebus Aeneae Venus filium Cupidinem ad Didonem misit qui eius animum veneno falleret. Vero, estne nihil auctoritatis nunc Cupidini? Immo vero, etiam in Normalem Collem venit et suum teum veneni in dominarum corda iacit atque ers a nobis ducit. Ille nuper unam dulcem dominam sollicitabat ut a nobis exiret manifesto sine animi dolore. Cupidone a hoc colle ivit an alias victimas petit? Tempus dicet.

Nefarius parvus morbus morbilli vocatus, in portas Normalis Scholae intravit et in discipulos impetum fecit. Ei parvi hostes cotidie augent. Exercitus Praesis Roy iam in infirmia hibernat. Cum demique istos parvos hostes exisse audiamus, magnum onus a nostro pulchro colle atque, nostris umeris sublevetur.

Ludus globulus in calathio hic A. D. VII Kalendas Februarias habitus est inter puellae Normalis et Evergreen puellas. Nostrae puellae hanc victoriam sibi addiderunt.

O tempora! O mores! Dominus Win-

stead haec vidit; Prases Roy intelligit; hoc tamen vivit. Immo vero, etiam in Normalem Scholam venit. Qui enim aut mali aut corruptelae cogitari potest quod sit maius eo?

Sed cur tam diu de uno scelere loquimur, et de eo scelere quod nefarium esse scimus? Si quis talis qualis omnis esse oportebat, nos rationem honorariam capere non dubitamus.

Quidvis.

Caesar, maximus Romanorum, a coniuratoribus necatus est. Cuius coniurationis Brutus et Cassius erant principes. Antonius, legatus Caesaris, magno proelio Brutum et Cassium Philippis profligavit et sic mortem Caesaris ultus est.

—John Barnes

Olim in Normale Schola erat puer qui Latinam studebat. Ille puer erat sapiens et suum pensum tam bene discebat ut magister eum maxime laudabat. Sed certo die amicus ei de libro dixit qui ei magno auxilio esset, quod Latinus transferebatur. Amicus librum equum appellavit. Puer, quod natura erat malus, hunc librum experiri statuit. Iam diu multum eum non studere necesse est, Olim magister enim rogavit: "Cur est hoc verbum in subjunctivo modo?" Poterat respondere quod non studuerat. Magister ei acerrime dixit quod non respondere poterat, et eum monuit ne posthac equo Latino ei vehendum esset.

—Ellis Barnes

Puellae saepe ignorant ubi ad Normalem Scholam veniunt. Sic puellae antiquae eis de legibus instituti nar- rant.

Una puella instructa est omnibus legibus praeter unam quae erat haec: lucem decima hora extinguendum esse. Itaque ubi domina lucem in eius aedibus vidit post decimam horam, puellae adpropinquavit et eam lucem statim extinguere iussit. Puella ignara et misera diu tentavit sed sine successu. Denique in arca lucem inclusit. Opportune accidit quod perpauci iocum cognoscebant.

—Gertrude Norris;

—
“Vinculum inter veterem et novam Normalem.”

Mense Novembre, Normalis officiales historicum aedificium, Agnes Donoho aedecium appellatum, quod in terra post Normalem conditam manserat, destruxerunt.

Hoc aedificium iucundissimam historiam habet. Prope mediam undevicesimam centuriam feminae Nobilis ordinis Sacri Cordis, communitas monacharum, monasterium Natchitochiensis condiderunt, et id aedificium, quod postea nomine Agnes Donoho appellabatur, aedificaverunt.

Anno Domini MDCCCLXXXV Civitas Louisiana possessionem emit, et ibi Normalem Scholam condidit. Hoc vetus aedificium relictum est atque primum dormitorium factum est. Pro dormitorio multos annos et usi sunt usque ad annum ultimum cum periculosum esse habebatur, et

claudebatur.

Eius magnae columnae sunt omnes quae a prima Normale reliquuntur, et cum testibus eius fundamenti dissipatis vinculum inter Veterem et Novam Normalem iungunt.

—

Olim erat puella, nomine Irene, quae ad Normalem Scholam venire studebat. Venit sed mox vidit eam esse similem ei quod expectaverat. Diu dolebat et volebat se domi esse. Triduo confecto, scripsit epistolam domum hanc:

“Cara Mater et Pater:-

Non est gratum mihi hic Complures puellae hic sunt quarum omnes mihi sunt novae. Non remanbo. Volo domum statim ire.”

Mox eius parentes ad eam scripserunt ei decem dies manendum esse; postea domum rediret, si etiam non beata esset. Remansit. Nunc omnia de Normale Schola amat. “hashum” edit, est felix.

—Sadie Frances Saal

—
Resolutio.

Non divitias, sed facultatem ad eis utendum quae habemus, petamus non longam vitam, sed sapientiam quae perficit ut nostra vita fructui et delectationi sit.

Conventus Puellarum.

"Video, O Scholae puellae, in me omnium vestrum ora atque oculos esse conversos. Video vos de vestro conventu esse sollicitas. Est mihi iucunda vestra erga me voluntas; sed puellae, per immortales deos quaeso ne "paper" humi ponatis. Ego multa tacui, multa pertuli, multa concessi, sed si haec conditio rursus obtigerit, nemo patiatur ut ad "Sam's" eat. Cogitate de vobis ac de vertris amicis."

—Riviere Sewell.

Iocum.

Olim parvus puer domum veniebat, vultu percusso multum.

"O Willie" exclamavit mater, "rursus mihi non paruisti. Quotiens dixi tibi cum eo puero non ludendum esse?"

"Mater" inquit puer, "Videor quasi ego cum aliquo luderim?"

Proverbia.

Mens discendo alitur.

Homines interdum sunt domini suorum factorum

Omnis qui lucet non est aurum.

Omnia vera viri est recta in eius conspectu

Sumus pars omnis quod est, quod erat, quod erit.

Vera dignitas est esse verus non videri

Homines quod volunt libertatem dunt.

Nullus vir quot amicos perdidit consilio dando cognovit

In summo periculo timor aurem surdam ad omnem sensum misericordiae advertit.

In bello graves res sunt exitus levium causarum.

Ne cedatis malo.

Homines factum recte non existimant nisi id praemium reportavit.

In fere omnibus, exemplum est melius quam praeceptum.

I ad fornicam, cessator, eius facta voluta et sapiens es.

Sententiae Aurcae.

Solo uno modo quo nos pro immortalitate paramus est hanc vitam amare; eam vivere tam fortiter fideliter, tam libenter quam possumus.



OUR PICKANINNIE FRIENDS

Athletics



C. Jones.

HOMER CARTER, *Guard*.

Carter weighs 148 pounds, is 6 feet tall, and is 19 years old. Carter played his first football last fall, and, though light for a line position, he played a great game, more than holding his man. He charged hard and low and fast, and tackled many a back behind the line. On punts he was good at breaking through the line, and the first touchdown made against Lafayette was due to a punt blocked by him. Carter will be in school next fall, and his work will be watched with interest by the coach, and followers of Normal as well.



WILLIAM F. DUNCHELMAN ("Bill"), *Halfback*.

"Bill" weighs 142 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, and is 19 years old. Bill was captain of the team—and a good one. He played two years under Dr. Pool, mostly at end, and so was one of the few old men to report last fall. On offense, he was a good ground gainer, and ran interference well. Because of his speed he was best in open field work and end runs. His touchdown against Centenary was the most sensational run seen here this season. On defense, he played an equally strong game, being a hard tackler and good at breaking up forward passes. He graduates this spring, and so will not be here another season. He will be greatly missed.



JOE FARRAR, *Right End*.

Farrar weighs 132 pounds, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, and is 21 years old. Farrar had never had on a football suit till last fall, yet he outplayed every man he met during the season. He was fast, a sure tackler, and unusually good at sizing up the opponent's attack. Always playing a good game, he outdid himself in the Ruston game, in which he and Kemp were stars. He showed his speed in this game by catching the fleet Hoffman from behind. Farrar graduates this winter, so, to the regret of everyone concerned, will not be at the Normal this coming season.





T. B. EUBANKS, *Center*.

Eubanks had played football in high school, but this was his first year at Normal. He weighs 156 pounds, is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and 21 years old. Using on offense a style of play in which only direct passes from center are used, an accurate and dependable center is absolutely essential. Eubanks met these requirements in a marked degree. He made but few poor passes, and his passing on shift plays was well-timed as well as accurate. Eubanks was also strong on defense, bolstering up the center of the line and breaking through well. Eubanks will likely be here next season, and play his usual steady, good game.

THOMAS L. HARVEY, *Halfback*.

Harvey played some on the scrubs in 1912, but outside of that had had no football experience. He weighs 150 pounds, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and 20 years old. He was fast, followed his interference well, and his basketball experience made him an excellent man at receiving forward passes. Harvey was best on end runs and off-tackle plays, on which he seldom failed to make the required gain. Harvey perhaps played his best game against Lafayette. It is to be regretted that he will not wear a Normal suit again, as he graduates this winter.



CHARLES LEWIS TYNES, *Left End*.

Tynes weighs only 130 pounds, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and is 19 years old. He lives at Hackley, La. This was his first year in a football suit, and he showed up well. Lacking weight, and to some extent speed, he made the team by hard work and application. Tynes was at his best at the Pineville and Monroe games, and was the best man on the team for the receiving of a forward pass. With this year's experience to build on, Tynes should be heard from next season.

CASTLE O. HOLLAND ("Speck"), *Quarterback*.

Holland weighs 123 pounds, is 5 feet 7½ inches tall, and is 18 years old. This was "Speck's" second year at quarter on the Normal team, and he played his usual heady, plucky, fighting game. "Speck" possesses speed, fight, and a good head—the requisites of a good quarter—in a marked degree. His value to the team, however, lies quite as much in the confidence with which he inspires his team-mates as in his own marked ability. This was shown clearly in the Pineville and Centenary games. "Speck" passed the ball with speed and accuracy, whether a long or short pass, covered his pass well, was a fair punter and drop-kicker, and a sure and hard tackler.



HENRY LEON KILLEN, *Fullback*.

Killen weighs 152 pounds, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and is 18 years old. He played left-tackle on the '11 team, so this was his second year on the team, but his first at fullback. Killen was a terrific line plunger, hitting hard and low, and never stopping until down. He played his best games against Pineville and Lafayette. The Lafayette players, on their return home, told wonderful tales about "Normal's 180-pound fullback"—and he looks it—when he hits you. Killen is captain-elect, and great things are expected of him next season.



FRED JACKSON ("Tubby"), *Tackle*.

"Tubby" has been on the team for three years, so he was one of the few "N" men who started the season. He weighs 151 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and is 18 years old. His home is in Natchitoches. Besides playing a consistent game in the line, Jackson was a good place-kicker, and his "toe" added several points to Normal's score. "Tubby" has another year at Normal, and he is expected to show up even better than he has in previous years.





WOODWARD W. LINDSEY, *Guard*.

Lindsey weighs 160 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, and 19 years old. Lindsey is another man who played football for the first time last fall. At first he lacked both speed and aggressiveness on the gridiron, as well as a knowledge of the game. And, though never a brilliant performer, he improved steadily but surely, and was coming into his own at the close of the season. He should make a good player next season, and his work will be closely watched.

CLYDE CARTER ("Big Carter"), *Guard*.

Clyde weighs 160 pounds, is 6 feet tall, and 21 years old. Clyde also was new to the game last fall, but played a steady, consistent game throughout the season. He is a tower of strength in the line, but early in the season was prone to wait for the charge of his opponent. But later in the season he overcame this fault to a great extent, and played his best game against Lafayette on Turkey Day. He also will be here next season, and will doubtless make a valuable man.



G. W. KEMP, *Tackle*.

Kemp was one of the veterans who played again this season. He weighs 179 pounds—all bone and sinew. He outplayed every man against whom he was pitted, and was never stopped, no matter how many men were detailed to "get the big man." He starred in every game—but especially in the Ruston game. In this game Kemp complained that he was being held, whereupon his man replied, "I must *stop* you. How else can I do it, man?" Kemp was in every scrimmage, and fighting all the time. He has left school, and his absence will be greatly felt.

A write-up of the individual players of last season's team would be incomplete without the names of Nelken, Bishop and Henry. These three men played part of the Lafayette game and played well, Bishop and Nelken proving especially strong on defense. They did not show Varsity calibre until late in the season, however, and so did not get into the earlier games. All will be in school next season, and are expected to develop rapidly into first-team material.



The Football Season

SONG OF THESE STARS.

Girls, bring on the weep-rag and help the rooters cry—
Come out, girls, and see us play the Monroe High.
Dry their tears, girls; for it's no sin
That it will be many years 'fore they can face old L. S. N.

Girls, bring on the pennants and fling our banners free.
Come on, girls, come, and watch us lick L. C.
"Boo-la-Boo," girls, sing "Boo-la"—then
Just pat their heads; send them 'long, for they can't play old
L. S. N.

Girls, bring out the weep-rag, and let your tear-drops stream.
We're bound, girls, to play that Centenary team!
Dry your tears, girls, let them all grin!
They've licked us once; never mind—next year they'll fall to
L. S. N.

Girls, bring on the bugles and all your rooting toys.
Come, yell, girls, for we must fight the Ruston boys—
Come on back, girls, we all feel thin—
Our "pep's" all gone; *but* we're laying up for *them* at L. S. N.

Girls, bring out our colors while we all swear and sweat—
Today, girls, the season ends with Lafayette;
Shout out loud, girls, for, look! We win!
We win!! We win!! Victory ends the season with old L. S. N.

Basket Ball

THOS. L. HARVEY (captain), *Forward.*

Harvey this season played his third year as a regular and he played a wonderful game. He realized his ambition, which was to play on a team which beat Louisiana College. And it was due in a large measure to his ability to locate the basket that it was accomplished. Always a wonderful player, Harvey was at his best when he scored twelve of the twenty points against Pineville, beating them 20-14. The only regret is that he was unable to go to Lafayette with the team and defeat them. Harvey is a rangy player, fast, and accurate in passing the ball and shooting goals.

C. O. HOLLAND ("Speck"), *Forward.*

"Speck" also played his third year on the varsity this season. And those who have seen him playing each year declare that this year he played the strongest game of his career. His greatest work was at Centenary and St. Charles College, where he scored repeatedly from the field, though closely guarded. Speck, like Harvey, is fast, accurate at shooting goals, and very hard to guard.

BOYD FREY, *Guard.*

Frey played the position of safety guard exceptionally well. This was his first season, and he showed marked improvement. Frey was at his best in the Pineville game, in which he seemed to be everywhere at the same time. He was not a strong offensive player, but very few goals were made over him. The Lafayette players dubbed him "sticking plaster," so closely did he guard his man.

HOMER CARTER, *Center.*

This was Carter's first season as a regular, though he played last season on the reserve squad. He was somewhat short for the center position and was handicapped throughout every game on that account. However, he played a strong, consistent game. He is very accurate at locating the basket at long range, and was, therefore, always a menace to his opponents. He played an especially strong defensive game, so that but few goals were scored against him.

W. W. LINDSEY, *Guard.*

Lindsey played some during the season 1912-1913, though he was not a regular. He plays the position of running guard unusually well. He is strong at working the ball down the field from his opponents' goal, and is quick to return to his guarding position when the time comes. He was good at seeing an opportunity to score, and repeatedly took advantage of his opportunity to dribble the ball to his own goal and score a field goal.





H. L. KILLEN, *Sub-Guard*.

Killen only this season developed basket-ball ability. By nature a fighter, Killen was prone to employ football tactics in his playing. However, with a better knowledge of the rules, and this year's experience, he should develop into a first-class guard.

TOMA WILLIAMS, *Sub-Forward*.

Williams is another man new to Normal basket-ball until this season, who had been a high school star. He started out well, but did not develop as expected. However, he was used on the trip, and gave a good account of himself. Good work is expected of him next season.

CHAS. TYNES, *Sub-Forward*.

"Chollie," while not a regular, developed late in the season into a good forward. He is a good dribbler, passes the ball accurately, and has a good eye for the basket. With more aggressiveness and experience, Tynes will make a good man next season.

B. K. CONGER, *Sub-Forward*.

Conger is greatly handicapped by his size. He started late in the season, moreover, and so did not show varsity class. He is a fighter, however, and always in the game, and will be heard from next season.

LESTER MONTGOMERY, *Forward and Center*.

"Monty" was the utility man—and a good one. This was his first season at the Normal, though he was a star in his high school days. He played the positions of center and forward almost equally well. He played his best game at Pineville, against Skinner, their lanky center. "Monty" should be a valuable member of the team next season.

Just a "Speck"

His hair is light and tangled, and he has a turned-up nose ;
His voice is loud and boisterous and never gets repose ;
His face is full of freckles and his ears are shaped like fins ,
And he has a way of grinning over touchdowns that he wins :
He is like a comic picture from his toes up to his head—
But Betta calls him "Specky," when he has a wounded head.

He always marks the hallways with the prints of muddy boots ;
Rejoices in a ball-game where everybody roots :
He whistles on his fingers 'til it almost splits your ears ,
And shocks the well-bred teachers with his slang and ill-timed cheers .
He fills the school with turmoil and the visiting teams with dread—
But Betta calls him "Specky," when he has a wounded head.



FOLK DANCING



GIRLS' VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM

Girls' Varsity Basket Ball

OFFICERS.

Captain.....	HAZEL L. THIBODAUX
Secretary.....	TOM BOURG
Coach.....	MR. P. T. HEDGES

FORWARDS.

HAZEL THIBODAUX
MABEL REID
BESSIE RAMSEY
BEULAH THOMPSON

GUARDS.

TOM BOURG
EVY THIBODAUX
GRACE WEBB
EVIE STARLING

CENTERS.

LUCY GUYTON
MONA CANNON
OLANDE HURST
CELENE BABIN

WINNERS OF "N'S."

HAZEL L. THIBODAUX
MABEL REID

LUCY GUYTON
TOM BOURG

EVY THIBODAUX
MONA CANNON

The 1913-1914 varsity won more victories than were won in any of the preceding seasons; moreover, the Girls "took" every game they played.

The forwards did exceptionally good work this year; the centers showed good training throughout the season; and the guards' big feature play was team work—all obviously due to the spirit and splendid coaching of Mr. Hedges.

It is needless to say that the "scrubs" were "cleaned up" whenever they "durst challenge the varsity." The varsity owes much of its strength to the support the "scrubs" gave them in practice.

GAMES PLAYED.

Evergreen (at Normal).....	14	Normal.....	32
Evergreen (at Normal).....	12	Normal.....	30
Bunkie (at Bunkie).....	14	Normal.....	42
Marksville (at Marksville)....	13	Normal.....	14
Evergreen (at Evergreen).....	14	Normal.....	20
Marksville (at Normal).....	20	Normal.....	25
Marksville (at Normal).....	14	Normal.....	16
Bunkie (at Normal).....	22	Normal.....	24



GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM



"THE ETERNAL FEMININE"

Model School

CAN THIS BE A MODEL SCHOOL WHERE

Vanny is a Cook?

Joyce and Pearl are Weavers?

Velma is a Crow?

Robert is Brown?

George is a Pole-man?

Marguerite is a Stuart?

Gervais is a Ford?

Emily is a H(e)art?

Gladys is a Glower?

Bedina is Strange?

Philip is Green?

Ruth is a little "Bacon"?

Camille a W?

And "Little Ned" a Guard(ia)?

MODEL JOKES(?)

Young Botanist—"What kind of a tree is that?"

Teacher—"A camphor tree."

Young Botanist—"Oh, yes, that's the kind that camphor balls grow on."

Teacher—"What is a monogamist?"

Pupil—"A person who has but one wife."

Teacher—"What is he if he has two?"

Pupil—"A bigamist."

Teacher—"And if he has three?"

Pupil—"He's a pessimist."

Teacher—"What misfortune befell Lincoln soon after his second inauguration?"

Pupil—"He got shot in the theater-box."

English Teacher—"Now, some one give me a sentence containing a direct object."

Young Frenchman—"I like pie, me."

Teacher—"Oh, you must not say 'I like pie, me.'"

Young Frenchman—"Well, then, I like pie, I."

Eighth Grade Student (in distress)—"Mr. Campbell, I just can't extract the tap root of that big number!"



GRAND Ecore BRIDGE



HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETY

High School Literary Society

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: Sweet Peas.

OFFICERS.

President	Will Phillips
Vice-President	Roy Teddlie
Secretary	Emily Hart
Treasurer	Robert Browne
Editor	Leta Alford
Chorister	Erline Johnston

ROLL.

Adams, Bertha	Fowler, J. F.	Phillips, Will
Adams, Clarence	Freeman, Dorothy	Richard, Zula
Alford, Leta	Freeman, Willie	Rogers, Lucien
Allen, Ruth	Frey, Lessie	Roy, Sanford
Bacon, Ruth	Funderburk, Jesse	Roy, Winnie
Biles, Malie	Funderburk, Madison	Scarborough, Lonnie
Boydston, Maggie	Gibbs, Edna	Smith, Leila May
Breda, Theophile	Gimbert, Ollie	Smith, Nonie
Browne, Robert	Glover, Gladys	Stephens, Janie
Bryan, Josephine	Hargrove, Loreen	Stewart, Marguerite
Buswell, Reginald	Hart, Emily	Strange, Willie
Carver, Marshall	Hawkins, Mabel	Stroud, Neva
Caspari, Hill	Jones, Lockett	Stroud, Ninna
Clark, Willie	Johnston, Erline	Stroud, Terry
Colton, Irone	Kaffie, Pearl	Tauzin, Josephine
Cook, Essie	Killen, Clyde	Teagle, Vesta
Cook, Vannie	Laudrum, Helen	Teddlie, Roy
Cunningham, Sadie	Leonard, Clarence	Trichell, Albert
DeBlicux, Camille	Leonard, Earl	Turpin, Ovide
Desadier, Marguerite	Levy, Annie Ethel	Vercher, Leander
Dey, Edna	Lucas, Sidney	Weaver, Dessie
Dezendrof, Hattie	Merritt, Sudie	Weaver, Joyce
Dunckelman, Will	Myers, Blossom	Weaver, May
Erwin, Lucile	Moffett, Ollie	Weaver, Pearl
Ford, Bessie	Norwood, Malone	Wemp, Esther
Ford, Gervais	Ortmeyer, Roy	Williams, Cleo
Foster, Della	Parker, Willie	Williamson, Caro



FIRST DAY



SECOND DAY

“Reverie of the Practice Teacher”

My heart's oppress'd, my peace is o'er;

I know no rest, no, nevermore.

This teaching work is far too hot;

And it will be my bitter lot.

My wilder'd brain is overwrought;

My feeble senses are distraught;

My plans refused, my peace is o'er;

I know no rest, no, nevermore.

For P I strive the livelong day,

For P with PLUS I dare not pray;

My critic's look, that's tinged with scorn,—

It leaves me hopeless, sad, forlorn.

My fingers ache to feel my DIP.

All plans and “methods” then could “RIP.”

My year I'll teach, then I will wed

With Normal's blessings on my head.

—KATE GOSLING.

The Land of Studying

(Viewpoint of Model School Boy.)

When I was young and went to school,
I had to live by teacher's rules,
And all my books beside me lay,
To keep me busy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so,
I watched my teachers come and go,
With varied punishments and "spiels"
About our nails and polished heels.

And sometimes when our teacher's late,
All through the file at rapid rate,
We read the criticisms out,
And spread the story all about.

Our teacher was so grave and sad,
Because we boys had been so bad.
She gave to each long talks that ring
Of the pleasant land of studying.

Believe Me

(As sung in the heart of the Practice-Teacher.)

Believe me, if all these bewildering young chaps
Whom I stare at so madly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and turn good, perhaps
Like fairy gifts formed out of clay,
They would not be abhorred as this moment they "art"
Let their goodliness grow as it will,
And around those bright faces, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while the mischief of youth is thereon
And their jaws never slapped through the year,
That the joys of a Practice-Teacher can be known
Even tho' little brats might be dear.
For the heart that has felt all this never forgets
But remembers right on to the close—
And James knows that he hears milder words when he "sets"
Than he hears when he daringly rose.





NATURE'S MIRROR





THE GRADUATES PRESENT

THE RIVALS

BY

SHERIDAN

FRIDAY EVENING MAY 30, 1913

AT 7:00 P.M.

NORMAL AUDITORIUM

"The Rivals" was presented by the graduating class of June, 1913, under the direction of Mrs. McVoy.

At an early hour on the evening of May thirtieth, the vast auditorium at Normal showed evidence of the large audience that might be expected. By the time the curtain rose on the first act, the ushers despaired of seating such a great assemblage of people. Even with unusual crowding and maneuvering, quite a number of guests were forced to stand. Never before had the auditorium been the scene of so much interest and expectancy.

To increase the interest, souvenir programs were distributed to the entering friends. The cast of characters, thus revealed, was as follows:

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.....	GILMER REEVES
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.....	CLAYTON BONNETTE
FALKLAND	GILES WISE
BOB ACRES.....	BUNYAN NASH
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.....	FRANK JACKSON
MRS. MALAPROP.....	JEANNE WEBRE
LYDIA LANGUISH.....	JOSIE PUGH
JULIA MELVILLE.....	LUCILLE ROACH
LUCY, the maid.....	BELLE GRANARY
THOMAS	M. J. PERRET
DAVID	WESLEY THOM
FAG	JEROME AYDELL

As the play progressed, it was evident that all expectations were fulfilled. The thunderous applause and hearty laughter testified to the appreciation of the audience, the humorous situations appealing to both old and young.

The humor alone is enough to make the comedy a success without the additional knowledge that "The Rivals" is a masterpiece of Sheridan's, and has won international reputation.

The scene of the play is laid in Bath, where the wealthy Bob Acres and Jack Absolute, masquerading as Beverly, a poor lieutenant, become rivals for the hand of Miss Lydia Languish, a romantic heiress chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop. Many amusing complications occur, through the machinations of Mrs. Malaprop, with the result that Lydia marries the lieutenant and the man of her aunt's choice.

The students chosen to take the parts of the characters testified to the good judgment of the director, as well as the talent of the graduating class. Mr. Reeves presented a stately and handsome appearance, as befitted a gentleman of the eighteenth century. Mr. Reeves played well the part of the father irate over the refusal of his only son to marry the woman of his father's choice. Sir Anthony's lively dance from the stage with the "learned" Mrs. Malaprop proved that even for the oldest of life's creatures song and dancing still existed.

Miss Josie Pugh, as the romantic, idealistic Lydia, was splendid, and disproved the old maxim that "we cannot be that which we are not." Miss Pugh's beauty and attire gave the impression of an old picture just stepping from its frame. She was quite as fascinating in the role of captured sweetheart, as in that of the tantalizing romanticist.

Clayton Bonnette was an ideal Captain Absolute, and masqueraded so well that he deceived even Miss Lydia for a while. His success and the character of hero and lover made him, perhaps, slightly dangerous among so many impressionable Normal girls.

Bunyan Nash was exceptionally good, and proved, in the duel scene, that it is not always man's natural inclination to fight that causes fatal disputes, but rather a continual fanning of the flame of anger. For a well-trained Normal boy, Mr. Nash showed wonderful adeptness in the use of Bob Acres' slang.

Miss Granary, as Lucy, was fascinating and coquettish, which brought the eighteenth century very close to some of our modern girls.

Miss Roach made a sincere, loyal Julia. The jealousy of Falkland seemed excusable, when occasioned by this beautiful Julia.

Miss Jeanne Webre was a *perfect* Mrs. Malaprop. With her bobbing curls, and learned manner, accompanied by a constant misuse of words, "Mrs. Malaprop" was a great source of amusement to the audience. Indeed, the success of the play depended largely on the "beatitude" of Mrs. Malaprop, who was magnificent.

The congratulations and expressions of appreciation from friends were unnecessary to tell the young performers that their play was a complete success. The eleventh termers felt they had accomplished that which so many attempt—to star.

CRITICISMS ON "THE RIVALS."

MR. GUARDIA: "Miss Webre, allow me to felicitate you: your performance was superb."

CRITIC: "Are they amateurs, Mr. Roy?"

MR. ROY: "Certainly."

CRITIC: "It is almost impossible to believe it; their presentation of the play could not have been better."

TENTH TERMER: "It was good, was it not? But, then, I know they worked for ages on it, and Mrs. McVoy really did it all."

ELEVENTH TERMER: "Indeed, we worked only part of a month, but we are an unusually bright class, you know."

MR. ROY: "Mrs. McVoy, I want to congratulate you on the success of 'The Rivals.' It was a good selection and was decidedly the best presentation of a play that we have ever had here at Normal."

LUCILLE RODGERS.

"The Japanese Girl"

An Operetta by CHARLES VINCENT.

PRESENTED BY THE IDEALISTS,

FALL CLASS OF 1913.

SCENE: Japanese garden and house.

ACT I.

The cousins and friends of O Hanu San, a Japanese beauty, plan celebrations for her eighteenth birthday, regarded in Japan as "the coming of age." Her pleasure in these festivities is marred by the enforced absence of her father, the Mikado.

ACT II.

During the preparations for the ceremonies, two American girls with their governess find their way into the garden. Later O Hanu San's father returns unexpectedly, and the day ends happily.

CHARACTERS.

O Hanu San.....	Cyril Cooke
O Kitu San.....	Sadie Barlow
O Kayo San.....	Mabel Maricelli
Chayo.....	Stelle Cage
Mikado of Japan.....	W. H. Burns
Nora Twinn.....	Mary Poole
Dora Twinn.....	Belle Locke
Miss Minerva Knowall.....	Annie Bains

CHORUS OF "JAP" GIRLS.

Florence Hamilton	Mathilde Broussard	Mary Reaves
Emma Bains	Lulu Bailey	Hannah Klaus
Julia Rogers	Biford Mixon	Hazel Leonard
Laura Fuller	Edna Keller	Rose Sandoz

It seems that a veil is being torn from my eyes, and sunny Japan flashes before me. Japan surely! For here is a veritable garden of wisteria in full bloom, enclosing a wee wicker porch, the only part of some dainty house that is to be seen.

The soft patter of slippered feet is heard, as well as the rustle of garments, and a whole bevy of those wonderful little maidens whisk into sight, singing Ohayo (good morning) with such vim I can scarce help replying.

I soon learn that the purpose of all this excitement is to greet a friend on her last birthday to be spent with them. She has come of age now, and childhood days are over; a note of sadness is in her tone, and as soon as the last note ceases, everyone feels the solemnity of the occasion.

Meanwhile, the companions of Kitu and Kayo have begun work on garlands. What a picturesque display of harmonious colors! Lovely delicate blues, pinks, and lavenders against the green background. The industrious fingers make one eager to help, while the spirit of light-hearted happiness breaks forth from ruby lips, too glad to be restrained.

The garlands being done, they enter the house while Chayo comes to clear away the litter. The other side of the "entertainment" is presented. But she has scarcely put up her tale of woe, emphasized to a humorous degree by "What *ever* shall I do" when the most mournful dirge stops her and causes every heart to beat faster.

The sayonara! It is only when trouble or misfortune enters a house that those notes are made to echo and re-echo so mournfully. O Hanu's note of sorrow is well chosen, for, to add to her emotion of leaving childhood, comes the news of her father's departure to China for war, and therefore his inability to be present at the evening's pleasure.

At the suggestion of Kitu, O Hanu sings to the bird, a gift from the absent father, asking for hope. No creature in the world could help responding to those notes, and with parted lips and glowing eyes O Hanu thanks the merry creature for reassuring her by its joyful twitter.

The excitement gradually disappears and, overcome by the noon-tide heat,

they assume comfortable positions, while a soothing lullaby is sung. Little by little the eyelids close—the song becomes a hum—the hum dies to a murmur—and sleep is master. Some are reclining; others are upholstered by softly tinted cushions; others in a heap. The Great Sun-God holds them in his hands—powerless. We comprehend—it is gone!

I think it is gone. I sit in silence and compare America with Japan; then—as mysteriously as before I see again. It is the same garden, but the sleepers are gone! The festoons, lanterns, and garlands are hung and everything is deserted! Oh, no! There *is* somebody. Two faces peer round a vine, but they are not brown faces with soft, almond eyes! Quite a contrast rather. Great big blue, staring, wide-open, inquisitive eyes, punctuated by small, upturned noses and babyish mouths. Two faces very much alike! By this time the owners of the countenances have entered, and I see two American girls!

They evince as much curiosity about the novelty of the place as I have felt. They peep, they peer, they scrutinize, compare notes, and begin again. Suddenly their behavior changes to rigid formality, and I see a severe old “dragoness” enter, whom they address as Miss Knowall—a worthy name by her appearance. Her tone is very condescending, but has very little effect, for the girls tell her plainly they are tired of studying and justify their remarks by a duet concerning their lives. The old lady cannot be outdone, so she in turn tells about her school days.

She becomes so absorbed in doing this that she heeds not Nora’s nor Dora’s mimics, and they not being willing to be in the “shade,” slip away where they can be in the “limelight.”

Miss Knowall having become so deeply engrossed in her own affairs, merely remarks on the girls’ absence and begins to sketch “so beautiful a spot.” The charm of sleep still pervades, and, overcome by the balmy and aromatic spice-laden breeze, she soon succumbs.

No sooner has she fallen asleep than the Japanese girls returning dis-

cover this intruder, and plan to frighten her for her rudeness. Accordingly they gather round her and at a given signal rush at her with open parasols, screaming at the top of their voices.

Their scheme works splendidly. Miss Knowall is very much frightened and is begging them in every language she knows to allow her to depart, when O Hanu interferes by demanding from the maidens an explanation of their actions.

She then, as well as the girls, declares her love for America, and begs Miss Knowall and her proteges to stay for the festival. They willingly acquiesce, and are assuming places when Mikado, O Hanu's father, is ushered in—a surprise indeed, but the only thing to be desired now.

Such a round of fun begins—dances, songs, toasts, presentations of gifts, and the like. The revelry increases—a climax seems approaching—the scene is all a moving mass of colors, swinging lanterns and fantastic figures—then—it is gone!

It is only a taste! Only a glimpse! Only a symbolic punctuation mark in the lives of some earnest workers! Only a memory in the annals of Normalites.

THELMA DEGRAFFENREID.



CATALINE GETS A FLOGGING

A Roman School

A LATIN PLAY IN ONE ACT

By SUSAN PAXSON.

Presented by the Latin Students of the Louisiana State Normal School.

NORMAL AUDITORIUM, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1913, 7 P. M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Magister.....	Earl DeBlieux
Servi.....	{ John Barnes Ellis Barnes
Paedagogus.....	Wesley Baker
Anulus Licinius Archias.....	{
Publius Licinius Crassus.....	{ <i>iudices</i> { Albert Browne Willie Lucas
Gaius Licinius Crassus, <i>adulescens</i>	Claude Ellender

DISCIPULI.

Marcus Tullius Cicero.....	Thelma French
Quintus Tullius Cicero.....	Julia Carriere
Lucius Sergius Catilina.....	I. D. Bayne
Marcus Antonius.....	Wilma Dupuy
Gaius Iulius Caesar.....	Hollis Harper
Appius Claudius Cæcus.....	Marguerite Sanders
Gnaeus Pompeius.....	Toma Williams
Publius Clodius Pulcher.....	Mary Tooke
Marcus Iunius Brutus.....	Elma Booksh
Quintus Hortensius Hortalus.....	Lee Aura Fuller
Lucius Lucinius Lucullus.....	Carrie Belle Lee
Gaius Claudius Marcellus.....	Eunice Bolin
Marcus Claudius Marcellus.....	Fannie Robin

For many calends Mr. Winstead had worried himself over the ever-present and vexing problem which all teachers of Latin have to meet: How can I make this Latin interesting to my pupils? In his dreams he took counsel with his old friends, Caesar, Cicero, Pompey, Aeneas, and it was through these that he found the solution to his problem. At Aeneas's suggestion, the Sibyl appeared bearing the magical golden branch by which means he was transported to Pompeii, in the ruins of which he found "A Roman School," which had been there for ages, since Vesuvius had poured forth its lava and turned the entire schoolroom with its occupants to stone. He bore it back with him to the Normal, and, by the aid of the same magical golden branch, life was renewed in the veins of both teacher and pupils, and the machinery of the school was again set in motion.

Then, the Latin students, together with those of other courses who had become interested, had the opportunity of seeing before them these Romans, Cicero, Caesar, Antony, Pompey, and others who had been the bane of their Latin existence. The magister enters the schoolroom, where Antony and Marcus and Quintus Cicero are playing ball, while others are playing various games, and he calls the roll aloud, which is answered by each pupil present with an equally loud "adsum." Then a lesson in grammar ensues in which Marcus Cicero easily distinguishes himself, but his brother, Quintus, is reprimanded for not having prepared his lesson as his brother has prepared his. While the lesson is in progress Catiline enters late and is severely chastised by the magister. Pompey has to be fed with cake before he will recite his lesson. At this juncture Caecus enters and as a punishment for being tardy he must recite "Mica, mica." Then all desire to recite, and after several have been permitted to do so, the entire class go through a series of exercises at the direction of the teacher. After Marcellus has informed the pupils that "all Gaul is divided into three parts" and the boundaries of Gaul have been pointed out by Lucullus, two iudices arrive, Publius Crassus and Aulus Archias, who are just in time to hear the pupils sing "Milites Christiani." Then follows a contest in oratory between Caesar and Cicero, the theme being the personal

ambition of each orator as set forth by himself. The judges decree that Cicero is the victor and he is crowned. Soon Gaius Crassus, the son of one of the iudices, arrives, and at the request of the pupils he recites for them a poem, "Pome of a Possum." The pupils then depart, shouting a cheerful "Vale Magister!"

The play was voted a complete success, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Winstead and the cheerful co-operation of those students who took part; and those who witnessed it returned to their Latin books and classes with a greater interest in Roman life and its expression in the Latin tongue.

THELMA FRENCH.

114.01 * 1 1



My Confidants

I have so many Normal chums
That always have been true,
It seems to me they ought to know
Why I am feeling blue.

So when I have a falling out
And to my beau don't speak,
I'm busy telling all my friends
For just about a week.

But by that time—'tis strange to say—
Most everybody knows,
And all the girls on Normal Hill
Are talking of my woes.

But there's one thing they'll *never* know—
That's why Jack's mad at me—
And if you think I'm going to tell,
Just wait awhile and see!

* * * * *

But I will *have* to tell *you*, dear,
You keep a secret well,
If you will promise, one more time,
You'll *never, never* tell.

ELMIRA MONTGOMERY.

SOCIAL LIFE



The Thanksgiving German

It had long been the custom on Normal Hill to dance every Friday night in the dining-room, but the monotony of these simple affairs became terrible beyond words, so, after much plotting and planning, the girls finally evolved the idea of a Thanksgiving German.

Well, a Thanksgiving German we had, and, for two weeks previous to the auspicious occasion, we had Thanksgiving German for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and little snatches of it between meals and in whispered conversation after light bell—when the matron chanced to be lodged securely in her room!

All went along smoothly until someone was so bold as to express a desire for men. MEN! ON NORMAL HILL! Was anything ever so preposterous? Well, you know how women are. When that one irresponsible creature voiced her desire for the company of the stronger sex, the wild desire spread like fire and everyone wanted them! They wanted *men*, and *men* they would have! And *men* they did have! Therefore, although the gentlemen had very effeminate voices, and an overabundance of hair, they could “guide” and were very gallant. So the feminine hearts were glad.

Thanksgiving night, when the guests arrived in the dining-room, they were ushered into the reception room, where they discarded their wraps. After the usual delay occasioned by the ladies, each couple was announced and provided with dainty hand-painted programs, proudly and appropriately adorned by “Father Turkey.”

The hall was lovely with its festive decorations. In one corner there were spreading palms enclosing a delightful retreat for enamored couples (we hear that not a few took refuge there). On one side of the room, the punch bowl, in its bed of flowers, was presided over by a trio of charming girls, Misses Ruth Ford, Johnnie David, and Alice McNeely, while sandwiches were served by Misses Frances and Eddie Teddlie. In the background stretched a vista of snowy tables covered with crystal and silver (?), which, to anyone who

paused to look across it, called up reminiscences of happy times spent there. However, small time was afforded for calling up scenes of the past. The floor was like glass, and the music furnished by the "Benton and Scaife Band" was so enlivening that everyone nearly danced herself to death. The conventional "black" of the men's costumes formed a fitting background for the charming and vari-colored gowns of the young ladies. In fact, the whole affair was the scene of exceptional beauty and festivity.

The German was led by "Norm" Benton and Vashti Stopher, followed by:

Misses.	Messrs.
Eleanor Atkins.....	"Hal" Calloway
Sadie Prothro.....	"Dick" Roux
Christine Jackson.....	"Bill" Bonney
Anita Prudhomme.....	"Joy" Gibson
Emily Hart.....	"Bert" Dixon
Irma Russ.....	"Monty" Cannon
Mary Faulk.....	"Louis" Hodges
Grace Atkins.....	"Jack" Gray
Gertrude Pope.....	"Reese" Murphy
Ruth Jefferson.....	"Cecil" Roux
Vivian Keller.....	"Everett" Jefferson
Ethel Merrill.....	"Carl" Gosling
Lee Aura Fuller.....	"Elbert" Delahoussaye
Emma Lou Garland.....	"Tom" Bourg
Lizzie Taylor.....	"Matt" Smith
Betta Aaron.....	"Pat" Beatty
Mona DeRouen.....	"Lucius" Roy
Martha Pellerin.....	"Elgie" Hall
Katherine Leiper.....	"Garl" Gulley
Dunwoodie Burgess.....	"Rube" Wilcox

Stags: Messrs. "Ted" Denholm, "Joe" Waddell, "Lengthy" Scaife, "Frank" Robin, "Hal" Dixon, and "Alex" Williamson.

Chaperon: Mrs. Henry Hawkins.

Faculty Reception to Students

One day during the first weeks of October a faculty reception to the students was announced for the following Friday evening. Many and varied were the speculations of the "newcomers" as to the nature of such a high-sounding function. Some, fresh from home and summer resorts, had visions of a cotillon, or a German, and what-not. They beheld themselves sweeping into an elegantly appointed ball-room (supposed to exist somewhere on the Hill), visions of loveliness in fashionable creations, the cynosure of all eyes. Many times during the week they glided gracefully over the waxed floor of this imaginary ball-room, surrounded by the gallant youths they had captivated; or tripped with light and fantastic toe to the entrancing strains of a dreamy waltz, rendered by an orchestra hidden behind a bank of palms and ferns, the belles of the ball. Accordingly, Friday evening found them arrayed in their best, and on hand at the appointed hour. Alas for the dreams of youth! The elegant ball-room faded away in the awful reality that the dining-hall, with its *tables* pushed together in the middle of the room, and *chairs* piled on the tables, was to be used for the occasion! Nothing more exciting than a few faculty members and "old" girls in simple costumes met them at the door and bade them have a good time. Nothing that savored more of a dance than a grand march was permitted. None of your tangos, one-steps, or fancy dances, but the dignified old Virginia reel, led by fair maids in colonial costumes, followed by such good old-time games as Farmer in the Dell, Jacob and Rachel, and so on, gratified their terpsichorean inclinations. Wholesome fruit punch took the place of more fashionable refreshments, and the Normal Band, in lieu of an orchestra, furnished music until the guests departed at 8:30, voting the faculty reception a most enjoyable affair.

VIRGINIA PRESCOTT.

Hallowe'en

Twelve girls of the L. S. N. were surprised and mystified October 30, 1913, by receiving large, square envelopes containing grinning Jack-o'-Lanterns painted on heavy drawing paper, bearing on the back this inscription in red fluid, presumably blood:

At the dark of the moon, 6:30 P. M.,
Two goblins we, Letitia and Dorothy,
Will hold a convocation of all true witches and goblins
At our cave of horrors (Tea Room).

October 31, 1913.

Slowly it dawned upon the twelve that October 31 was Hallowe'en, and that they were invited to attend a real "spooky" Hallowe'en party.

Therefore, the following night, 6 P. M., found them transforming themselves from attractive girls to the most repulsive spirits of darkness. Staid sheets and pillow-slips found themselves being pinned fantastically about human figures. Faces were floured, and Milady's vanity box was ransacked and a hidden eye-brow pencil was revealed. Judicious application of the pencil produced remarkable results. At last the girls who had been dressing the phantoms stood back and fearfully pronounced their work good. More ghastly apparitions never appeared on Normal Hill.

Several of the girls had made pilgrimages to the woods and had come back carrying large bones, found behind the dairy. A few daubs of Rosaline finger-nail polish had made the bones seem not so old and dead.

After a few mumbled thanks to the toilers, the ghosts departed, repeating in sepulchral tones,

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

Arriving at the appointed place, they were ushered into the cave of horrors by a villianous-looking old hag. Truly it was a cave of horrors; the room was dimly lighted by a flickering blue light; the floor was littered with cross-bones; gruesome figures huddled against the walls or grovelled on the floor. In one corner an old hag seated in a ragged tent told fortunes in a rasping, rattling voice. (Do ghosts have fortunes, we wonder?) After a while the hag rose and exhorted all true ghosts to divulge their crimes and generally make merry. Weird tales of horror passed from lip to lip, and fiendish joy slowly pervaded the den. When all secrets had been disclosed, the hag again rose and bade the ghosts partake of the nourishment provided, before the clan went

out on this night of reunion, to strike terror unto the hearts of all humans. At a wave of the hag's stick, plates of friend chicken, nut sandwiches, fruit, candy, and cups of chocolate appeared upon the table. Strange to relate, this food was hardly of the type one would expect a phantom to partake of. The ghosts gnawed the chicken bones, and sipped the chocolate, in much the same way as ravenous Normal girls do.

After the repast, the specters rose with one accord and filed out into the night. The campus was flooded with pale moonlight, and the long lines of swaying white figures was not the most pleasant sight in the world. Several groups of imitation ghosts, on seeing the real things approaching, scattered and fled with cries of fright. The line moved noiselessly on until they came to the president's cottage. When the hag tapped thrice, Mr. Roy came to the door. The line was immovable. He started perceptibly, but at once regained his composure and came over and peered into each distorted face, solemnly calling the name of each ghost. It was now time for the specters to start shaking. But when the president had finished identifying the last girl, he bent nearly double with laughter and invited the whole line into his house. Silently they entered. All brandished their bloody bones, then beginning with the hag, each in turn uttered a direful prophecy. Then all brandished their bones again and silently formed line and departed, leaving the cottage in gales of laughter. By this time the spell of Hallowe'en had so entered them that they decided to make a night of it, and, casting propriety to the winds, they hastened up the old Chemistry Laboratory, where the Y. W. C. A. were giving the Y. M. C. A. a nice, dignified party. Heavens! what a commotion these hideous figures, wielding their awful bones, caused among the daintily attired maids and the gallant gentlemen! Without doubt they were the center of attraction the remainder of the evening. Everyone tried to guess who they were, but the identity of but few was disclosed. The ghosts ate again here in a most unseemly manner and performed all manner of "stunts" not commonly indulged in by the spirits of the nether world. By the time the last bell rang, all the nice, quiet little party conversation was forgotten, and everyone was weary of laughing at some of the antics of the ghosts, who had fortunately left the dignity of prospective teachers at home in a box.

So ended a most hilarious night for some of the Normalites.

KATE GOSLING.

The Eternal Question

Up from the smother and din of the hall,
Drowning the echo of study bell's call,
Rises a question that soars to the sky,
Voicing a multitude's hungering cry,
Ringing insistently every now and anon,
Sharply re-echoing here, hither and yon,
Grinding in your brain, asleep or awake,
And this is its burden:

What grade did you make?

There are lessons on policy, business, and state
The teachers, they worry us early and late,
With questions on finance, with questions on facts,
With questions on labor that vex and distract,
With questions on ethics, and morals and law,
Questions about which we don't care a straw;
But one burning question we cannot evade,
The question of questions:

What's your grade?

On campus and court, in park and street,
It bursts from the lips of each one we meet;
It echoes along each balcony and hall;
'Tis whispered in dormitory and turrets so tall,
In library and garden and even in church
It silently speeds on its sibilant search,
Till the winds from the valley, mountain and lake,
This query go echoing:

What grade did you make?

It pops from our windows; it bursts from our floors;
It drips from our ceiling, and springs from our doors;
From teacher, from student, from friend and foe,
It's fired upon us wherever we go;
And when we have passed from this valley of tears,
And up at the portals St. Peter appears,
We fully expect he will open the gate
And cautiously whisper:

An F did you make?

CRICHTON COX.

Aunt Sinai's Christmas

In a world, such as the Normal, where everything is hurry, hum, and buzz, it is not surprising that people do not have time for others and work a great deal for themselves. Even Normal girls think of each other as selfish about the little things of life, and we are—but my purpose in writing this is to prove that we are *not*. It was the Christmas Spirits that did it all.

It happened this way. All of the girls were preparing for the Christmas holidays. Happiness was at its height. Every spare minute was spent on presents for the home folks, and "Home" was on the lips of everyone.

One evening the girls were sitting around, on the bed, chairs, and floor in room 125, B building, all talking at once to Miss Messerschmidt, in their usual bright way of their home-going. Talk was especially easy that evening, because there was an unusually large troop of Christmas Spirits hovering around, putting lovely thoughts into the girls' heads, dropping song and laughter into their throats, and painting home scenes on their minds with brushes of memory and imagination. Each girl heard the whispers and felt the Spirit, and responded readily.

A calm had settled over the room, as is often the case after a hilarious evening, and one busy Spirit, glad of the opportunity, hurried over to Ruth's ear and said: "Why do you take all your happiness with you? Can't you leave a little at the Normal?" Now, whether the Spirit knew it or not I cannot tell, but that suggestion came at the psychological moment, for Ruth had just been groping for something of the kind all evening. She was thinking of an old score she had to settle with Aunt Sinai, the old "darkey" maid, and the very thing to do was to leave some Christmas happiness with her—and that was how the plan of giving Aunt Sinai a Christmas tree began in "B" building.

Preparation and plans had been under way for a week. The girls had given freely, and Miss Messerschmidt had shopped with care. The tree had been trimmed and stood in readiness. The Kangaroo Court had resolved to do all it could to keep peace and harmony during the ceremonies, and everyone was accompanied by a group of SPIRITS on the eventful morning.

There wasn't a girl in "B" building that didn't thrill with expectancy when she saw the familiar form of Aunt Sinai coming across the campus.

How quickly they crowded into the hall and on the stairs near the door where she would have to enter.

As Aunt Sinai opened the door she was confronted by the stony appearance of Miss Messerschmidt backed by ninety-six excited girls, trying to keep the smiles from their mouths and twinkles from their eyes—and all the while the Christmas Spirits were there in force, remember.

"Come in, Sinai," commanded Miss Messerschmidt, in a tone which would have done honor to the judge of the court. "You'll have to account to the girls for what happened in this building yesterday. A man was seen in this hall"—(and her lips came together with a smack).

"N-no b-body ain't been in y-year, Miss Messer—" And Aunt Sinai's voice quivered.

"Well, get your keys and we'll see about that. These girls want to see if any of their things have been touched. Hurry up"—

And then silence reigned supreme as each girl watched intently the shaking hands of poor Aunt Sinai, as she hurriedly opened the closet door under the stairs. A long pause and then an "Oh!" and then tears quickly filled her eyes as she caught a glimpse of the beautifully trimmed Christmas tree that glistened as the light from the hall fell upon it. The little tree was artistically decorated with tinsel and other Christmas ornament; fruits and candy hung from the branches, and in the very top nestled a *man*—made of iron, unlike other men ready to keep money. Then there was a stuffed dog, a dress, some handkerchiefs, stockings, apron material, and, best of all, an umbrella.

I can assure you there was not a dry eye in the building as the faithful old colored woman in her own sincere way thanked the girls for each article as she fondly handled it, and each girl was silent as she told them that they had given her her first Christmas tree. All the while the Christmas Spirits danced with joy. (But I don't know whether they tangoed or did the Virginia reel.)

"But, Aunt Sinai, weren't you scared?" one of the girls asked after the first excitement had passed.

"Lord, honey, I guess I wuz." And then, after a pause, "Miss Messer, she talks so *solid*."

After it was all over every Christmas Spirit crept into a girl's heart and is still there to this day.

FLORENCE BEATTY.

Life in "The Shack"

DEAR BROTHER:

You cannot imagine the beauty of the surroundings and the many interesting incidents which occur in "club life." Our dormitory, a large two-story wooden building (in club slang "the shack"), is situated on a remote corner of the campus and is encircled by a grove of virgin pines. Directly in front of the "shack" is the volley-ball court, where many hard-fought battles are fought good-naturedly at various and sundry times.

In the morning the sight of the boys as they file out cajoling, laughing, full of life, and eager for their day's work, would cause anyone to want to fall in and live for a few short months, at least, the life of a club boy.

However, their return in the afternoon presents another view equally as interesting. If a boy has had a successful day, or, in other words, if he has made a "hit" with his teachers, then a gleam of light and hope shines in his countenance. But if the day has been the reverse, one need ask no question.

The most laughable time comes when we assemble on the front porch each evening after dinner. It is for this occasion that each boy saves his joke. Anyone who is familiar with the life of the boys can tell two or three days later that there has been a Lyceum number, for the reason that the laughs are louder and more prolonged. It eventually leaks out on the boy whose girl had already had her ticket punched, or who was observing Lent, or did not care to have company on this or that particular occasion. Then the poor boy who happens to be the victim has to undergo the awful experience of being "ragged"; worse, if he has never had all the wit of a crowd of boys turned on him.

The first few days of a "Freshie's" life are interesting, not only to the old boys, but to the "Freshies" themselves. Since hazing has been abolished, we have to satisfy ourselves by going around, scaring them by telling them how badly we *do* haze. Yet we are glad to have them, especially when the boys' tables are full, since this gives some of the older boys an opportunity to eat at the faculty table. Sometimes we do sweeten their coffee with salt, but what of that?

One of the most pronounced features of our daily routine is the way we assume a housewife's duties, since we are the only ones to look after the "home."

When we become weary of this work, after due consideration, we decide that if women are to usurp our place as politicians, we must of necessity become efficient housekeepers. This is only one of the many subjects to be confronted. Our regular study period, which extends from six to ten, is often interfered with by swarms of visitors. We, being unable to hold a social meeting during these hours, have devised such schemes as: "Have my seat and stay awhile," or, "You know, I have a lot of work to do tonight; won't you help me?" The visitor, thinking a hint to the wise is sufficient, generally departs. The latter part of the week, especially Friday night, is a high time for fun. It is then that the string band (home product) is called into play, and singing and dancing begin. When the time comes for refreshments to be served, the crowd quietly disperses and we go away in groups to the fruit-stand.

I shall expect to see you in the near future, and should you be able to attend the Normal soon, do not fail to join our "club family."

E. BARNES.

On Normal Hill

On Normal Hill, when lights are on,
You see the watchman on the lawn,
He walks around upon the hill
Until he sees that all are still,
He knows the time by yon big bell,
Which rings for all, they know full well.

On Normal Hill, when lights are out,
You hear the watchman go about;
He shuts the door, and, down the hall
You hear his distant footsteps fall;
And then he watches on the lawn
Until the pale, pale light o' dawn.

On Normal Hill, at break o' day,
You know the watchman's gone away,
For he must sleep till night is nigh,
The same as even you or I
Must rest; and then he'll come again,
When day the next night ushers in.

—OLA D. OYEDIRE.



“Move On!”

Is it desecration? Is it? We tremble when we think of it. Often we shudder as we go about our daily tasks, and expect to see the ghosts of those old maids spring at us from dark corners and from behind the clothes on our locker doors. We dread the coming of the next Hallowe'en, when those old pedagogues arise from their dreary graves to screech and howl about the beds of those who go trooping in on Friday nights to the hall,—where once they sat in stern and solemn silence listening to the long-winded discussions of pedagogic principles, infallible rules for preserving the old maid school teacher forever,—to look at the glittering, gliding, flashing, flaring, reeling, rolling, rollicking, kaleidoscope of the “movies”! Avaunt! ye shadows of the dry old past! If this be desecration, let's have more of it! **“PAP,” AND THE MOVIES FOREVER!**

Navigators' Reception

Oh, ye shades of departed tenth termers, stand up and take notice when the Navigators entertain. Following an established custom, they gave a reception to the Arcadians on the twenty-seventh of February.

The old chemistry laboratory was decorated with pine, narcissi, and violets, and the background was a perfect bower of evergreen and Spanish moss. The electric lights and windows were draped with moss, and the doorway was arched by evergreen and bunched violets.

The guests were received by the four officers of each class and ushered into the room where entertainment awaited them. First, partners were called for the grand march, led by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stopher—and they led, too, into all intricate steps and turns. Violin and piano solos were given by Misses Pearl Duncan and Mattie Baker, which were followed by comic recitations by Misses Seaife, Beatty, and Butler. Delicious punch and cake were served throughout the evening, reviving the eager crowd and sending them rejoicing into the next feature.

But the most interesting was the new dance which has invaded the hill—nothing but the grand and dignified old dance, the Virginia reel—for which the guests had been practicing over a week. What if there were not more than six gentlemen with whom to dance! What if the lucky girls would not take “turn about” and give the rest a chance! What if no one looked as graceful as he should! It was all fun and something new to the Normal Hill. Everyone laughed to see himself as others saw him. And when it was over, all were ready to give three cheers for the Navigators!

MILDRED KELLY (one of the UNLUCKY).



"GIRLS IS GIRLS"



"THEY ARE SO FULL OF FRISKY
MERE IT NOT BETTER NOT TO BUY"



A DEMO IN HIS NATIVE HAUNT



A PYRAMID OF GRINS



TADPOLE GRAY



AVULSION OF DARWIN'S THEORY



ON A "HGH-LOUSOME"



THREE HEADS, THREE LEGS: O
GIANT



THE MIDNIGHT JUNGSTER



ON THE WATER-WAGOT.

THE WAGOT AND WELL



ICH-GA-B BGLE!
AND HERE'S TO THE REST
OF THEM



THE SHACK UNDER THE LONESOME PINE

"Tripping the Light Fantastic Tor"

(IN THE BOYS' DORMITORY.)

Possibly the time of these dances will strike you as peculiar, happening as they do on Saturday night after we have returned from society. But whenever a boy has failed to get a date or even a smile from his cherished one at society, nothing furnishes as happy a medium for getting rid of his disappointment. This is equally true of the boy without a future hope, for, while he sits at society watching the other boys having a good time, a feeling of loneliness and forsakenness creeps over him, for he realizes that the future is dark and cold. Consequently this modern dance of ours is a necessary stimulant to revive him to his true senses. Not only does it apply to these two classes of boys, but it is also applicable to one who has been successful. Coming back as he does nervous, yea, almost excited, it is absolutely necessary that we have something to pull his pulse back to normal.

The only discussion that ever arises is concerning whether the dance will be the historic Virginia reel, the fantastic two-step or the renowned bear dance. This question is always settled with as much calmness and serenity as a federal judge shows when he is delivering his charge to the jury on some great case.

After this question is settled the mighty musician, Scallan, who draws the bow over the strings with such marvelous skill, walks forth with the dignity of a Caruso. He always has at his side the famous accompanist, G. H. Morris. When these two great musicians give sway to their great talent and the sweet strains of music that have so often inspired men to action begin to settle upon the ears of the serious and deliberate body of boys, Pourciau, who, on account of his length, lungs, size of mouth, and swiftness of tongue, is the recognized leader on such occasions as these, leads out, having for his partner usually the most graceful dancer in the crowd, G. Anderson. Then the other couples fall in line according to rank; that is, if it is the historic Virginia reel or the renowned bear dance.

To say that the boys and girls (who are really boys with handkerchiefs tied around their arms) are graceful, is speaking in too light terms. They are

as graceful and agile as they could possibly be were they dancing in King George's court. The way that we move our number eleven hoofs without stabbing off pieces of avoirdupois from each other's ankles, heels, etc., is simply marvelous.

To see Eubanks and Harper as they go shaking and dragging their large understandings over the room is worth a minstrel. To hear "Speck" as he stands and gives commands in such voluminous tones is to be deaf. To behold Blanchard's possum-like grins as the dance progresses is to think of 'simmon season. To watch "Ham" and Ellender as they tried to knock holes through the floor is to want to teach them manners. To observe Campbell and Bennett as they get lost and hinder the dance is to want to kick them out of the dance till they learn how to follow their partners. To have the sensation of seeing Baker and Concienne giving some of their famous Russian twists with their duck-like legs is to be filled with laughter. To see Brewer, Laborde, Fowler, and Claman as they wheel around with the imaginary girls of their dreams is to be filled with sympathy. To see those that stand around and watch is to think of the dance of the old Southern plantation, when the niggers stood on the outside and glared in through the open windows. To see Canterbury, Griffin, Emmons, and Barnes as they try to keep order is to show them that they are out of order.

These performances named above continue till one of the monitors flashes the light. Then we all go silently to our rooms, each with the satisfaction that he has done his best and each believing that the poet intended the following lines for us:

A swaying, fluttering multitude,
They danced on winged feet;
The incense of their laughter
The dreaming skies bend down to meet.

So swift, so light, in the star-gemmed night
They glide in circles bright—
A symphony of movement,
A poem writ in silver light!

MORRIS SHOWS.



Chafing-Dish

What delightful memories the mention of the chafing-dish calls up in the mind of a Normal girl! How many dreary Saturday and Sunday afternoons in the winter time, when the weather is miserable, have passed like magic in the tea-room to the tune of the bubbling candy over the faithful alcohol-burner. Then in the spring, when the outside world calls to every girl, what could be more fun than to gather up pillows and rugs, and dressed in "middys" and old skirts, sally forth, armed with the eternal chafing-dish and the accompanying paraphernalia, then finding a perfect nook in the shade of the wonderful Normal trees, to spread out the material and waste the entire afternoon, charmed into forgetfulness of class-room worries and tasks by the spell of the woods and the soul-satisfying odor of cooking candy?

A Table Entertains

One Sunday at dinner, during the winter term, Mrs. Hawkins came to "Levi's" table and invited all of us girls to come over to the dining-hall at 6 P. M. to a little entertainment she had planned for our table and the boys of the club, it being her custom to entertain a table and the boys about once a month. Of course, we were just "tickled to death" and were so excited that we could not finish eating our dinner. Immediately we began talking about what we were going to wear, how we were going to do our hair, and discussing various other topics concerning our toilette.

At the appointed hour we were all on hand to welcome the young men of the club. The first thing in order was that old game, "clap in and clap out," the fortunate or unfortunate, as the case might be, who got in the right chair being escorted from the reception room out into the hall to talk. Delightful music was furnished by different girls at our table. After we had just had a perfectly glorious time playing games, laughing and talking, we were invited to take places at two long, snowy tables, where chicken salad sandwiches, tea, ice cream and cake were served by Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Messerschmidt.

It was with reluctance that we bade our charming hostess good-night after having had a most delightful evening.

ETHEL MERRILL.

Ten O'clock

The time when everyone is tired—
That time when study's through,
When we must lay our books aside
And nothing else to do;
And kneeling down we say our prayers,
Then in the bed we creep,
So glad to leave our many cares
While off we go to sleep.

"The Untolled Bell"

When Normal girls stand at the stile
And talk on Sunday morning;
When Mr. South forgets to smile;
The bell won't ring at dawning!

When "Miz" McVoy forgets herself
And teaches by a rule;
When Mr. Hedges takes his time—
The bell won't ring for school!

When Mr. Roy on Wednesday night
Gives Normal girls a ball;
When Mr. Claman calls the roll;
No bell for study hall!

When Mr. St. Amant sits down
To hear his class recite,
Then Mr. Row won't ring the bell
Till twelve o'clock at night!

E. M.

LITERARY



How Mary Became a Member of the Faculty

Mary sat in Miss May's class dabbling aimlessly in her paint water. She was not in an artistic mood, for it was the second day of the new term, and she had not yet settled down to her daily routine. Six smeared landscapes had been dumped into the trash bag, and the seventh was in the process of formation. Gazing languidly into the pan, she concluded the failure of her paintings was due to the water's lack of clearness. At any rate, this idea offered a means of diversion, for to renew one's supply of water meant a trip to the cloakroom.

Accordingly, Mary skipped from the room and sauntered down the hall. Near the door of the cloakroom she was accosted by a timid-looking girl, who was strikingly marked as a "freshie." "Please, could you tell me where that English teacher's at? I can't be classified until I take an examination in English, and I just can't find her anywhere." Mary saw ample opportunity for a little fun and deciding on a bold scheme replied, condescendingly, "Miss Moore is not giving examinations today, but I can take her place in this matter, though I *am* rather busy today." (Mary inwardly thanked her mother for having let her skirts down a few inches the day before.)

The girl started slightly on finding she was addressing so important a personage and thanked Mary most graciously. It was agreed that the questions would be handed to her at the next period, and that she should wait for them in the cloakroom.

Mary filled her pan and walked sedately back toward the art room, but once within its precincts she was changed from a solemn "assistant" to a school girl bubbling over with fun. She sat down quickly, and, while instructions were being given to new scholars by the busy teacher, she composed the examination.

As soon as the bell rang for the next period, Mary made her way to the waiting "freshie" and handed her the questions with instructions that she *must* not get *any help* at *all* from others, on *any* question, but would be allowed to write the answers in her own room. Again thanks were given and the grateful girl went away. She thought secretly of how she would show those Normal teachers that *she* needed no help in English (for that was her strong point and the hope of her career).

* * * * *

The next morning the President sat in his office busily intent upon those many intricate matters which always crowd on him at the opening of each term. Suddenly he heard faltering footsteps approaching and recognized the

sound of muffled sobs. Upon looking up, he beheld one of the new students, the picture of misery, who grasped in one hand a crumpled paper.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Roy.

She lamely extended towards him the paper and wailed, "She s-said I couldn't g-get any help and—and— I d-don't under-stand 'em and I don't know why Lucy turned g-gray! I never did—w-want to e-come here anyhow," she finished.

Mr. Roy from experience realized that the true situation could not be got from *her*, so he reached for the questions to see them for himself.

The following met his glance:

EXAMINATION FOR IC STUDENT.

- I. In what year did Scott get married and whatever possessed him?
- II. Why did Ivanhoe and Oliver Twist?
- III. Write a short elliptical essay on "Why is a Lemon."
- IV. When Love's Labor Lost who put Marmion?
- V. Translate into clear English the following current phrases:
 - a. That got my goat!
 - b. I should worry!
 - c. Cutie, who tied your tie?
- VI. How long is the Tale of Two Cities?
- VII. Why should we let George do it when everybody's doing it?
- VIII. Who is the guy who put:
 - a. The gaul in Gaulden?
 - b. The clam in Claman?
 - c. The Saint in St. Amant?
 - d. The art in Martin?
 - e. The mon in Monroe and the dough in Varnado?
- IX. What turned Wordsworth's Lucy Gray and why did Deer Slayer?
- X. Why do Pilgrims Progress?
- XI. Put in one *terse* sentence why so Much Ado About Nothing.

* * * * *

'Tis needless to say that the mystery was explained and all the faculty were summoned to join in the laugh. Mary was called to the office, lightly reprimanded, and teased mercilessly for taking upon herself the position of English teacher on the Normal faculty.

MIRIAM CARVER.

The Warning

Once in our working room
While sitting in the gloom
Before the winter moon

Rose o'er the Normal,
I, musing all alone,
Was startled by a groan
For 'twas a spectral tone
Not from a mortal.

There in the fading light
I saw that frame of light
Within the chest, that night

Move his limbs hoary;
Then opened he the door
And stepped upon the floor;
Oh may I hear no more
A dead man's story!

"I was a teacher here
For many a dreary year
Yet no one shed a tear

When I departed;
A matron hard to please,
Yea, no girl felt at ease
Or even dared to sneeze
Long as I guarded.

"But when death laid me down
Into the moulding ground
Beneath the leaves of brown

My soul repented.
I longed again to live
That I might justice give
To girls who would forgive
My deeds committed.

"Naught did I then but grieve
Since I could not conceive
How I could e'er retrieve

My wicked actions;
Why had I been so stern?
Why could I not discern
That some folks cannot learn
To write reactions?

"Once at the close of day
I heard a low voice say
'Come move the dirt away

And raise the coffin,'
I scarcely heard a spade
So little noise they made;
How well they knew their trade,
Set me a laughing.

"There in the chilling gloom
They took me from the tomb
And put me in a room

For some repairing.
Then I was shipped away
Unto this place to stay;
My heart once more was gay
After despairing.

"For I had longed to scold
The teachers young and old,
The matrons who, I am told,

Hate all creation.
Go to them and relate
The story of my fate,
Before it is too late
For reformation."

—ELMIRA MONTGOMERY.

Pull Your Cheer Up Clost Beside Me

Pull yer cheer up clost beside me,
Hold my han' tight, Hanner Jane,
Don' yer hyear de win' a-whistlin'
'Round de chimbly side again?

Don' yer hyear de bells a-ringin'
Out de merry Christmas chime?
'Minds me ob de days gone by,
An' ob odder Christmas time.

Makes me t'ink ob dear ole Missus
An' ole Marse Jolm, good an' kin'.
It's bin years an' years since,
Hanner,
But deir likes we'll niver fin'.

Don' yer hyear de pick-aninnies
Out dar playin' in de snow?
Ours useter play so, Hanner,
Many, many years ago.

Whar are all de dear black faces
Dat we lubbed den, Hanner Jane?
W'en we watched dem beam so
brightly
Wid no trace ob care or pain?

'Neath de old oaks by de cabin,
Wid deir branches hangin' low.
Dey is sleepin' Hanner, sleepin',
Dey's all kivered wid de snow.

Don' yer see de las' spark dyin'—
Dyin' out upon de he'rth?
Don' yer hyear de chillun's voices
Callin' us away from earth?

An' I'se gwine ter leabe de cabin,
You's a-gwine ter leabe it, too,
Come, now, wid me, won't you,
Hanner,
Like you al'ays useter do?

Let us sleep beside de chillun
Dat we lubbed so long ago;
Let us go whar we'll be wid dem,
'Way up yonder, don' yer know?
—LEWIE ALFORD.



Praising Self Is Disgusting Friends

(CLASS EXERCISE.)

My roommate, three other girls, and I were sitting in my room one Saturday afternoon, sewing and embroidering, when Barbara Vain came bustling in.

She is a very stylish looking girl, and we might add the term a self-made girl, judging from the paint, etc., she uses.

On that occasion, as usual, before two sentences had been exchanged, she began relating some of the romantic side of her life, which began thus:

"Oh, girls, did you see Jack with me last night? He stood at the entrance and waited for me. He said he wouldn't have gone in if I hadn't come. He certainly is cute. I know he is the handsomest boy in the school. He says he could love me if he thought it would do him any good."

Then, noticing my embroidery, she exclaimed, "Oh, what is that? Yes, I see it is an apron. I used to be crazy about them, but I'm tired of them now. I embroidered one for a friend of mine, and every one who saw it said it was lovely work. Mamma says I inherited a knack for using a needle."

At this point, seeing that the other girls couldn't decide whether to look disgusted or burst into laughter, I changed the subject by asking what they were going to wear to society that night. Barbara answered before any one else had time, "I think I shall wear my graduating dress. Every one said I was the most beautiful girl in the class the night I graduated. Oh, I wish I had brought my gold-handled parasol down here. Fred gave it to me; he is just crazy about me, and would have given me a diamond if he had thought that I would have accepted it. But, law! I must go now. Guess the girls over at my room have been blessing me out ever since I've been away. I don't care; it is just because they are jealous. So long, girls, I'll see you at society tonight; Jack will be with me, of course."

Thus she left us, and very thankful we were that the visit had not been any longer. We knew, of course, that she would stop in several other rooms to advertise her popularity before reaching her own room, where, it must be said, she is very sweet and accommodating to her roommates.

DEBBIE GREENE.

Pilgrim's Progress Through the Normal

Behold there was a girl who was being entertained royally at the home of her Uncle and Aunt Society. Here were gathered her many friends who did eat and drink and make merry. But the girl did not participate in the pleasures of her friends, for she was sorrowful because she felt the Burden of Ignorance. Now it did happen that the girl did have one friend in whom she confided and to whom did disclose the secrets of her soul. So she did tell unto her how she felt the Burden of Ignorance. This good Evangelist in whom she had confided did give to her the Normal Book, wherein she read about the place where others go to be relieved of this Burden. Now she did determine in her heart to go to this place, for the Burden of Ignorance was very grievous unto her.

Then she did lay bare unto her Uncle and Aunt the secret of her heart, how she did feel the Burden of Ignorance, and did tell unto them that the desire of her soul was to go to that place where the burden would be removed. This confession brought much grief to her Uncle and Aunt, for they looked forward with eagerness to that winter when she would make her debut in their circle of friends. So they did plan many great social functions to try to interest her in society; but she did remain firm in her resolves and departed immediately to make ready for her journey.

Now, when she had come unto her Mother and her Grandmother Know-Enough, they made many supplications unto her that she go not away from them. Her Grandmother Know-Enough did say unto her, "I did not have to go on such a wild goose chase to have my burden of ignorance removed." Her Mother did picture unto her the many lonely hours that this sacrifice would mean to her; but she could in no wise be moved to change her mind.

Frivolous, having heard of Determination's plan, asked Pliable to go with her to persuade Determination not to go. Pliable made haste to accompany her friend and found Determination packing her trunk.

Det.: "Welcome, friends: have you come to tell me good-bye?"

Pli.: "No, but to persuade you not to go."

Det.: "That cannot be; I can no longer dwell in the City of Ignorance; come and go with me."

Friv.: "What, and leave all our pleasures behind? Why, we'll be married before you have your Burden of Ignorance removed."

Det.: "Happier! Why, your happiness is not to be compared with that happiness. Come and go with me, for the happiness that I attain will be yours, too."

Pli.: "Oh, Frivolous, let's do go!"

Friv.: "Not I; I'll be no companion of such misled, empty-headed girls."

On the following day Determination and Pliable did tell their friends good-bye and start out on their journey. When they first started, the way was smooth, and they were very happy. But after they were many miles from home the way became rough and uneven, and they did reel from side to side. Now it did happen that the way became so difficult that they fell into the Slough of Despond ("Doodle" wreck). Whereupon Pliable said to Determination: "Is *this* the happiness that you told me about? If I ever live through this night, you will have to go on your journey alone." Before Determination had time to answer, they heard a "Honk, Honk," and Pliable recognized a friend, whom she called and asked to take her home. So away she went and Determination saw her no more.

Determination was left to struggle in the Slough of Despond without a friend until Good-Nature, who was on the same journey, came to her assistance. Then they again started on their journey together. They went on rejoicing that they had been saved from the Slough of Despond, until they realized that they were exceedingly hungry from the night's fast. Just then they heard some one across the way making much complaint of being hungry; and at that moment a man who was selling sandwiches appeared. Every one bought freely except Squeeze-the-Eagle, the one who had been making so much complaint. Good-Nature found no pleasure in her feast until she had divided with her.

When they were nearing the Wicket Gate (Normal Stile), Fidget began to wring her hands and hunt up and down through the crowd looking for her lost suit-case. Good-Nature, seeing her distress, gladly helped her to recover the lost property.

When the crowd did arrive at the Wicket Gate, it was opened unto all of them; and they were told to pass immediately to the Interpreter (Matron), where they were directed as to their place of abode.

Determination awoke early the next morning because of the heavy burden that was upon her, and continued her journey. Now the next obstacle that Determination met was that the Shining Ones (Teachers) had to pass judgment on her store of knowledge. So they did prepare for her a list of questions. After she had answered them they were returned to her; and as she

gazed upon the "Pass," her Burden fell off from her shoulders and was never seen again.

After this she appeared daily before the Shining Ones who did give unto her many valuable things. The most important of these was a Scroll (First Year Latin), which she was bidden to use as a guide. Now, as she continued her journey, she overtook Bluff and Don't-Care. At this time they were nearing the Hill of Difficulty (Geometry). When they had arrived at the foot thereof they looked about them to see what way they might take. There were three, one to the right, one to the left, and one directly over the hill. The one to the right is called Deceit, and the way to the left is called Destruction. Don't-Care turned to the left, which led her into the Dark Mountains, where she fell to rise no more. Bluff went to the right, which led her into the Dismal Swamp whence she never found her way. But Determination went straight over the hill. Now it did happen that Determination set her mind so strongly on climbing over this Hill that she forgot her Scroll. So Determination passed the Hill of Difficulty and did not miss the Scroll until she met two fierce lions (Caesar and Cicero). Then she did think of her Scroll, that would give her direction, and did remember that she had left it at the Hill of Difficulty. So Determination had to turn back to find it; and many days did pass before she had come unto that place again. But when she had read and understood her Scroll, she had no difficulty in passing the lions.

Now as Determination traveled on, she met Ignorance making haste to go back. "Whither goest thou?" inquired Determination.

Ignorance: "From the Valley of the Shadow of Death." (Chemistry.)

Determination: "What didst thou see that frightened thee so?"

Ignorance: "There is an Enchanted Cave (Chemistry Laboratory) through which all must pass. In this cave I did hear a continual howling and yelling as of people in unutterable misery, who did feel the pain of burns from hot explosions from which they found themselves unable to escape. And I did see clouds of many colored vapors which did turn the walls of the cave black, and strangled the people therein."

Determination was not dismayed, but pushed her way onward, and soon found herself on the other side in the Meadow of Ease (Physiography), where she met Spend-Thrift. But this place was very narrow, so they quickly passed over it.

Now as Determination and Spend-Thrift did continue on their journey they did come on "Town Day" unto the town of Vanity (Natchitoches), where there is a fair held on Saturday called Vanity Fair.

Determination did spend all of her month's allowance: but Spend-Thrift had already spent hers for Hersheys, so she resorted to that method called charging. Then they did pass into a By-way (Drug Store), where they did encounter their beaux, who gallantly escorted them on their return. Now they were taken into custody, and were detained in Doubting Castle (Matron's Office), where they were told to pack their trunks and leave. So they did return unto their places of abode where they found their trunks, which they with many tears proceeded to fill. While they were thus engaged Giant Despair (President of the Institution) appeared on the scene and told them that they might stay, but told them that they would be under arrest for the remainder of their sojourn.

After so long a time, because of their many promises, the fury of the Giant relaxed, and they were allowed to pass on to the Delectable Mountains (to hear Madame Powell). When they arrived they were met by their beaux with great rejoicing.

The next obstacle which she did encounter was a Net (Plan Writing), in which she became entangled. She did struggle desperately until a Shining One (Pedagogy Teacher) did help her out of it.

At last Determination did arrive at the turning-point of her journey (4A Class) through which she did pass with many honors and did enter into the Enchanted Ground (4B Class). Here she did become the representative of the Shining Ones. With much rejoicing she did enter in the Land of Beulah (Graduates' names are posted). Here they did continually hear the singing of birds and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of reach of Giant Despair, neither from this place did they so much as have to enter Doubting Castle. Here they were upon the borders of Heaven, where they did meet many Angels (Parish Superintendents) who did give them high positions. Upon the last day of her journey, the king of the land (Governor) presented unto her the Reward (Diploma).

ELMIRA MONTGOMERY.

DOT OVERBEY.

LEONA HARPER.

A Normal Row

The tap of a stick is not much of a row, nor are rows as a rule worth remembering; but the Normal Row is the row, of all rows, that sets us all "unlimbering." He stirs the mind of the lame and the lazy and starts up a whirl that makes us feel crazy. The drag and the drone and the earnest worker jostle each other to the tune of Mazurka, while that jolly old Row with the smile of a joker slides out at daybreak like some finished old toper; and, while we rush and berate our neighbors, he is quietly snoozing and resting from labors. The evening approaches and peace is restored, and smiles and gay laughter come once more on board; the hours of twilight so redolent of love nestle about us like gifts from above; we dance and we shout in unbounded joy, for work is a bubble and the earth but a toy. But what is that sound so startling and clear, that freezes the smile as it reaches the ear? Yes, 'tis the same old mischievous din, that tells us the Row is at it again, and away we go on the wings of the wind to escape a lecture if we don't get in. We dive through the doorway, we dip in the texts, we float on the surface, and search for what's next; we flounder and fumble, and in wild desperation, we seek out the facts that shall prove our salvation. At last we are armed and ready for battle, and no longer feel "like dumb driven cattle." Then out on the campus there floats up a clatter, and that blessed old Row goes by with a patter. A moment of silence, then out on the air float the ringing vibrations that tell us he's there. Then instantly darkness envelopes each head, and we hastily make one last dive—into bed.

Mrs. JULIA COORSEY.

The Prisoner

Fancy stands outside and calls—

A soft-eyed, merry nymph among the boughs,
With all the sunlight glory in her voice,
And sweet freedom's glow upon her brows.

Colorful, swaying, a-lilt,

With bird-note rapture wild and gay,
Her voice is calling, calling soft to me
To come, come wander far today.

Bound in chains forged cold of steel

By men of ancient, gloomy days, whose dust
Still clings about the arches and the walls
Of this prison house wherein I'm thrust.

I, among my fellows stand,

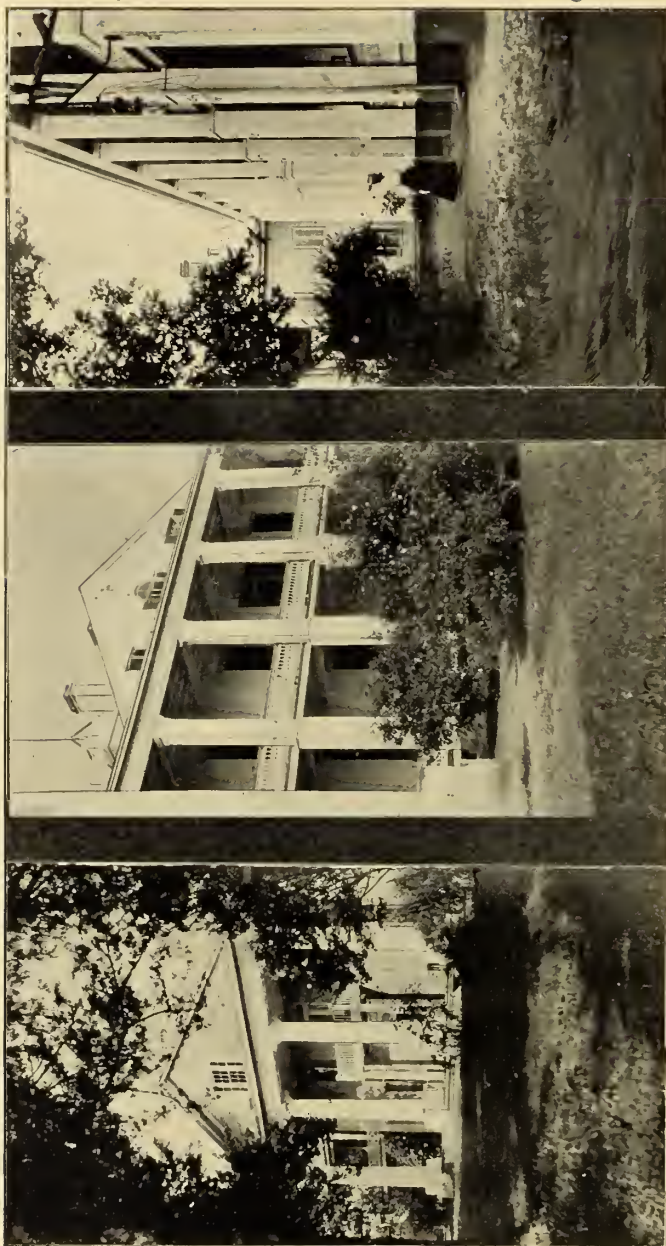
A slave to dusty Custom, old and blind,
And yonder Fancy, standing in the sun,
Is e'er calling like a restless wind!

Hammered steel is cold and strong;

But Fancy's calling voice is strength to me—
I break the hateful binding of the steel
And I find the whole glad world is free! —E. H.



AULD LANG SYNE



WE KNOW THAT CHANGE IS PROGRESS, AND LOVED OLD THINGS MUST GO,
BUT ON THE STRONG OLD PAST, THE FUTURE'S BUILT TRUE;
AND HERE WE PAUSE A MOMENT, AS MARCHING ON WE GO,
TO LOOK BACK WITH LONGING EYES—OLD MEMORIES! HERE'S TO YOU!

The Donoho Building



According to the testimony of the oldest residents of Natchitoches the Donoho Building was erected in the year 182--. The town was then prominent, as Red River flowed past it, and in those days trading was carried on by boat. Judge Chas. Bullard, a New Englander, and the owner of this handsome residence, acquired a large plantation and many slaves. He married a pretty Creole girl from Natchitoches, the daughter of a fine old family, and it was here that they lived for many years. The Bullards were prominent in the social life of the vicinity, and entertained often, inviting many guests to their gay parties. They often left their home in summer to travel by carriage

and wagon, with their slaves in attendance, on a visit to White Sulphur Springs, Va., or even as far as New England. At length they began to lose money, and when, after more than a score of years, Judge Bullard died, his wife closed up the house and moved to town.

About this time (1856), the sisters of the "Sacred Heart" came to Natchitoches and bought the old site, with one hundred acres of woodland adjoining. Here they erected the Convent Building, in March, 1858, and established a boarding school for girls. The school grew moderately in numbers, soon becoming prosperous. Daily those gentle sisters might have been seen attending early mass in the southern room of the Convent Building, where their pupils filed in to service, black veils thrown over their heads. At eight o'clock school opened, and the pupils passed to their classes, to be questioned consecutively concerning their assignments. Many a childish heart, light with mischief, felt no undue restraint, for discipline was mild, and consisted more in deprivation of pleasures than the infliction of punishments. A twenty-minute recess was given at ten. At noon the pupils sat silently eating in the refectory, the northwest room of the Convent Building. Some one read a selection to them, to which they listened attentively. At one o'clock school began again, inter-

rupted only by a twenty-minute recess, and lasting until five-thirty in the afternoon. Saturdays were school days, too. One day every month they were taken to the woods as a diversion. On this day each child received perhaps a double handful of pecans and some sugar-cane as lunch. In this way the years passed on peacefully until the Civil War. At one time A. L. Lee's army being in town (across the river), and Banks' army being on the other side, the Convent was the scene of some slight disturbances due to skirmishing. After the Battle of Pleasant Hill, the Donoho Building, which had been used as Community property, was turned into a hospital for the wounded men of Taylor's army. It had been built as a home, and used as such. It had contained the reception room and the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, on the first floor, and the nuns' sleeping quarters on the second floor; then it was used as a hospital. During the years that followed the war, the number of pupils diminished, and the nuns grew poorer. They borrowed money to keep up the school, and finally in 1872 ('73?) they closed the school and moved to New Orleans, where they established the present "Sacred Heart Convent."

The Parish of Natchitoches bought this property and donated it to the State as a site for the Normal School, in 1884.

In the years intervening between the abandonment by the nuns and the establishment of the Normal School, the place had grown quite wild with underbrush, though the old Convent Building was occasionally occupied by some roving people. But the entire place was closed up and prepared, prior to the opening of the Normal. Dr. Sheib, with the assistance of Mr. Alby Smith and Miss Nettie Rousseau, began work in the Normal School in the fall of '85. The Normal School took up the education of the youth upon his having completed the eighth grade, and carried him on through a course approximating our teachers' training course, though their curriculum was considerably lower than our present one. Their Model School consisted only of the first four grades, the other pupils of public school age attending a Grammar School down town in what is now called the Rest Room and Rex Club.

With the beginning of the school the Donoho Building became the residence of the matron of the Normal School. Mrs. Buard and Mrs. Hatch served their turn, and then came Mrs. Donoho, for whom the building was ever after called. With her snow-white hair, her beauty and refinement, Mrs. Donoho made that old home like a second one to those earlier Normal girls. They sought her as a nurse in illness, and a friend when in trouble. To her they looked for approval

when they passed, and for sympathy when they failed. With the passing of that motherly face came Mrs. Lobdell, a handsome woman, equally well-loved. But although the girls came to her with their trials as before, she meant less to each individual girl, because the Normal School had grown to be too large a family for intimate personal relations.

The same shrubs adorned the lawn, the same cedar trees were there, and the entertainments given at night were as gay as others had been, but the larger crowd was swayed by the tide of a new decade, and with the new life came a different spirit. East and West Halls had been built and were peopled with a restless throng of schoolgirls, earnest young girls who have since contributed their part to the stability of the teaching force in our State. In the spring of 1904 the old Convent Building was condemned and removed. In its place the present Academic Building was built. This was but the beginning of the brick and concrete buildings that will eventually replace all of the wooden ones. One may see how such a movement was fraught with great importance. Later, Mrs. Lobdell was succeeded by Mrs. Hawkins, our present matron. Like her predecessors she is all graciousness. In 1911, during Mr. Aswell's presidency, the present Dining-room Building was erected, and thither the matrons' quarters were removed. Since that time two brick and concrete dormitories, "A" and "B," have been built. These, with the dining-room, are several hundred yards back from the brow of the hill, northwest of the Academic Building, and face an open court, around which the future Normal will be located. Thus the life of the school, at first centered on the bank of the long-dry river bed, is gradually receding to more secure grounds farther back. The old Donoho Building stood long in need of repairs. For a few terms it was used as a dormitory, and then, in the fall of 1913, almost ten years since the Convent Building had been torn down, it, too, was removed. Still facing that old bed where once Red River flowed, greeting the morning as it rises, stands these four columns, the last that is left of the beloved Donoho Building, and the earlier Normal School.

OLA DOT OVERBEY.

A Normal Fairy Story

Once upon a time there lived in the fair land of Normal Hill, a prince of noble mien, and he was wondrous wise, knowing all the workings of his realm and all the motives of his people. In truth, he was far wiser than all of his teachers who had come from far and near to instruct him. But nothing could they teach him, he was that wise. Therefore, it would seem that this prince would have been the happiest of young men, and for many years he was, in knowing that he *knew*.

But after a while his people grew weary of whispering how wise was this prince and talked of other things, so that at last that flattery that was as nectar to his mind was slowly withdrawn, and he was left with only his wisdom to comfort him. But wisdom is a sorry comforter to some if no one praises it. Therefore, there came a time in the spring of his twenty-third year when he could bear his isolation no longer, so, seating himself upon a marble couch, he buried his face in his hands and wept as only the young and wise can weep: "Oh, if there were only a fair maiden who would love me and tell me of her love and admiration at all times; then I would be content."

Suddenly before his astonished vision there appeared a tall and dignified woman, clad in a gown of rich, clinging lavender silk. Her face was stern, yet in her eyes there was that baffling, mysterious, half-cynical, half-mirthful expression so rare and yet so magnetic in woman. Here at last was his fairy godmother, who had been waiting for many moons to come to his aid, as soon as he would confess his need for something beyond himself. Seeing his disconcerted expression, she spoke soothingly in a deep, melodious voice:

"My son, long have I waited for you to cry out your need, that I might come and bring you comfort. Knowing all that is in the air, within the water, and upon the land, I see the clear path to your salvation. A part of my secret I shall reveal to you, and you must guard it as you do your life, for, if it be known, the charm is broken.

"In my domain (Dormitory) there are many beautiful maidens, and among them there is the one for whom you cried out a moment ago. In knowing all, I know this to be true. However, it is not given me to send her to you direct, for you must discover her for yourself. Listen carefully to what I am about to tell you. Tomorrow morning when you go to school, look you well for the maid who wears a red bow upon her breast. Further I may not tell you

now." And so saying the fairy godmother vanished as suddenly as she had come.

Ramal, for that was the prince's name, rubbed his eyes. Had he been dreaming? Surely not! Then there arose in him a fierce desire for the morrow, and it seemed that he could scarcely restrain himself until time for school. Slowly time passed, until the next morning when he hastened to his classes. Anxiously he scanned all the groups of gay maidens for the sight of one with a red bow pinned on her breast. Alas! utter confusion and bewilderment overwhelmed him! There were *dozens* of maidens wearing red bows. Although he looked most carefully all the morning, by noon he had been able to find nothing that would distinguish one from another.

So seating himself again on the marble couch, he cried out for his fairy godmother to come to his aid. At once she again stood before him; resplendent in her purple robes. She, smiling, spoke: "Be not discouraged, fair Ramal. Be of good cheer. Look again this afternoon, and there will be but one maiden wearing the red bow. This is she, Nolal, for whom you long."

So Ramal arose, filled with new hope and expectancy, and betook himself back to school, resuming his search. This time, although he looked everywhere, there seemed no evidence of a maid with a red bow.

Late in the evening he was still wandering about, peering this way and that, almost hopeless. Suddenly he rounded a curve of the castle (Academic Building), and there, close to him, was Nolal, the incarnation of all his dreams. For was not the glowing bit of color pinned above her heart, the sure and unfailing symbol of the fulfillment of his fairy godmother's prophecy? Ramal and Nolal stopped, and gazed into each other's eyes.

"No sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy."

It would be rather presumptuous for the author to end this true fairy story, since the climax has not been reached in real life. However, it may be left to the discretion of the gentle reader, in accordance with his past experience in fairy tales, to end this story to his own satisfaction in the good old way.

KATE GOSLING.



A Fairy Story

(Class Exercise.)

One bright spring morning, hearing some beautiful music and feeling a delightful warmth stealing through my veins, I sat up in my bed to see what was happening. You would scarcely believe me if I should tell you that I was in Fairyland. I knew it must be Fairyland for it was like the beautiful places that mother used to tell me about when I was little and begged for stories. But I did not think any place could ever be so beautiful as this. I almost lost my breath when I ran out into the bright light. It was the smile of the fairy queen that sent me dancing among the diamonds. How they glowed and sparkled from everywhere. I thought I should burst with joy. I was just wondering what I should do first, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. Looking around quickly, I was astonished to see one of the daintiest of fairies peeping at me from a large diamond suspended over my head. Her face was dimpled with glee when she beheld my look of surprise. "Good morning," she said gaily, "how do you like Fairyland?" I was almost afraid to speak for fear she would vanish. "Oh, you big stupid," she cried again, "hold up your cup. I know you are starving for a drink. This is the nectar that fairies brew. Sip a little at a time and you shall never know want." I held my cup as high as I could, and she filled it with a liquid as clear and pure and sparkling as the diamond upon which she swung. I lifted the cup to my lips, and, as I sipped the nectar, the fountain of living waters seemed to spring up within me. "Look," she cried again, pointing to a stream of tiny elves running along the ground at my feet, "the fairy queen is pleased and sends these to serve you. Do not fear to take what they offer. It will make you wax strong and vigorous, and you shall be able to battle with evil and to overcome your enemies." I did not refuse the nourishment, for I feared to offend the fairy queen. When I had partaken of the food, I leaped for joy, for eternal life was born into my veins, and I knew that they had given me immortality. But the lovely little being stood by and viewed the performance with much delight. "Oh, you gourmand," she cried merrily, "wait till the fairies are through with you, and men shall rise up and call you blessed." She clapped her dainty hands and immediately I was surrounded by a band of fairies dressed in daintiest gauze of emerald green. They danced about me for a while. Then the leader paused and addressed me: "We are the chlorophyl fairies, and the queen has sent us to make a suit for you." Then they joined hands and danced around me again, singing gaily:

"Servants of the queen are we,
On the land and on the sea,
Gaily serving, freely loving
All of fairies' love deserving."

I wanted to laugh, but grew so drowsy that in spite of myself I dropped off to sleep. I did not sleep long, but when I awoke I found myself clad in a most beautiful robe of green. "How do you like it?" they inquired, seeing me looking at it. "It is beautiful, thank you," I said. "Now may I come out into the sunshine and play with you?" "Of course you may, leepy head, and if you are not good we shall ride on your back and pull your hair, just as the witches do." All summer I played with the fairies and the Sun God coming up one day looked down upon us and smiled. "It is well," he said, "the birds of the air and the beasts of the field shall have abundance." "Now, we shall take you to the queen that she may see our work," but scarcely had they finished speaking when the queen stood before us. "You have done well, my children, and the queen's blessing shall rest upon the work of your hands. This tiny bunch of grass shall thrive and grow and earth shall ever be clothed with living green, and man shall find joy and happiness in her bosom."

JULIA COOKSEY.

The Wiggins' Trip to Town

Mrs. Wiggins had decided that as she and Mr. Wiggins had such an interesting family she had better set one day aside to carry the bunch to the photographer and get the smiling resemblance of all, for in this day of lavish living who could tell what night Tom or Johnny would eat too many beans for supper and never see daylight again? She consulted Mr. Wiggins on the subject and they decided that, as he had to carry cotton the following Saturday, that would be the best time.

The rest of the week was spent in laundering afresh the little Wigginses' wardrobe, redarning stockings, and polishing shoes.

At last Saturday morning came, and the little Wigginses were up bright and early for they had never had their pictures made, and each imagined it must be about as grand a thing as could happen to any person.

Mrs. Wiggins didn't enjoy the preparations as much as the children, for nothing seemed to go right that morning. Sally complained of a headache; Mr. Wiggins had rheumatism in his right shoulder, and, in spite of all the threatenings, Mrs. Wiggins *couldn't* in any way induce Tub and Tommy to eat any breakfast.

After the others had finished breakfast, Mrs. Wiggins began to array the brigade in their best clothes. She put Jenny May and Susie on the front steps, after braiding their hair as tight as it could possibly be without pulling their scalps from their heads, and pinning their ruffles in place, to wait for the rest. All this time Sally was displaying her strength and skill on Tub and Tommy.

After a while two small boys joined Jenny May and Susie on the front steps with faces as red and shining as June apples. Of course, as Mrs. Wiggins said, "Tub never did let the little gals have any peace," so, after a slight disagreement with Susie, he stepped boldly in front of her and brushed her face with a wet feather that he had just rubbed against the side of the wash-pot.

Susie fairly screamed with rage, but Mrs. Wiggins had no time to punish Tub then.

Finally after a great deal of hurrying and scolding by Mr. Wiggins, they were all in the wagon: Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins and little Pete on the front seat; Sally in her seat directly behind; the boys perched on the corners of the cotton; Jenny May and Susie bringing up the rear by taking it flat in the bottom of the wagon on a thin bed-quilt.

The horses went at a snail pace except, of course, when going down hill. Then they went so fast Sally had to hold her hat with one hand and the back of the spring-seat with the other. The boys seemed to enjoy the hills immensely, but I can't say as much for Jenny May and Susie.

After nine miles of slow driving and hills, they at last reached Wentworth. Such a parade the merchants of Wentworth had never seen. Mr. Wiggins led the procession with a brown derby, which seemed a heavy burden to his large ears, with coat sleeves too short, and the coat itself sagging fully six inches in front in spite of the lining, making it a great deal longer in the back, with trousers bagging at the knees, and his large, squeaky shoes seeming to stumble over every one's feet. Mrs. Wiggins and Sally came next, and the other children followed as they pleased.

As they passed the baker's shop, Tub spied a display of cakes which were decorated with many-colored icings. It reminded him at once that he had had no breakfast and of course was very hungry. As soon as he called Tommy's attention to it, they both set up a wail for the cakes. To keep from having a serious dealing with her two sons, Mrs. Wiggins dug into her satchel for fifty cents. After giving each a large piece of cake, she insisted that they should rush on to the photographer's before the boys got their faces and blouses soiled.

When they at last reached the "picture-taking place," as Tub called it, there was much fussing and disagreeing between Mrs. Wiggins and the photographer. When the family had seated themselves, looking as wild-eyed and grim as possible, and the photographer had arranged them to suit himself, Tommy

jumped up and said: "Mister, may I squeeze that thing?" The photographer explained to him that if he did he would not be in the picture, and, of course, he wanted to be, but would not be still until he had the promise of some candy. Just as the photographer was ready to take the picture, Mrs. Wiggins looked around to see if all the children were in their places, and to her dismay saw Tub with his handkerchief in his mouth to keep from laughing. Then the photographer said in an exasperated tone: "Mrs. Wiggins, if you will please keep quiet yourself, I will handle the children." Mrs. Wiggins frowned and the two younger children, seeing that their mother had been made angry, began to cry. About that time a policeman, a good friend of the photographer's, dropped in for a few minutes' chat. At the sight of the policeman, the Wigginses were frightened into submission, and in a few minutes the picture had been taken.

The remainder of the day was spent in sightseeing. About sundown they climbed into the wagon and started home. When they were about three miles from town, Tommy asked where Tub was. Mrs. Wiggins became very excited and said: 'Sho's as Tub went with us he ain't with us now.' They turned around and after going about two miles, they met Tub almost ready to drop. He had run so fast and yelled so loud, he had used up all the energy the cake had afforded him.

As they faced home again, small drops of rain began to fall. Jenny May and Susie didn't enjoy their ride so well now because Mrs. Wiggins had taken the quilt to wrap the baby in. When they reached home the rain was simply pouring and they were completely drenched. Mrs. Wiggins declared that if *ever* she mentioned having the family picture made again, she wanted Mr. Wiggins to turn her out and lock the door.

CARRIE HAMITER.

"Johnnie"

(CLASS EXERCISE.)

Little Helen Green, otherwise known by her playmates and parents as "Johnnie" because she was always acting the part of a boy, and there were no boys in the family, had been a pupil of the primary school only a week, when the happiness of her first week of school life was clouded by the following incident.

On Friday morning when the children were quietly studying and engaged in their busy work, the teacher, who was having the B Class in reading, suddenly called out, "Johnnie, I wish you to remain after school this evening. I cannot permit such behavior." Johnnie's playmates looked at her in surprise. What could she have been doing?

But there sat "Johnnie" in her seat, blushing and trying to hide her head in shame. Was it such misbehavior only to peep at the big red apple in her book-satchel? Yet that was all she had done, and the teacher wanted her to remain after school. She was too ashamed and afraid to raise her head, but when she did so she saw the teacher glance with a frown in her direction.

The long, miserable morning passed at last and noon came. "Johnnie" went slowly home feeling deeply her disgrace. She said nothing of it to her mother, who did not notice her little daughter's unhappy state. After lunch "Johnnie" returned to school and slipping past her playmates went in and sat down at her desk. She did not notice the boy who sat behind her sneak into his desk as if he also were trying to avoid the others. Soon school had taken in, and "Johnnie" buried herself behind her books.

She thought the afternoon would never pass. At last it was two o'clock and time to be dismissed. The others passed out, and "Johnnie" by this time not being able to keep back her tears, began to sob at her desk. She was waiting for her punishment when she heard the voice of her teacher saying sternly: "Johnnie Hamilton, I saw you throwing paper balls this morning. If this happens again, I will punish you severely. Promise me you will not do it again."

She looked up and saw standing at the teacher's desk the boy who sat behind her. Then she heard him murmur his apology and the teacher dismiss him.

What a load was lifted from her heart by those two words, Johnnie Hamilton, for, although her name was "Johnnie," too, it was not "Johnnie" Hamilton.

GENEVA STUCKEY.

A Prophecy

I jes know that spring's a-comin'
'Cause I saw the jonquils start,
An' I feel the quicrest somethin'
Bubblin' up within my heart;
An' the field's all blue with daisies,
An' the field lark's found a mate,
'Cause the cutest nest is hidden
In the grass by the farm gate!

I jes know that spring's a-comin'
'Cause the clover-beds are white,
An' the bees jes keep a-buzzin'
From the mornin' til the night;
An' I know that spring's a-comin'
'Cause I heard a robin sing,
An' the laubs are all a-playin',
Jumpin', jes like it was spring!

I jes know that spring's a-comin'
'Cause the peach trees are all pink;
An' I saw some tiny blossoms
On the apple trees, I think.
An' I know that spring's a-comin'
'Cause the skies are, oh, so blue,
An' my heart keeps callin', Peggy,
All the live-long day, for you.

LEXIE AYFORD.

The Question

(CLASS EXERCISE.)

It was nearly midnight, for the town clock had long since struck eleven. A cold wind was blowing from off North River, which would have pierced to the bone any late passerby, had there been anyone there, but which only rustled the tattered signs tacked upon the outlying walls of vacant lots and upon the posts of the quay. There was no moon, and the only light was that from the dim lights on the quay, which, as the wind blew, sent pale rays into the deep shadows. It was a night upon which all good people should be at home asleep, well content with having done their duties for the day.

But presently from out of the shadows came a woman, clothed in rags, which the cold wind whipped about her person. Her head was bent, and she walked with a hesitating movement. As she came nearer the wharf within the radius of the pale lamps, she seemed to shrink and to wish to hide herself. Her white face showed the marks of sin, with now a sort of weak determination. As she neared the end of the wharf, which projected out over the water, she glanced to the right and to the left of her, as a culprit does who is about to commit some crime, and then again she glanced out upon the cold, dark waters, and shivered.

GENEVA STUCKEY.

On Seeing the Pictures of Mary Queen of Scots

(A Little Chapter From Real Life.)

*"There was a sound of revelry by night,
Where Normal Girls to the auditorium gathered in."*

Time: 6 O'clock.

Scene: Normal Auditorium.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Malie Biles	} Three Model School Girls
May Klaus		
Blossom Meyers		
Miss Carroll	} Three Faculty Members
Miss Hart		
Miss Hulsart		

Normal Student Body.

MALIE (on top end of turned-up bench): "Gee, I hope the President of the Institution don't see me; he'll ball me out for sitting this way!"

MAY: "Shut up; don't you see the man's showing the pictures?" (Scene is flashed in which Mary's lover is kneeling before her, kissing her hand.)

BLOSSOM: "How interesting; there's her sweetheart. Get on to his gestures, girls. My, isn't he a handsome man!"

(Scene changes to where Rizzio lies dead at the foot of the secret stairs.)

MALIE: "Oh, look at that! The poor man has fallen down the steps and broken his neck. He must have stepped on a banana peel. People are *so* careless."

MAY: "Well, from all appearances the queen won't care, for she looked tickled to death over the other lover's kissing her hand. Maybe she had the banana peel put on the stairs."

BLOSSOM (reading from the screen): "'Mary Stuart is imprisoned while on her way to England.' What's that? I thought Mrs. McVoy said her name was Mary Queen of Scots."

MALIE: "She's writing something to get out of prison by— Read it, girls."

MAY (reading document that tells Mortimer is to be trusted): "'Please,

please—oh what's that word? These pictures are so dim—'excuse Mortimer. (Signed) Mary.' ”

BLOSSOM: “Now, what in the world is the use of her writing an excuse? That won't help her a bit since she's in prison.”

MAY (sighing and sinking back in her seat): “I know there's trouble coming if she has to monkey with an excuse—I don't see any sense in Mrs. McVoy's talking when we can't understand what she's saying half the time.”

(Lights flash on and an intermission is given.)

MALE (craning her neck): “Look at that! Speck Holland and Louise Van Den Bosch! Won't Betta be boiling? And Speck and Louise were together at church, too!”

MAY: “Let's count the couples—Paul Concienne and Willie Bonney: Willie must be hard up since Mr. Hamilton's left. Pourciau and Eloise Etheridge. He must have had another ‘bust-up’ with Lalou. And Mr. Blanchard and Hattie Kirtley. Hattie must have forgotten about that ‘second choice’ proposition. Of course, there's Tom Harvey and ‘Corny’!”

All three in chorus: “Look at that Mr. Claman and Miss Hallanger with ‘Keany’ for gooseberry. Trust ‘Keany’ to be ‘the sweetly stupid’ chaperon.”

MALE: “Ain't she nice? She's talking to Mr. Williamson. That's the kind of chaperon I like.”

(Just then a loud clapping is heard. The audience rises and looks at Mr. Claman and Miss Hallanger, who try to look unconscious, but are “given away” by the floridity of their complexions.)

PART II.

Mrs. McVoy: “Elizabeth, the English cousin, was jealous of Mary——”
(Scene flashes Elizabeth's court-room, with queen, jester, and attendants.)

MAY: “Look at the court-fool; he looks just like Speck. My, but I bet his legs are cold in that suit!”

MALE: “That's like a step in the tango—I mean the way he's prancing around. Ain't he cute?”

BLOSSOM: “Oh, goodness, look at the turkey feathers around the queen's neck. They must have turkey every day to get all those feathers!”

MAY: “I'm glad I didn't have to scrape those china-berries that she

has around her neck. 'Member how they smelled when we made ours, Christmas?"

BLOSSOM: "Crazy, those aren't china-berries! They are those new starch things. But I didn't know military capes were in style——"

(Blossom is suddenly extinguished by her bench sliding down and precipitating her into the darkness.)

MISS CARROLL (when noise subsides, in a shocked whisper): "Miss Hulsart, did you ever hear that Elizabeth was a man?"

MISS HULSART: "Oh, my, no!"

MISS CARROLL: "Well, historical facts bear it out."

(Picture of Mortimer, Mary's lover, is flashed on the screen.)

MAY: "Look at that man taking a chew of tobacco. The nasty thing! I thought men were courtly in those days!"

MALIE: "May, you haven't a bit of sense! He's kissing the queen's picture! Ain't he grand looking! (Sighs sentimentally.) Wish I had a man like that in love with me!"

BLOSSOM: "Let's see how many lovers the queen has, anyway: Rizzio, one; Darnley, two; the fat priest with a head like an ostrich egg, three; court fool, four; and now here comes this silly who kisses her picture. She surely was a popular old girl!"

(Scene changes: Mary is shown seated on a chair in prison, while Mortimer bends over her.)

MAY: "There he is now asking her for a date. Much good it will do him, when she's in prison and can't get out. You know, girls, that's just the way Hannah's beau looks!"

BLOSSOM: "Hush up about Hannah and watch the pictures! Look at all of those men crowded around the table—just like boys' dormitory for all the world!"

MAY (scornfully): "How do you know how boys' dormitory looks?"

BLOSSOM: "Mutt, don't you see Pourciau waving his arms?"

(Scene changes to a procession leaving the castle. Queen Elizabeth is mounted on a palfrey, while her attendants in silver regalia precede her.)

MALIE: "Oh, my! Somebody's died. See the Masons' funeral! The Masons sure are an old order. There comes the Grand Master."

BLOSSOM: "What makes you so gloomy? They look more like Ringling's circus to me!"

MAY: "There's the fool who looks like Speck again! What's he dancing around with so few clothes on for?"

BLOSSOM: "Now they have gone to fighting. What are they doing with those hockey sticks?"

MAY: "Wait until he punches one in that fat priest and you'll see."

BLOSSOM: "Oh, my! That's the end of part two and I never did see what happened! I can't get the straight of the thing, anyway."

(Lights flash on.)

PART III.

(Picture machine sputters; crank grinds.)

CHORUS OF VOICES: "Don't have so much moonlight, mister! That last got so dim it went out altogether."

"Shoot some more juice into it."

BLOSSOM: "I wish they would get busy! My toe's asleep—it feels like it had been chloroformed."

MALIE: "I wish they'd hurry up! I just know they'll all be through making love 'fore we get to see them again!"

MAY: "Here we are back in Mary's cell—tho' it doesn't look much like a cell."

MISS CARROLL: "How self-possessed Mary is as she hears them read her death warrant!"

MISS HART: "How pee-ti-ful to see her geeve the gifts away to her servants."

MALIE: "I wonder if that is where the giving of P. G.'s started!"

BLOSSOM: "Get on to that boudoir cap with the train to it. I'm going to make one to wear to breakfast Saturday mornings, so it won't show whether I have on a waist or not."

MALIE: "I wish they'd hurry and chop her head off. I'm tired."

BLOSSOM (gazing at picture of the executioner and assistants): "Well, here they come with their hatchets and helmets. They'd better chop those

firemen's heads off and let them go with Mary! She was so wicked, she'll need them before long!"

BLOSSOM: "I guess this is where 'Scotland's burning' started!"

MAY: "She looks like a turkey with her head all stuck out on the block! Poor creature!"

MALIE: "Yes, Miss Varnado told us today of how she said: 'Give me liberty or give me death'—and she got it, too!"

(Head falls from the block: girls suddenly conscience-stricken.)

MAY (speaking to executioner): "Nasty man. I wish he'd fall down and break his neck!"

MALIE: "Poor queen. I'll never want Hershey's or anything to eat after this."

MAY (sobbing): "Let's go, girls. I didn't think it would be like this!"

BLOSSOM (as they walk home): "I think Mr. Roy certainly is a fine president. I learned more tonight than I ever did in any of Miss Varnado's classes!"

MAY: "What did you learn?"

BLOSSOM: "First, Mary Queen of Scots was Queen of Spain. It was there she met Mortimer. I tell you I heard Miss Carroll say so."

MALIE (curtly): "Why did they call her Mary Queen of Scots then?"

BLOSSOM (airily): "Oh, that's just a nickname. She liked the Scots, you know. Let me go on. She had six lovers, but never married any of them because her first lover slipped on the banana peel and broke his neck. We saw that tonight."

MAY (irrelevantly): "I don't smell any peanut butter."

BLOSSOM: "Shut up, will you? And-er-er-where was I? Oh, yes, Elizabeth was her half-sister, who cried so when Mary was beheaded. I just love Elizabeth; she's so tender-hearted!"

MAY: "Oh, dear! how I long for something to fill this aching void!"

MALIE: "Come to my room. I have an onion, a piece of 'cow,' and some crackers. I am so hungry I don't know what to do!"

MAY (aside): "I don't smell any peanut butter!"

KATE GOSLING,
LETITIA PETRIE.

A Memory

Oh, how well do I remember,
It was early in December,
And the dull clouds of November
Scarce had left the wintry sky:
When a hasty consultation
And the family's complication
Brought about this culmination:
I my home folks told good-bye.

To the Normal I was going,
Thinking I was wise and knowing,
And I could not keep from showing
That I had the High School
passed:
But, before the first week ended,
I had almost comprehended
That the others who attended,
In the race were winning fast.

When the first report was nearing,
I my lesson had been clearing
With no teacher interfering.
So I did assume no care:
But I'll ne'er forget the weeping,
And the nights so void of sleeping,
When, from my first "Slip" was
peeping—
Not one subject—but a pair!

As I think back o'er those hours,
I forget to see life's flowers:
All my many doleful showers
Of the "Blues" around me stay;
Many were my heartaches drearful,
Many times my eyes were tearful,
But the Normal's grown more cheer
ful—
Since the goal's not far away!

Ambition

Ambition, thou dost cause my soul
Much anxious time to spend in pain:
But, struggling hard to reach the goal,
It seldom seems 'tis all in vain
To thus life's efforts for thee spend.
If in thy course I seem to win,
Or, through the lives of others, send
New floods of light to free from sin.

J. H. ALFORD.

The Hour of Romance

Truly it was a wonder-day. Rose Mary felt this vaguely all day as she went about to classes and the other commonplaces of life; and it welled up in her suddenly once or twice when she caught glimpses of the wondrous violet and browns, and silvery greens of the old elms of the cemetery, and the fields beyond the lake. It was the middle of March, and though the budding trees and pale violets were flauntingly proclaiming Spring's coming, there was a soft, still coolness like the dying breath of Winter, wafting lightly about. Rose Mary did not particularly mark the beauty of the day—it was like so many of those days of soft, wistful color that come in early Spring. Indeed, she thought it a little cold for comfort; but Rose Mary, being human and a girl, felt that this was one of the days designed by the fates whose especial duty it is to look after the heart-interests of maidens for “something to happen.” She had felt it when she first looked out at the rose and saffron sky in the early morning, and it had grown upon her since. It gave her a new kind of self-esteem. She regarded herself, as it were, from a distance, as she might have regarded the heroine of one of her favorite novels, and she felt that she was a very interesting person, capable of meeting any romantic situation in the most graceful way and with the choicest collection of fine sentiments and fitting words. And she knew that the romantic situation would present itself presently. What it was exactly or how it could happen at the Normal she did not trouble herself to inquire: but surely it *would* happen, and maybe—maybe the knight, the realtrue, particular, personal knight, who had been made and fashioned by the Creator, with an eye on Rose Mary as the ultimate consumer, and whom Rose Mary had been waiting for since she was twelve (for have I not said that Rose Mary was human and a girl?), would come, all booted and spurred, in a plumed helmet!

Dinner time came without a trace of the “happening” having happened; but Rose Mary was far from despair. It was not too late to hope until the last light bell rang and even after that there was a chance of dreaming a romantic dream!

“Rose Mary, please come with me to practice tonight. I have to practice on the piano up in the old chemistry laboratory, and it's so dark and high up it scares me. The balcony is nearly always open and the auditorium is so dark and big and empty it looks as I imagine space would if one fell off of the earth at night.”

Rose Mary did not allow it to be seen that this was a new lease on the hope of the romantic happening. She looked calmly at Jean from the height of a heroine of romance.

"Well," she replied languidly, "I'd just as soon as not. Call me when the first study bell rings."

In her own room Rose Mary began to take clothes from her locker in her search for "something to put on."

"Are you going to dress again?" asked her room-mate in mild astonishment.

"Yes."

"Are you going somewhere?"

"Not exactly," replied Rose Mary evasively. The room-mate was "squeelched."

Rose Mary selected an old dress, old-fashioned as to make, and slightly worn; but it was of a soft, shimmering texture, and when she shook it out a faint scent as of old pressed rose leaves came faintly from the creamy folds. It closed caressingly about her white throat like the petals of a flower, and the unfashionably wide skirt hung in many folds to her slender ankles. Rose Mary, in the old cream gown, with her happy young face and its light of expectancy and dreamy romance, made a charming picture. She felt ready for the wonder event this day would bring, and when she heard Jean calling she slipped into her coat and went off smiling, leaving an indignant room-mate.

In the old chemistry laboratory Jean sat thumping the piano, and Rose Mary, with a sudden excitement, remembered the old unused stone balcony outside the windows. Gathering up the voluminous skirt of her gown, she nimbly climbed into the balcony. The massive stone balustrade, Rose Mary thought, was as it should be. Leaning on it in the full moonlight, she waited breathlessly: Now it was bound to happen! Here was the perfect scene, and here was she waiting on the high balcony—only the lover was wanting. The moonlight lay soft and light across the far field and woods, it glistened on the narrow, winding lake, it picked out little torches of white light among the dark spiney leaves of the juniper tree just beyond the balcony, and lay broad and fair on the grass and walks below, except where the dappled shadows danced to the wind's song.

In the fair stillness suddenly a deep, soft chord of music rose from somewhere below, and Rose Mary trembled. Then, softly, richly, a full baritone voice raised in a fine old love song—

“From the desert I come to thee
On my Arab shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry,
I love thee! I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die!——”

What if it was only one of the school boys practicing down on the first floor? For Rose Mary it was the plumed knight under the balcony!

Rose Mary and Jean went back across the moonlit campus hand in hand as the schoolgirl fashion is. Rose Mary said: “It has been a perfect day—and a perfect hour!”



When Maud Powell Played "Dixie"

She drew her bow across the strings;
And true as Southern Spirit sings
That old fiddle sang the song
That's stirred and held our hearts so long.
And while we silent stood, a spellbound crew,
Our hearts leapt up and shouted "DIXIE," too!

E. HESTER.





UPPER: DORMITORY COURT. LOWER: GARDEN



Matrimonial Bureau

OF THE LOUISIANA STATE NORMAL.

ESTABLISHED: SUMMER 1911.

OFFICERS.

President.....V. L. Roy
Vice-President.....Mrs. L. C. McVoy
Secretary.....A. D. St. Amant
Prime Instigator.....Dean E. Varnado

PURPOSE: To encourage all eligible members of the Louisiana State Normal faculty to assume the bonds of matrimony.

Motto: "Faint heart never won fair lady."

GOVERNING RULES.

1. All applicants must write to the president of the organization, naming choice of "SUBJECT," color of hair, eyes, etc.

2. Members strictly forbidden to interfere with "cases" in any way, shape, or form.

3. Members are urged to "*father a good cause*" by recruiting applicants.

4. Strict attendance at Lyceum numbers required of all candidates "before and after taking."

5. "Fortunate ones" required to send to president of organization a testimonial and "Dissertation on Matrimony." Same to be used as a proof and inspiration to the "not-as-yet-Fortunates."

As a direct proof of the prodigious work of this organization, and of its colossal success attained in so short a time, the following letters are submitted:

Natchitoches, La., February 21, 1914.

To the President and Members of the M. B. of L. S. N.:

After dutifully adhering to the rules of your *splendid* organization, I have finally reached the culmination of success and happiness that is most certainly to be met with by *all* aspiring applicants.

With *heartfelt* thanks,

JESSIE BOWDEN STEPHENS.

Beneficent Members of M. B. of L. S. N.:

As twin sisters in the course of the Matrimonial drift we have "paddled," and now we want to tell you that we are adrift *no more*. All is "joy and bliss" *galore!!*

With the deepest feelings of gratitude we thank you, worthy members, and wish *you* a like Success!

MAE PHILLIPS HOWELLS.

ISABELLE WILLIAMSON CUMMING.

Since the above marked success of the bureau the following applications have been received:

President of the Matrimonial Bureau, Louisiana State Normal:

Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement in the Current Sauce, I take pleasure in hastening to send in my application. I have been connected with this school since 1909, and feel that special consideration is due me. I have no particular qualifications to specify; I feel sure that I can leave this vital affair to your good judgment.

Thanking you for your kindness in this matter, I remain,

Yours to be obliged,

(Miss) ORRA CARROLL.

Matrimonial Bureau, L. S. N.:

Mr. President: Please get me a wife at once. Any sort, size, or description will suit me. However, I wish her not to have too peppery a temper.

Yours in haste,

CHARLES K. PAYNE.

Matrimonial Bureau:

Mr. President: For lo, these many years, I have done my best to manage my Matrimonial affairs. But with all my knowledge of logic, I have not succeeded. All my friends are married, and *I* am desolate.

The man may be anything but red-headed, and, oh yes, 4-footers are debarred from competition.

Yours in hopeful anxiety,

MABEL CLARE MOORE.

Matrimonial Bureau, L. S. N.:

My Dear Sir: At last, for all my psychologic observation in the field of research, I have arrived at the conclusion that I need a wife. *She must be positively thoroughly domesticated.* Knowing some of the domestic arts myself, I demand that she must unfailingly come up to my standards. She must have an ear for classic music, and be familiar with all literature, especially poetry.

I do not feel that I am asking too much, and by no means accept any one for me who does not attain to the full qualifications.

Please act with dispatch in this matter.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL CLAMAN.

The bureau urges all who are contemplating attempts at matrimony to write immediately and place themselves in experienced hands, and their success will be assured.

(Note: The president has kindly consented to place his car at the disposal of applicants on moonlight nights.)

(Applications from students will NOT be considered.)



"Pedathupsis"

So learn that when thy summons comes to go
To some mud-hole out in the sticky sticks,
Where thou must take thy pupils by the ear and shake,
Thou go not as a teacher all unartful,
But, sustained and soothed by thy unerring Ped.,
Approach thy task as one who enters Model School
To be observed by Whisenhunt.

"Q. E. F."

"It Could Not Was"

William's Son had spent two Weeks in South Japan for the purpose of studying Hul's art. On the morning of the third Week, while listening to the Russell of the wind through the trees and the Carroll of a Martin among the Hedges, he suddenly dropped the Four net with which he had been catching grass Hoppers and other art specimens, as he felt a Keane Payne near his Hart. He fell to earth, pierced by the dagger of a Cooley, begging that someone send Stopher a doctor. Alas! when the physician reached the scene the poor man was no Moore. It was then ordered that Whisen hunt the assailant. The hunt proved futile, but later the murderer was caught in a trap baited with Gra ham and Varna do(ugh).

The Psalm of a Chemical Specialist

Mr. Davis is my teacher: I shall not pass.

He maketh me to explain hard reactions; he exposeth my ignorance before the class.

He restoreth my sorrow; he causeth me to give rules for my grade's sake;
Yea, though I study until midnight, I shall gain no knowledge; for reactions and formulæ sorely trouble me.

He prepareth a test for me in the presence of the whole class; he giveth me a low grade; my sorrow runneth over.

Surely sadness and failure shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall remain in the Chemistry Class FOREVER.

LOUISE VAN DEN BOSCH.



"SOME FUNNY STUNTS"

Books in the Book Store

"How to Run the Potpourri".....	C. A. Blanchard
"Poor-Show".....	Lalon Nelson
"My Inherited Talents".....	Pearl Duncan
"Freckles".....	"Speck" Holland
"Earl-of-My-Heart".....	Miss Johnnye David
"The Fluted Hair".....	"Lengthy" Scaife
"Examination Questions for Freshies".....	Judith Carver
"New Dances".....	"Pat" Beatty
"The Pose".....	Mildred Kelly
"Under the Canopy of Heaven".....	J. H. Alford
"My Last Will—and Testimony".....	Betta Aaron
"Big Blonde Baby, Big Blue Eyes".....	W. F. Duncelman
"Love Letters of a Coquette".....	"Reese" Murphy
"Potpourri Managers, and How to Win Them".....	Eloise Ethredge
"A Dissertation on Door-Knobs".....	C. O. Holland
"My Titian-Haired Queen".....	A. L. Pourciau
"The Single Tax".....	Alfred D. St. Amant
"The Rivals".....	Joe Farrar
"Fascinating Chemistry".....	Emma Lou Garland
"Dissertation on Anti-Fat".....	Hattie Tally
"My Car, My Trouble, My Joy".....	President V. L. Roy
"The Secret of Always Having Flowers".....	Miss Orra Carroll
"How to Maintain Dignity When the Chair Gives Way".....	Miss C. Russell
"Rhyming Dictionary".....	Elmira Montgomery
"How to Train Refractory Quartets".....	Mr. H. W. Stopher
"Correct Balancing of Rations for Normal Girls"....	Mistress 'Enery 'Awkins

Special Notices and Normal Wit (?)

"Girls and dogs please keep off flower beds around West Hall."—Miss Carroll.

"To the Young Ladies in 53:

Will you please show

(1) Why you should own a clock whose ticking can be heard in the room below?

(2) Why said clock should alarm at 4:45 Sunday morning?

(3) Why chairs should be dragged about the room instead of carried?

(4) Why you should strike your heels like hammers on the floor each time you rock?

(5) Why should one put on a pair of squeaky shoes immediately upon rising and squeak back and forth without ceasing for an hour before breakfast?

(6) Why, when you have something to place upon the floor, is it raised to a considerable height and then let fall?"—Room 39.

Mr. Williamson (to Beatrice and Larline): "Say! you 'two souls with but a single thought,' can't you say something?"

Beatrice: "No, Mr. Williamson, I can't! When I go to say something Larline has the thought."

Freshie (on the program for an extemporaneous speech, reading the slip of paper handed him by the president): "'What can we do to make our programs better?' Well-er-er—it seems to me-er—the best thing to do is-er—to leave off extemporaneous speeches."

Mr. Roy (at assembly): "We have been sending Normal diplomas to the graduates of the high schools."

Freshie: "Oh! Why did I leave my happy home to come hither if Normal 'dips' can be had for the asking?"

Mrs. Hawkins (to a girl in her dormitory who had been talking during study-hour): "Now, keep your mouth shut, young lady! Don't open it for any purpose. Do you hear me? Do you hear me? Why don't you answer me? Say?"

HEARD IN THE S. A. K.

Norma (in course of parliamentary law drill): "Mr. Chairman, I move that we table the motion."

"Speck": "I second the motion."

Freshie (not wishing to be outdone): "I third it."

"Never ask leading questions when examining your pupils; do not hint at the answers; make the learner find them unassisted," was one of the rules which she learned in eighth-term pedagogy. This is how she as a practice teacher, in a lesson in Greek history, obeyed the rule:

"Roy, who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?"

Mr. Roy: "Miss Johnson, do you know that it is strictly against the rules of the institution to wear a split skirt?"

Miss Johnson: "Yes, sir, Mr. Roy, but this is just split a fraction of an inch."

Mr. Roy: "Ah, yes—but, my dear young lady, there is such a thing as an improper fraction."

Roland Metoyer: "Say, I'm going to the Panama Exposition in 1915."

Speedy: "I guess you will have to take your drum and beat your way."

Mary (looking out of the window at the Band Boys marching on the tennis court): "Oh, Ruth, look! Is that a parliamentary law drill?"

Ionia: "Is Rita a Yankee?"

Aline: "Why, no, she is a Catholic."

Estelle: "Viola, what is the plural of child?"

Viola (impulsively): "Twins."

Miss Varnado: "Now, class, can anyone tell me the greatest enemy of the United States?"

Bright Pupil: "Mexico."

ISN'T THIS JUST LIKE THE NORMAL?

1-B Class (after hearing Miss Moore lecture on correct English): "Gee, ain't we got to talk proper now?"

Hazel Thibodaux: "Linnic, please get me a pattern down town."

Linnic: "All right—what number?"

Hazel: "Number 6744, Butterick Patterns. Don't forget, now."

Linnie (returns with a four-year-old size): "Here, Hazel, you didn't tell me what size, so I had to use my own judgment."

Hazel: "Some people make me sick—and I'm not so little, after all. I'm as big as Mr. Roy and Mr. Claman."

DO YOU GET THE POINT?

Mr. Claman: "Er—Mr. Holland—tease Miss Aaron about Mr. Dunckelman sometimes."

THAT OVERWORKED ALMANAC.

Mr. Smith: "Mr. Davis, what is the formula for fire?"

Mr. Davis: "Look it up in the World Almanac and tell the class tomorrow."

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

Mr. Campbell: "In Ouachita Parish in 1910 we had a four-inch snow."

Harvey: "Say, Monte, does it ever snow down in your part of the state?"

Montegut: "Oh! Yes, Bo. I remember when I was but fourteen days old we had a terrible snowstorm."

Normal Boy: "Mr. South, how many stamps must I put on this package?"

Mr. South: "What zone are you sending it to?"

Normal Boy (with a wise look): "To the temperate zone, of course."

Mr. St. Amant (in economics): "Mention when the tulip craze hit Holland; t-u-l-i-p, Miss Aaron."

Everyone laughed.

PROVERB L.

Parallel lines never meet—neither do lovers that dwell on Normal Hill.

There once was a man—St. Amant—

Who at writing limericks was quite raw;

He would jerk up his pen—

Give a flourish, and then—

The world would burst forth in a HAW-HAW.

(Found in Mr. Prather's notebook.)

"What Does It Matter
If You Understand"

(Billet-doux from Dorcas to Miss Carroll)

miss ball
pleas see the
girls about-eatin
puellcons in thir
Raums it-dont-
Look Like i ever
scrubs

Darcas

miss ball on the first
flour 109 is the
nices cap Room
and on the section
flour 150 is the
mices
yours made

Darcas

Debate

RESOLVED: That the Club Girls should appropriate money in their respective dormitories to purchase a cage lined with cotton-batting to be used as a safe and quiet receptacle for their respective matrons during study-hour.

INTRODUCTION.

- I. Origin:
 - A. Too much time is wasted by girls dodging the matron in their visits during study hours, when they should pursue their way unmolested.
 - B. The matron spends too much valuable time in trying to establish such conditions as to make Mr. Row think that the quiet of the tomb has enveloped the dormitories and go home thinking his troubles are over.
- II. The leading facts in the history of this question are as follows:
 - A. The question began in the prehistoric ages of the Normal.
 - B. It developed gradually through the dark ages.
 - C. It is being agitated in this enlightened age, on account of the increasing numbers of the oppressed, and the declining health of the oppressors. (We have noticed how thin some of the matrons are getting.)
- III. Definition of terms:
 - A. In this discussion the term "cage" shall be taken to mean a large wooden box well heated, and ventilated by a pipe extending far out enough in the campus to be beyond the sound of the quiet (?) of the dormitories.
 - B. The terms "appropriate money" shall be taken to mean that each girl in each respective dormitory shall pay just enough to furnish a sum of money barely sufficient to buy the wooden box, pipe, and cotton-batting, and have them put together, with a strong pad-lock on the door.
- IV. The affirmative contends that:
 - A. It is just to:
 - 1. Matron.
 - 2. Girls.
 - B. It is the best method.
 - C. It will raise the standards of the school:
 - 1. Socially.
 - 2. Physically.
 - 3. Educationally.

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| V. | The negative contends that: | the following main issues arise: |
| A. | It is just neither to: | A. Is it just to: |
| | 1. Matron. | 1. Matrons? |
| | 2. Girls. | 2. Girls? |
| B. | It is not the best method. | B. Is it the best method? |
| C. | It will not raise the standards of the school: | C. Will it raise the standards of the school: |
| | 1. Socially. | 1. Socially? |
| | 2. Physically. | 2. Physically? |
| | 3. Educationally. | 3. Educationally? |
| VI. | From this clash of contentions | |

PROOF:

AFFIRMATIVE.

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| I. | It is just: | |
| A. | To the matron, for | |
| | 1. By cutting off the sounds of the disturbance, it would do away with the strain on the ears, thus preventing the expense of purchasing an ear-trumpet in later years. | "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." |
| | 2. It would give her an opportunity for quiet and undisturbed contemplation of her faults, for | |
| | (a) She would not have to clap her hands every ten minutes. | |
| B. | To the girls, for | |
| | 1. They would have perfect liberty of | Patrick Henry: |
| | (a) Action. | "Give me liberty or give me death." |
| | (b) Speech. | Mr. Claman: |
| | 2. It is not well that two young girls should be together alone for any length of time. | "Gang instincts should be encouraged." |
| II. | It is the best method for: | |
| A. | (Refutation) Although the negative contend that it would be better to do away with the matrons altogether, this is unreasonable, for | |

1. "V. L." said "Let there be matrons,"
and there were matrons.
2. It would result in the breaking of
the matron's heart at parting with
the beloved girls.

"Thou shalt not kill."

- B. We admit that a more elaborately constructed cage might be constructed for a larger sum of money, but

Consult Sam and Normal fruit shop as to proceeds on Hersheys.

1. The sum of money at the disposal of the respective dormitories is limited, for
 - (a) The girls find many other uses for their funds besides purchasing cages for matrons.
2. The more elaborate construction would not add to the comfort and convenience of the cage as defined, but
 - (a) That would only make the exterior more pleasing to the eye.

"Fine feathers never made fine birds."

III. It would raise the standards of the school.

A. Socially, for

1. It would promote social intercourse, for
 - (a) It would offer an opportunity for pleasant little pop-calls.
 - (b) It would sanction delectable little feasts.
 - (c) Encourage the study of etiquette at formal gatherings.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may die."

B. Physically, for

1. It would give an opportunity for the exercise of the muscles of the body from six-thirty P. M. to nine-thirty P. M., for

- (a) The girls could skate up and down the hall.
- (b) Slide down the banisters.
- (c) Roll down the stairs to reduce.
- (d) Dance in the corridors.
- (e) Swim in the bathtub.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

C. Educationally, for

- 1. It would permit an interchange of ideas.
- 2. It would promote good habits of study, for

"Two heads are better than one, even though both are boneheads."

- (a) It would train in acting out all theories learned in text, for

- (x) All literary, historical, scientific, and mathematical facts could be dramatized and acted out before an appreciative audience.

- (y) The practice teachers could practice lessons on pillows, old shoes, etc.

"Practice makes perfect."

CONCLUSION.

- I. Since to cage the matrons is just to said matrons and girls;
- II. Since the method as defined is best;
- III. Since it would raise the standard of the school socially, physically, and educationally;

Therefore, the respective dormitories should appropriate money to purchase a cage lined with cotton-batting in which to keep their respective matrons during study hour.

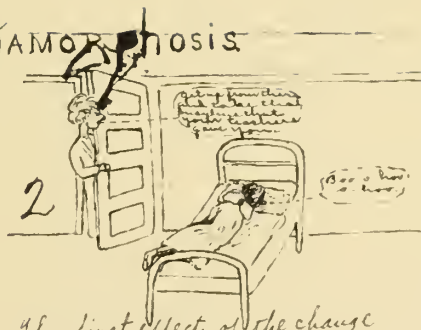
K. G.

E. M.

'The METAMORPHOSIS



Maria's parents decide to send her to the Normal Hospital.



The first effect of the change was the household.



Mrs. McVoy giving Nebetidine for the (claustrophobia).



Mr. Stophar decided that she had the ragwort.



The operation giving lecturosoform for talkahgeis.



Mr. Winstead put her under the influence of Ciceroform and operated for somatolatinis.



7
Miss Phillips applying
Whistlereptic for Fisker-nash



8
Mr. Williamson giving his
failure-corofonn for neglectizema.



9
Mrs. Kew-kine gave her
detainine for Askuloric on
Saturday Morning.



10
Cupiditis



11
When Mr. Roe found that
she had cupiditis he prescribed
auctoria for the rest of the term.



12.
Cured.



In the Shade of the Lonesome Pine

It was a beautiful Saturday night in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, when mischief was afoot among some of the boys of the club. For reasons known only to themselves (?), C. O. Holland, A. L. Pourciau, and B. K. Conger desired to go to town—rather to the show (?) after society.

Misery loves company, and so do boys when they disobey the rules; therefore, these young men were kind enough to invite several other boys to go to the "show" with them. In to the town marched the brave thirteen, but, since thirteen is such an unlucky number, it was perfectly natural that among the first persons these daring heroes should meet would be Mr. V. L. Roy, president of L. S. N. Upon inquiry, he learned that permission had been obtained from one of the monitors. Nevertheless, at the assembly on Monday, the Big 13 heard the following announcement: "I would like to meet, this afternoon, immediately after dinner, in the shade of the lonesome pine, all those young men who went to the show last Saturday night."

That afternoon, as the girls were peacefully strolling down the main walk, a picture long to be remembered was seen under the lonesome pine—thirteen boys sitting down, each trying to look at the ground hardest, and in their midst Mr. Roy.

A speech was made to these thirteen braves, that, from the gestures of the speaker, might well have been worthy of an orator. "Of course, it is wrong for boys, especially such fine young men as you, to 'play hookey' from the dormitory; surely, you should better realize the dignity of the positions which you will soon hold," and other similar remarks were made by the speaker. Never did an orator have better attention from an audience than did Mr. Roy, even though for some reason or other it seemed that the ground was more attractive than was Mr. Roy.

Now, gentle reader, I leave the same question with you that has rankled in the mind of every girl at the Normal—Were the young men as charmed to meet Mr. Roy in the shade of the lonesome pine as the lovelorn lover in the ballad to meet his "June"?

Beneath the Lonesome Pine

'Twas Monday noon at chapel, Mr. Roy
Announced, "Beneath the Lonesome Pine tonight,
I wish to see each dormitory boy
Who did attend the show last Saturday night."

And there, right after sup, beneath that Pine,
If you had chanced to pass along the way,
You might have seen a crowd of four and nine,
Expectant, sitting, neither sad nor gay.

The wind was soft, and bright the western sky,
And everywhere a stillness seemed to dwell,
Unbroken, save by the vales' unceasing sigh,
When lo, a deep sound broke—the Normal Bell.

"Already six, yet no friend Roy," said Speck.
"What is the dif?" replied another boy.
"If"—but, before he further words could speak,
Behold! right there was standing Mr. Roy.

"A synod fine of very gods," he said,
And this most strange, in such a happy tone
Of voice, the very Pine, but now so sad,
Breathed its relief, and thus they heard him speak:

"Peace ho! Be patient till the last. Come near,
That you may better hear me for my cause.
Awake your sense that you may better pledge—
But O, can I begin to state the cause?
No, I'm too sad and disappointed now,
To know this institution thus has been
Dishonored, wounded and offended! Oh,
The laws and regulations trampled on!

"Now, if there's one in this assembly who
Should ask me why I think he disobeyed
The rules and regulation of our school,
I answer him and say it is because
You walked from out our trusty band last night,
And went to see some common little show
In town without permission. O, my friends!
O students, what a grievous fault is yours!
My heart is wounded by your negligence.
You must remember to obey our rules.
Be not afraid to ask for what you want,
You know I'll grant whate'er is best for you."

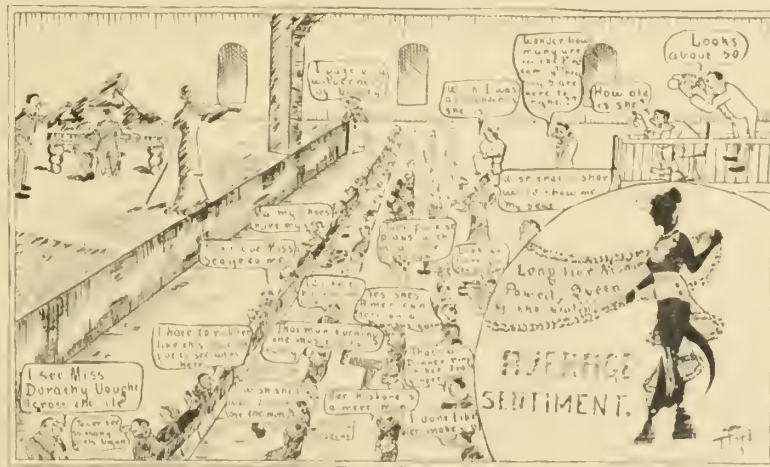
In silence there they heard him with lowered heads.
He said, "Good night!" to all the four and nine;
He closed the gate and left them standing there,
To grieve and sigh beneath the Lonesome Pine.

An Unique Prayer Meeting

When the boys of the Normal Club went to the show, it seemed unto them a strange land. Speck was the leader; Concienne his confidante; Barnes saw it and fled to his room; Harvey also was driven back. Those six-foot-two skipped like rams, and those four-feet-ten like little lambs. What ailed thee, Barnes, that thou fled'st, and thee, Harvey, that thou wast driven back? O, ye, that skipped like rams, and little one, like lambs, trembled ye not? Feared ye not when ye thought of Mr. Roy and the next day? Of Mr. Roy at his post? Of Mr. Claman in his domain? Mr. Claman whom thou lovest, because he listeneth to thy voice and to thy supplication? But Mr. Roy inclineth his ear unto reports. He found out this, and the boys were troubled. He called upon them and they responded. Yea, 'neath the lone pine tree they met him. They implored forgiveness, and he dealt bountifully with them. "Return unto thy rooms," he said, "and indulge in no more shows." The boys with one voice said, "Let's pray."

LILLIAN DAVIS.

JAMES DAVIS.



AS THE CARTOONIST SAW (?) MAUD POWELL

A Freshie's Introduction to Normal Life and Work

(A freshie just entering the Normal is being aided and classified by Mr. Bateman.)

Mr. B.: "Name, please."

Freshie: "G. George Washington Jeremiah Hopper."

Mr. B.: "Well, Mr. ah-er—Mr. George Washington, where are you from, now?"

G. W.: "Me? Why, I'm frum down yonder on Pea Vine Ridge, where Uncle Rastus Jenkins lives. I guess you know Uncle Rastus. Me an' him is pretty good friends. We mus' have been possum hunting lots of times, and las' time we went Ole Sport treed a whopper big un up er 'simmon tree and just as we wuz er shinin his eyes——"

Mr. B.: "But I mean where are you from—what town and what parish?"

G. W.: "Why, I told you whar I wuz frum, Pea Vine Ridge. There ain't narer town close to us, 'ceptin' Carroll, whar as we gets our mail frum, and as fur our parish—lemme see. Paw, he told me the name fore I left ter home. It's something that starts with a C—lemme see—Catahoula—that's ther name!"

Mr. B.: "Have you ever attended a high school?"

G. W.: "Wal, I don't know 'bout that. Our school was upon a hill, if that's what you mean. It were right on top of Huckaberry Ridge, and gosh! How us boys use to eat them thar huckaberries, but after Miss Sophia came she——"

Mr. B.: "What was the name of the school you attended?"

G. W.: "The school what I went to wuz named Dry Creek, and let me tell you it was a mighty fine school, specializin' after Miss Sophia comes, cause she was ther one what told Paw ter send me here. I guess you know Miss Sophia, 'cause her paw wuz er sheriff and——"

Mr. B.: "Now, my boy, in what year were you born—what is your age?"

G. W.: "Lemme see. I'm sebenteen, goin' on eighteen. That makes me be born in 1897. Ain't that hit? Uncle Josh Reynolds he said when a boy got sebenteen he ought ter know 'nough ter bile mollasses without burning bit, but paw he said as how I didn't have sense 'nough to keep ther fire agoin'."

Mr. B.: "Well, now, George Washington, you will enter the first term. I find by your examination that you are very good in algebra."

G. W.: "Yes, sir, paw he told Miss Sophia he wanted me to be good in 'rithmetic, but Uncle Josh he said thar warn't no use in me knowing so much,

'cause he didn't know no factoring nor nothing, and he'd allus had ernough ter live on and go to ther state fair every year besides, but maw and paw they said——"

Mr. B.: "Oh, yes! I forgot to ask you one important thing. Of what denomination are you?"

G. W.: "Why, I never were denominated. I went with paw one day over ter ther school house ter denominate some trustees, but every time, just before they wuz fixing ter denominate me, some crazy idiot would up and 'low that the denominations be closed."

Mr. B. (almost overcome with laughter): "George Washington, 'denomination' means your religion, church."

G. W.: "Oh, church; wal, I generally goes to Bright Morning Star. Ole Brother Josiah Allen he dipped me in the creek when I warn't but twelve year old."

Mr. B.: "Was Bright Morning Star a Baptist church?"

G. W.: "Why, on course it were. Them ther stingy Methodists don't never duck nobody."

Mr. B.: "Well, now the first thing on your schedule is algebra, then English, and, of course, I can tell by your speech that you are excellent in that subject."

G. W.: "Yes, sir, Miss Sophia she allus said that I wuz fine in that."

Mr. B.: "Now, do you wish to take the rural course?"

G. W.: "No, sir! I ain't huntin' to be no mail-rider. Why, pa ud send me home if he thought I come here ter be a mail rider. On course he would. No, sir, none of that fer me."

Mr. B.: "But, my dear boy, you mistake my meaning. The rural department of the Normal teaches the boys and girls agriculture. It teaches them the possibilities of their country and——"

G. W.: "Thar ain't no possibilities in our country. Leastways, paw he said thar wasn't no possibility fer sending me here 'cept to borrie money from Aunt Jane. You know Aunt Jane, she's rich. Some city dude er nother discovered er coal mine in her pasture and she got a whole lot of money an' you know she allus did kind er have er hankering after me, so when paw asked her she said as how she'd give me all the money I wanted. Why, she gived me a hundred dollars when I left and is er goner send me some more soon. But you see I ain't spent all of that yit." (Lays a twenty-dollar bill on the desk before him.)

Mr. B.: "Well, George Washington, you had better be more careful with your money; but we must talk about the rural question. We teach you the value of better hogs, calves, horses, etc., and how to raise them."

G. W.: "Wall, it strikes me our hogs is good ernough. We allus had enough ter have ham for breakfast every Sunday morning, and as for cows, why maw makes ten pounds er butter every week just offen old Pied an' Molly, and ole Bill's ther best saddle hoss in the country, and him and ole Jack can pull two bales of cotton any day."

Mr. B.: "But here, my boy, we teach you how to farm. Here you will have a garden of your own and we will teach you how to work it."

G. W.: "Teach me how to work a garden! Why, my lands! as many times as I've worked in maw's garden, do you think I can't even bust clods. Why, Miss Sophia even had a garden over to the school house, and I had to tend the whole thing. Oh, yes! that reminds me of something. Miss Sophia gived me a letter for some teacher. Oh, yes, 'Mr. Bateman.' Is that your name?"

Mr. B.: "Yes, that's my name."

G. W.: "Well, you shore ought to feel honerable, to get a letter from Miss Sophia, 'cause she don't write to nobody 'ceptin some hoosier or 'nother whar she comes from, but she said that she was er goner write to me, too."

Mr. B.: "Well, George Washington, this is a letter asking me to do what I think is best for you, and by all means to have you take the rural course."

G. W.: "What! Miss Sophia wants me to sell ole Bill and Molly and Pied! Why, what would maw and paw say?"

Mr. B.: "My dear boy, this will not necessitate the selling of your horse and cow at all, but you know Miss Sophia knows what's good for you, and, of course, you want to do what she says."

G. W.: "Ye-e-es, if Miss Sophia says so, I guess that's the thing fer me ter do, but I don't believe you know any more about plowing and hoeing than I do, and I ain't agoner sell old Bill, I don't kere whut you teach me. I'm much obliged ter you, sir." (And George Washington Jeremiah Hopper picked up his card and walked out, blushing furiously as a crowd of girls passed down the hall).

KATHRYN BERLY.

Classified Ads

WANTED: Second-hand geometry plans.

Miss Gaulden's Observers.

WANTED: A "beau."

Every Normal Girl.

WANTED: An automatic mail-sorter.

Mrs. Hawkins.

WANTED: Somebody to correct test papers.

Mr. Williamson.

PUPILS WANTED.

To learn "bluff" in ten lessons. Success guaranteed.

Norma Benton.

Lessons in heart-breaking. My method never fails!

Carrie Kirby.

Lessons in artistic picture hanging.

Sam, the Janitor.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Asks how blushes can be inhibited.

Mr. Claman.

Asks the whereabouts of the Home Journal and Cosmopolitan covers.

Librarian.

LOST, strayed or stolen: P - records.

Thelma, Lena, Martha, Tom.

LOST: A gray "pony" (answers to the name of "Caesar").

Mr. South.

LOST: A "cud" of chewing-gum.

Fournet & Payne.

LOST: Single blessedness. Miss Bowden, Miss Phillips, Miss Williamson.

LOST, strayed or stolen: The combination that makes the electric clocks in main building operate. If found please return to Mr. Davis or office and receive handsome reward.

LOST, strayed or stolen: The water in the dormitory pipes when it is wanted. If found please return to soapy faced

Normal Girls.

LOST, strayed or stolen: The key that unlocks the way to P - records. If found please return to Ninth, Tenth, or Eleventh Termers.

FOR RENT: A perfectly good veil. Reasonable rates. Apply to

Miss Moore.

FOR SALE: A completely listed and catalogued collection of rare and precious old shoes.

Apply No. 7 Dining Hall.

FOR SALE: "Consecrated H2SO4."

Mr. Davis.

FOR SALE: Physiology books (never been opened).

Those Who Passed.

FOR RENT: One incubator.

Mrs. Wildesen.

FOR RENT: One red evening dress (lavender slippers to match).

Lucy Smith.

TO EXCHANGE: One slightly used velvet "Tam o'Shanter" for a Spring "Peg o' My Heart."

Daisy.

TO EXCHANGE: Normal boys for handsome college chaps.

The Normal Girls.

FOUND: A girl! Nolan Smith.

FOUND: A "Shilling."

Hilda Falcon.

MEDICAL.

St. Amant's "Cure-All" (Single Tax). Samples free.

Claman's "Smile Salve." Sure cure for the "blues."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Miss Martha Pellerin will speak for fifty minutes in Economics Class tomorrow—ad infinitum.

WANTED: Some "Blondine." Mattie Denham, Nannie Tarwater.

WANTED: Beaux. Lee Aura Fuller, Lizzie Taylor.

WANTED: A crate of chewing gum. Mr. Payne.

WANTED: Some anti-fat. "Pat" Beatty, Hiram Wylie, Charlotte Nawadney, J. H. Alford.

WANTED: Some high-heeled shoes. Mr. Claman.

WANTED: A natural curly wig. Mr. Stopher.

WANTED: Some remedy that will absolutely prevent the possibility of blushes. Mr. Claman.

WANTED—The money withheld to pay for the electrolier so kindly erected by Mr. Roy previous to the decision concerning the monument they would leave. Seniors.

WANTED: A suit of armor warranted to withstand Miss Gaulden's and Mrs. McVoy's thrusts of sarcasm. Normalites.

WANTED: A lubricant for stiff and mechanical muscles. Mr. Claman.

WANTED: Patience in dealing with erring Normalites. V. L. Roy.

WANTED: A nurse maid. V. L. Roy, Jr.

WANTED: A model chicken. One that is never too well to stand a little doctoring, and never ill enough to die. For further qualifications, apply to Mrs. Wildesen, A. Building.

WANTED: A vaudeville to accompany moving pictures. Normal Student.

WANTED: A waiter who will never dash our hopes by 'Tain't no more. Normal Diners.

WANTED: An automatic gardening implement. Eleventh Term Gardeners.

WANTED: A laundry wagon to call at the building for laundry. Club Girls.

WANTED: Soda crackers.
Club Girls.

WANTED: A private reception room. Engaged (?) Girls.

WANTED: A few more terms of endearment. Aunt Winnie.

PROPOSALS.

Sealed proposals will be received by Mr. Roy from the faculty for furnishing a "Faculty Representative." The right is reserved to reject all bids which conflict with the President's previous decision.

M. V. W., Secretary.

Open proposals will be received by Normal girls this week from the Normal boys for furnishing escorts to the Lyceum number Saturday.

Mrs. Hawkins.

"I will not be responsible for any colds contracted by the girls of the club who wear 'baby dolls.'"

Mr. Roy.





"Hurry up!!"



"Mais non"—



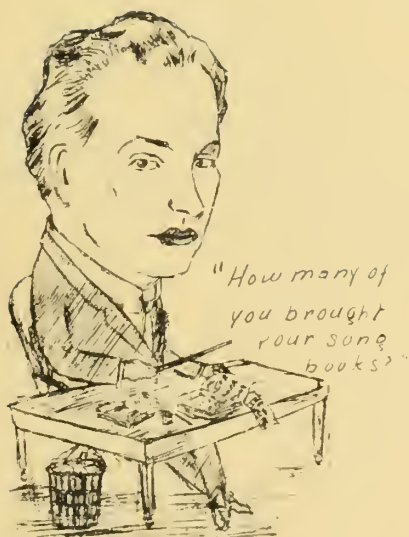
"Don't leave the
room before the
second bell
rings."



"—the lady right
over here....
... Very good
you are excused"

I. Somppyy

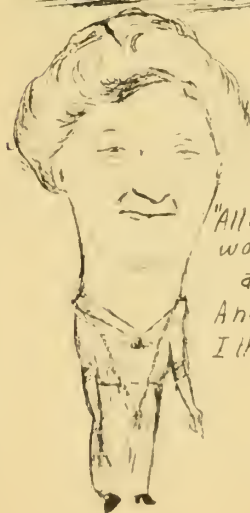
The Diamond Club



"How many of
you brought
your song
books?"



"The fact that
you don't like
the book is no
reflection on
the book"



"All are queer in this
world save me
and thee,
And sometimes
I think thou art"

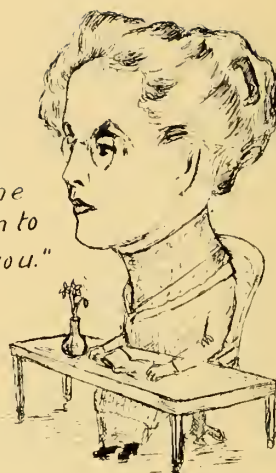


"It's up to you
now and if you
don't get it, it
is your own
hard luck"



"The Single Tax will remedy all of the following—"

"Excuse me if I seem to correct you."



"That's a leap in the what?"

"Here lies the street
Where once the
Ocean rolled."





Describe the
home life of
these ancient
people."

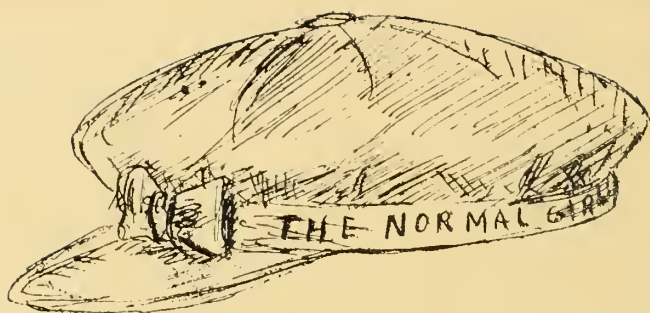
"What is
KClO₃ - Mis-
ter - Smith?"



I - er - venture
to say - that it
would - er -
be the case -
So that - etc

"As Whistler
says: get rid
of these gifts
that fairly ~~scare~~
Other people
have birthdays"





Normal Jingles

THE NORMAL BOY.

His boots are slim and neat;
He vain is of his feet.

It is said
He amputates his r's—
But he vows by the stars
Overhead.

Badly as he hates to hurt
He is said to be a flirt

Whom I sing;
On his cruel path, he whirls
With a half a dozen girls
On his string.

A young and boyish grace,
A quaint and guileless face,
He doth wear.

While to many girls and more,
The same old story o'er
He doth swear.

Many tender fancies,
Linger in his glances,
And his smile.

Oh! the days of sad awakening,
Oh! the heart that'll soon be aching—
After while.

—CRICHTON COX.

NORMAL GIRLS.

Normal girls are pretty;
Normal girls are sweet;
Rosy lips, dreamy eyes,
Dainty little feet.

Radiant as roses,
Like lilies fair,
Matchless in its splendor
Is their beauty rare.

Graceful are their movements,
Sylph-like their forms,
Not the queens of Egypt
Might rival them in charms.

Like an angel toying
With a straying curl.—
Peerless, her beauty,—
Stands the Normal Girl.

1855

McDonald's Catalog

1855



"Their Mother Is a Box"

(SUPPLEMENTED BY MRS. WILDESEN.)

They were born in the basement with no soft-feathered wing to protect them from the cruel wind of the world; no motherly cluck to call them to feast upon the fatted worm dug from the mould by motherly claws; no motherly call to warn them from the marauding hawk; no mother! no mother to bring them up in the way young chickens should go!

But there was one, a gentle lady, who hastened to their rescue. She filled and lighted the brooder lamp that they might not feel the winter cold. She brought them the choicest foods ever made by the cunning hand of man for the sustenance of biddies. She clipped them fresh clover from the campus. She marshalled them into the sunshine that they might feel nature's charm. She bathed them in nature's crystal waters and in the best disinfectants that they might avoid cholera, sorehead, and pip. She administered castor oil unto those who suffered indigestion. She taught them to peck their food and goozle their water, and she played to them upon her violin that their ears might be "attuned to sweet cadences." Aye, she brought them up in the way young biddies should go!

And now that they are come to independent hen- and rooster-hood, they pass from her watchful guardianship. But what horny hand will ever dare wring their tender necks? What steely-hearted carving knife dare to tear them limb from limb? What ferocious grinders dare to masticate their tender flesh? For are they not the darlings of *HER* heart, even though "*THEIR MOTHER IS A BOX!*"

Six Plagues of Normal Hill

PROLOGUE.

In the course of human events, every one and every thing has its trials and setbacks, but when a "plague" is mentioned, one's thoughts turn immediately to the past—to the time of Pharaoh—when the ten plagues swept over Egypt. It is hard to believe that a succession of plagues could occur in modern times. It is true, nevertheless, for six plagues have passed over our Institution of Learning, and—but read the following chronicles and see for yourself.

PLAGUE NO. 1.

Beads! BEADS!! BEADS!!! Every one must wear beads. So girls on Normal Hill, always ready to follow the dictates of Dame Fashion, scratched their heads and thought of new, original beads. At last one young Edison hit upon what is known as the "China-Ball Beads." Sad indeed is the tale of the siege of the china-ball tree, and beads of all shades and hues were finally made

with care and skill, and worn with great pride, but, as is the case with all worldly things, the fad rose to a climax, then declined, and was gone. Thus ended the first plague of Normal Hill.

PLAGUE NO. 2.

Aforementioned Dame Fashion is a busy woman; her train of followers must never be idle, and so upon the head of one dashing young damsel, she placed a cap, a simple boy's cap. Like wildfire, the fad was taken up. And every live girl on the Hill had a cap. Great indeed was the profit made by the Merchants of Natchitoches, but after the supply sold, the fire died out and thus ended the second plague on Normal Hill.

PLAGUE NO. 3.

What Dame Fashion has split asunder, let no girl sew together. The worthy lady did decree that no one should join the front of her skirt with the back thereof. Forthwith there appeared the split-skirt and with it multitudinous rainbow effects in petticoats peeping out of the slit. There were splits of all lengths, and both improper and proper fractions of length. What the dressmaker had joined together, the Normal Girl did split asunder in mad obedience to the commands of her mistress. But, like every other whim of Dame Fashion, this also vanished into thin air. So ended the third plague of Normal Hill.

PLAGUE NO. 4.

Ever-watchful Cupid was not to be outdone by Fashion, so with a quiver full of arrows he made his abode on Normal Hill long enough to pierce the hearts of three of the Normal's lady teachers. Well was he repaid for his labor, but if he should return, with a little practice and careful aiming, he could get two more victims, we fear. However, from all appearances he has deserted us, and with him went the fourth plague of Normal Hill.

PLAGUE NO. 5.

Cause and effect are two great "forces" of economics, and so the matrimonial plague was quickly followed by New Teachers. *New Customs! New Requirements! New Methods! Everything New!* But the Normal students "adapted themselves to the new environment," and thus ended the fifth plague on Normal Hill.

PLAGUE NO. 6.

Last and worst, more trying than any of the others, because EVERLASTING, is the plague of Friday Assembly Talks. Mr. Whisenhunt starts it all by introducing fifteen minutes of agony, which is followed always by vigorous applause, which helps to perpetuate the growth of the WORST PLAGUE on Normal Hill!

Normal Versions of Popular Songs

"I WANT TO BE."

I want to be, I want to be back home on Mondays!
Gee! It's awful luck to start the week
Minus brains at a hot critique—
Oh I want to be, I want to be back home on Mondays!

"ALL NIGHT LONG."

I got my monthly "slip" last night,
I don't know what to do;
For every time I get my slip
I feel so "doggone blue"
All night long, yes, all night long!

"METHODS."

Anybody here know Methods?
Old Methods! New Methods!
I'm getting some scared about my records—
Whizzie's a method man, all right,
He keeps me digging day and night
Oh Methods! DARN Methods!

"THE SOLITAIRE."

I wonder who's wearing it now!
I wonder who's given her vow!
I wonder if it will ever come back to me,
Oh, I wonder who's wearing it now!

"WERE TIRED OF BEING THE BUTT."

As a Cæsar needs its pony,
As dear Whizzie needs his notes,
As the Normal needs a circus,
That's how we need "goats."

"IN THE SHADE OF THE LONESOME PINE."

On the grass grown campus of the Normal
In the shade of the Lonesome Pine;
In the old green "shack" that sits 'way back
Abide "heroes" trained in football and track.
Oh, gee! like the pine trees they're green,
They're always to be seen
In the shade of the Lonesome Pine.

* * * *

Lines in Potpourri remind us
Normal bards are not sublime;
But departing, leave among us
Songs sans meter, songs sans rhyme!

After Word

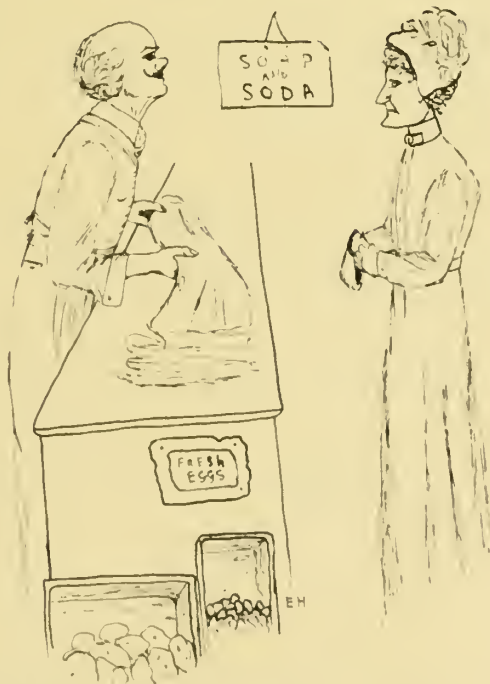
The gleaner's task is done,
And we have bound into a sheaf
The precious ears we garnered 'neath the sun.
As home we go in glad relief,
Beneath the harvest moon,
We see many a purple cluster shine
And gleaming, golden ears we passed too soon—
So many things for lack of skill and time
We, faulty harvesters, have left within the field;
Yet, pray we, for all we left so much undone,
You may have found the harvest yields
Some perfect grain that ripened in the sun!

—EARLINE HESTER.

By Daniel J. Egan



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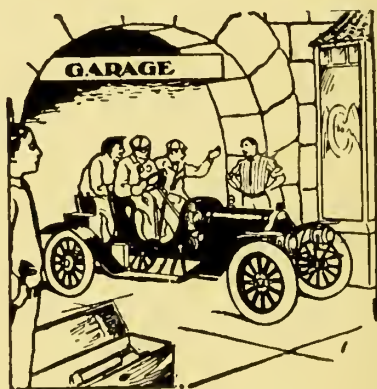
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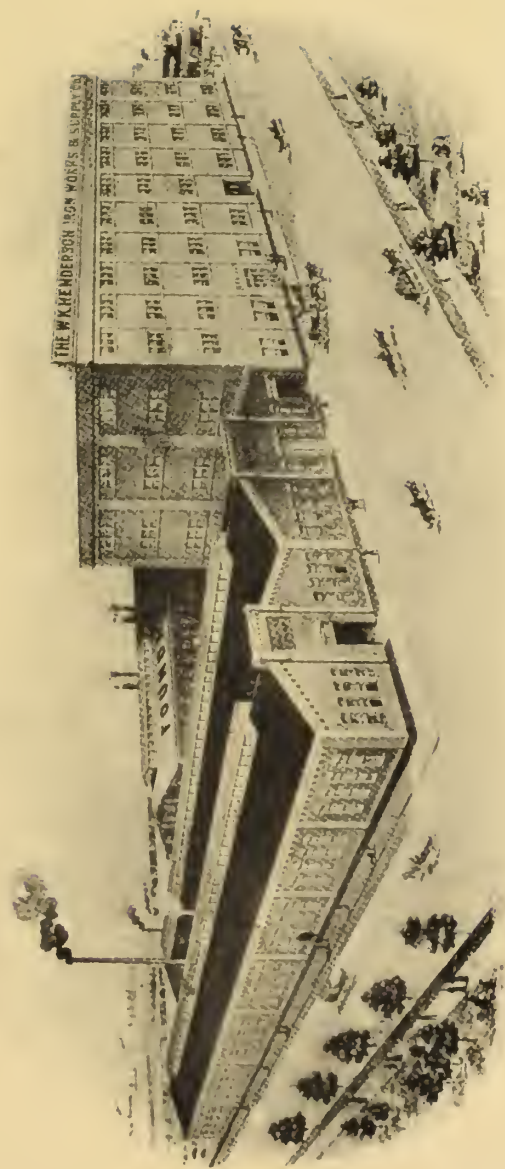
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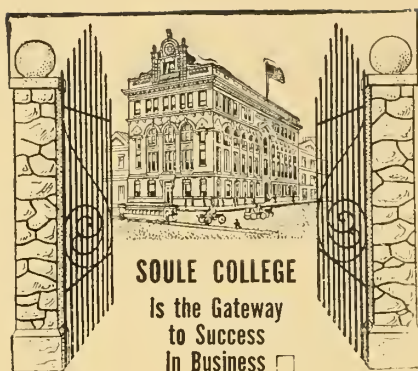
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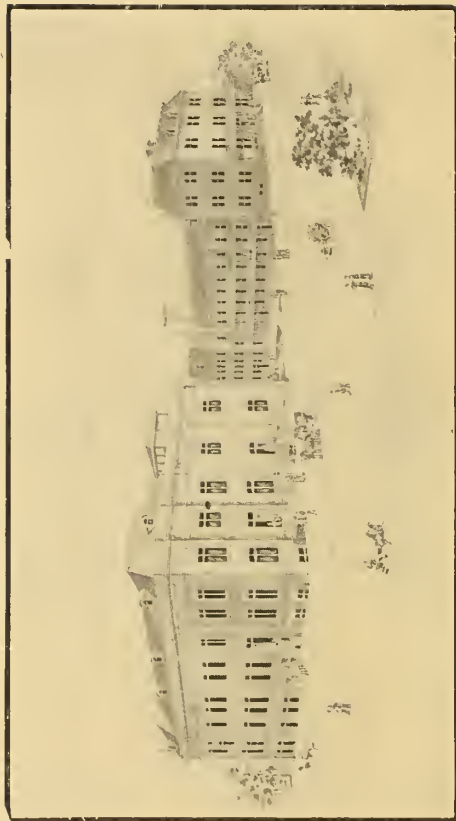
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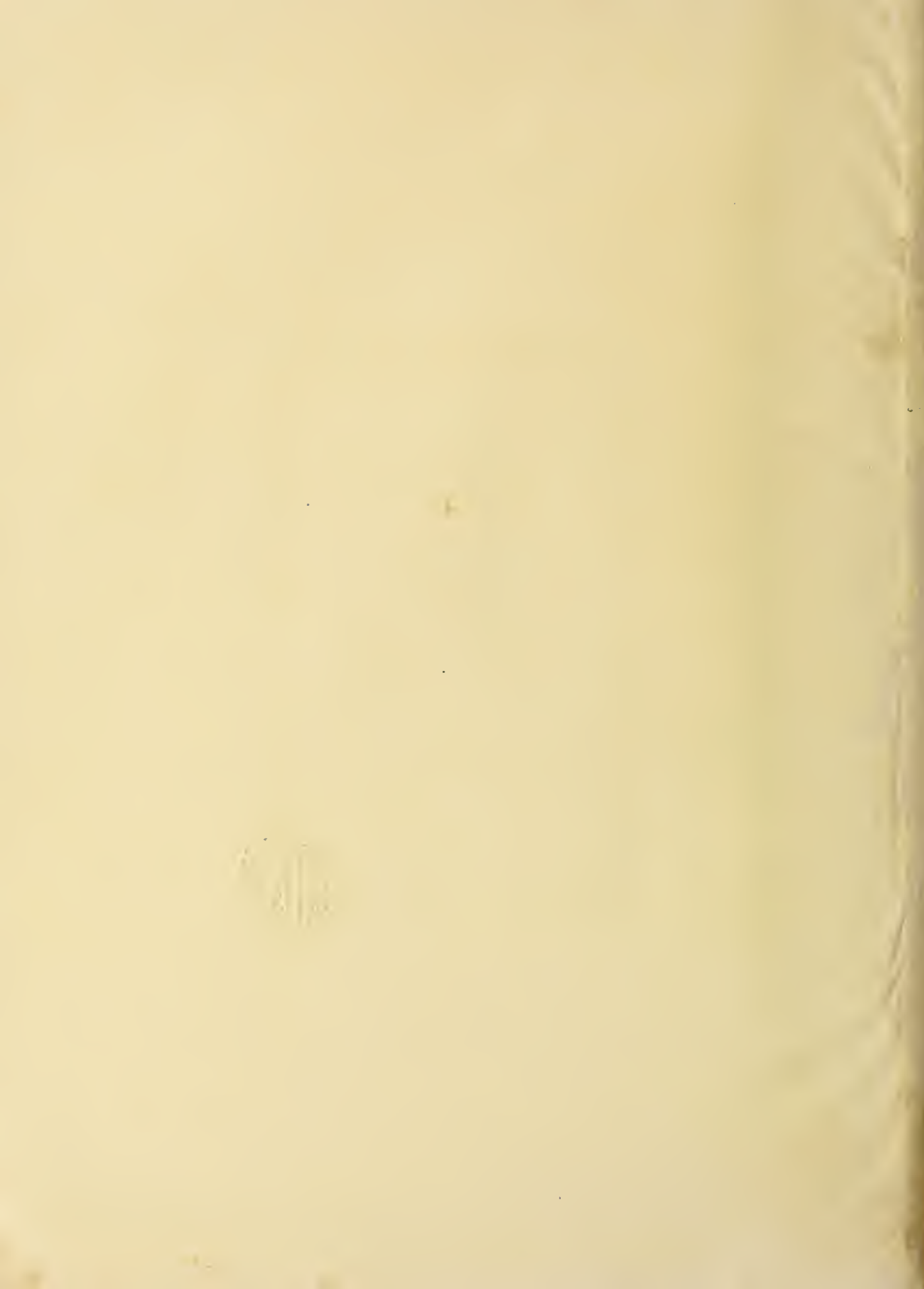
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Invitations



Memphis





Edw. 21



Pharm. Notes

